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THE
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A CONTINUATION OF THE
ILLINOIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

June
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THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1835.

FANATICISM. By the author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm. New York.
J. Leavitt. 1834.

THE person that heals the maladies of the mind is, in the highest sense, a philanthropist. The physical evils incident to man are as inferior in point of magnitude to the miseries of the soul, as is the material structure, his fragile body, with respect to duration, to the indestructible agent that animates it with rational vitality. Happiness may exist, if the spirit be in a sound, healthful state, although the external means of enjoyment be removed. It is, indeed, an animating view of human dignity that presents itself in the case of an individual despoiled of every source of worldly comfort, still preserving a cheerful independence. Our emotions of moral sublimity never rise higher than when we gaze upon man as he stands on the wreck of all his sublunary hopes, and while he feels the last foundation, life itself, giving way, hurling defiance at the imbecile efforts of nature to annihilate his spirit, or even intercept for a moment, his prospect of a happy interminable existence.

How varied the picture of such a life from that in which tormenting solicitude, arising from a conviction of ill desert, is the prevailing feature.

To restore the disordered spirit to soundness of health, that it may triumph over the adversities of life, is a task of immeasurable magnitude. The instrument for effecting this purpose, could have been furnished only by Infinite Benevolence; and

it can be effectively employed only by those who partake, in some degree, of the same disposition.

None but the purest motives should be attributed to him whose mental endowments, which would have secured lasting fame if enlisted in the interests of secular literature, have been employed in the opprobrious cause of tracing to their origin vitiated religious sentiments. Such has been the ungrateful, but eminently beneficial, task, which has been achieved by the unknown author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*—whose talented production was noticed in a previous number of the *Magazine*. The laborious employment of collecting and arranging the materials for that and two kindred works—*Saturday Evening*, and *Fanaticism*—engaged the author, at intervals, for more than twelve years. Such performances would have justified the expenditure of thrice that amount of time and effort. Those works will be admired, not only in the present age, but in distant periods, by those who delight to witness the operations of a gigantic intellect tearing away the massy pillars that have long supported the edifice of a false, and consequently pernicious religion.

With a masterly hand our author delineates the qualifications requisite for his beneficent enterprise, and the mistakes of many who have undertaken the same work. Whilst none but a 'friendly hand' can administer a remedy for those deep-seated evils, they not unfrequently 'fall under a treatment that is hostile and malign, or what is worse, frivolous.'

From whatever point we view such proceedings, they appear equally improper. If perverted religious opinions are corruptions of the most momentous of all truth, a regard for the welfare of our species, which those delusions place in imminent hazard, and a becoming reverence toward the Author of revelation, 'demand from reasonable persons, as well tenderness as awe, in approaching a subject so fraught with fatal mischiefs.' Even if religion be considered an illusion, rancor and levity will be found ineffectual weapons in disarming men of a prejudice which is identified with their happiness.

A belief induced by the declaration of divine truth, and strengthened by the movements of human affairs, that the Gospel would supplant errors of every kind, and universally prevail, determined our author to seek for the cause of delay in this illustrious achievement. He discovered that the heavenly message, rich in beneficence to fallen man, had been impeded and almost stopped in its course by an unfortunate, but not inseparable, connexion with 'false sentiments and exaggerated or mischievous modes of feeling,' and that nothing could ensure its total

extension until its entire disruption from every thing alien to its nature was effected. To point out a serious obstruction to the course of the Gospel, in its progress to bless the nations, is the design of the work before us, entitled *Fanaticism*.

Knowing the necessity of employing words designating important ideas, in a determinate sense, our author has taken pains to secure his subject from misapprehension by a strict definition of the leading term. The absence of a nomenclature of ethical and religious phrases, renders such a course indispensable for every writer treating of things impalpable, who desires to be understood. Unhappily for the interests of genuine religion, its prime truths, when discussed among men, have seldom been expressed with scientific precision. And by an unaccountable fatuity there has long existed an inveterate prejudice against definitions in theology, that convey the meaning with philosophical accuracy. This failure in the language of sacred science to keep pace with that of other departments of letters and with the advance of the human intellect, is a serious disadvantage in the prosecution of a work like that of our author. And of this, the following sentiments show that he is well apprized: 'The mass of mankind, besides their backwardness always to exchange a loose and vague for a definite and restricted notion, do not fail to descry, in any definition that is at once philosophical and *religious*, some cause of offence. The new-sharpened phrase is felt to have an edge that wounds inveterate prejudice, and rankles in the heart; and the writer who is seen to be thus whetting afresh his words, is deemed to entertain a hostile purpose, and is met with a correspondent hostility. Nor is much more favor to be looked for from the religious classes, who, always alarmed at the slightest change in venerable modes of speech, will scent a heresy in every such definition.' p. 18.

Our author judiciously eludes the charge of innovation by refusing to create new terms—a task which he could have executed in a most felicitous manner; and on the other hand, does not obtrude upon his readers a tiresome periphrasis. He selects a phrase well known, whose meaning approximates the nearest to his idea, and then guards it against misapprehension by a requisite caution. Superior to etymological or lexicographical canons, he defines the leading terms so lucidly, and uses them with such precision, as necessarily to make himself understood. Regardless of the indeterminate, and almost innumerable meanings attached, in different ages and by various classes, to the word *ENTHUSIASM*, he employs it to designate spurious and imaginative religious emotions. His definition of *FANATICISM* is, *ENTHUSIASM INFLAMED BY HATRED, OR, RANCOROUS ENTHUSIASM*.

Then follow an able inquiry into the rise of the malign emotions, and a profound disquisition on their alliance with the imagination. Fanaticism, although different from enthusiasm, is shown to be its legitimate, but most degenerate offspring.

To avoid the frequent repetition of general principles, the order of time has not been observed in treating of this subject; but four leading varieties of fanaticism are severally introduced, marked by broad distinctions, and easily traced in every age. 'The first comprehends all instances wherein malignant religious sentiments turn inward upon the unhappy subject of them; to the second class belong that more virulent sort of fanaticism, which looks abroad for its victims; the third embraces the combination of intemperate religious zeal with military sentiments, or with national pride, and the love of power; to the fourth class is reserved all instances of the more intellectual kind, and which stand connected with opinion and dogma.' p. 62.

Those classes are entitled the **FANATICISM OF THE SCOURGE**, the **BRAND**, the **BANNER**, the **SYMBOL**.

In discoursing on the Fanaticism of the Scourge, it is correctly affirmed that **exterior modes of conduct**, widely dissimilar, may be exhibited by persons whose elements of temper are precisely the same. The causes of this external diversity are, in some instances, too occult, or too inconsiderable, for detection, owing perhaps to their having given a determination to character before it was thought susceptible of a permanent direction. 'An obscure peculiarity of the bodily temperament, or a forgotten incident of early life, may have been enough to determine whether certain impetuous passions should take their course abroad, or should boil as a vortex within the bosom. So is it that when a stream gushes from its cleft, the mere bend of a tree, or the angle of a rock, may be all the reason either of its taking its course westward, to measure the width of a continent—or toward the east, soon to find a home in some pent up gully or sullen cavern of the mountains.' p. 63.

There are instances where 'sluggishness or lassitude of the animal system' confines the malignant passions chiefly at home to torment the heart that has given them birth; and there are cases, where a supercilious contempt invests the objects of revenge with a meanness which repels the rancorous emotions back to their dark abode—the bosom of the fanatic—to rage with all the vehemence of those devastating fires that are consuming the bowels of the earth, whilst its surface for the most part seems to indicate a perfect internal tranquillity. Still the strong heavings of human nature ever and anon show that the external pressure is not always sufficient effectually to conceal

the hidden commotion. And sometimes, in an unexpected moment, those violent convulsions burst their enclosure, and the burning lava is disgorged upon the unsuspecting victims.

Under the second designation of the subject, we are admonished not to hope so favorably of human nature, as to believe that there does not still exist in the heart of man—mild as his demeanor has been rendered by a fortunate juncture of benign influences—the foul elements of fanaticism, which await only a favorable crisis to introduce the gloomy tragedies of remote times. When one's views of religious truth become so perverted as to generate malign emotions towards those who differ from him in sentiment, a peculiar sphere of excitement is all that is needed to elevate him to the sad pre-eminence of a bloody persecutor.

As the third species of Fanaticism is not very unlike the second—and both being discernible only on the page of history, we shall pass to the fourth, whose pestiferous effects are too frequently seen in charging the christianity of our times with wormwood and gall.

It is deservedly the glory of the present age that the christian religion has made rapid advances in many parts of the world, and that it has recently been divested of much that is extraneous and noxious. It is taught as a science in the most respectable institutions of learning, and is found reducible to simple, philosophical principles, which harmonize with all the leading facts in the material and moral world. Still, as held and disseminated by some of its teachers—whose influence is not circumscribed by narrow limits—it is, unhappily, in some of its aspects, despicably revolting.

The religious bane of this age is obviously, the Fanaticism of the Symbol: i. e. of 'creeds, dogmatism, and ecclesiastical virulence;' and, wherever found, is encircled by wide-spread impiety and infidelity.

Suspicious of being himself infected in some degree with the moral epidemic, our author modestly, but unshrinkingly, enters upon his delicate task, 'enheartened by the anticipation of an era, perhaps not very remote, when the religion of the scriptures, having at length passed through the cycle of its degradations, shall, without any more hindrances, bless the human family.'

The origin of sectarian rancor—that fatal disparagement with which the gospel has long been loaded—he refers to the interpretation of a written authoritative canon of faith, whose language has, in whole or in part, ceased to be vernacular. Diversities of opinion on minor points, would necessarily arise,

so long as one mind possessed more enlargement than another; and such is the folly of man, that the advocates of these slight variations, decked themselves in party-colored uniform, and confronted each other in hostile array. The weakness and even impiety of this procedure, is rebuked by the fact, that the interpretation of the divine document on which our faith is formed, is human, and of course liable to all the imperfections incident to our process of mental exercise. Nothing short of a perpetual miracle could have secured a universal similarity of belief in respect to every shade of meaning in the almost numberless items that do not affect the vast interests of piety. 'The doating upon particles, and worshipping of iotas, which make duty and faith to hang upon this or that etymology or syllable,' are put to shame when we reflect that those who were made the instruments of transmitting to us the messages of heaven, inheriting the peculiarities of different nations through a period of fifteen centuries, have alike disdained a verbal exactitude, and in rich, ever-varying profusion, have scattered the treasures of eternal truth over the extended surface of revelation. Excited by holy fervor, they spurned the fastidious elegancies and even nice adjustments of language, and aimed only to impart the *principal sense* of the momentous message. Even when quoting from the Bible itself, they rarely employed the identical words of the passage, but as if to teach us that sense and not sound demands our attention, they presented the *spirit* and rejected the *letter*.*

Besides, the original document of our faith has long been a sealed book except to the learned, who, unaided by inspiration, have aimed to convey the general sense into the native tongue of their readers; which is all that a translator can do without notes or a tedious periphrasis. Who but a profound oriental scholar can intelligibly peruse the scriptures as they came from heaven? And among the various readings—although *the difference is merely verbal and does not affect cardinal truths*—what man, entitled to an opinion on these subjects, will presume to say, that he has the very *words* of revelation? How does that christian degrade himself and his religion, who attempts to guard a human exposition of the scriptures—carried out into an unessential and perhaps unmeaning detail—with the flaming sword of divine vengeance? It is not surprising that the gospel advances so tardily to bless the nations, when so many of its most zealous advocates are expending their energies on verbal quibbles and cabalistic subtleties, and indignantly hurling anathemas at all who are happily destitute of that contracted vision,

* See the citations in the New Testament from the Old.

which is bounded by a mere speck in the horizon of truth. How pitiable, to the man of enlarged understanding, unacquainted with the sublime truths of revelation, must such puerile expenditures of time and intellectual effort appear? How can such an one fail—so natural is it to judge of a creed by the character of its advocates—to look with contempt, even on the Bible! Instead of its being surprising, that there are so many infidels, is it not astonishing, that there are so few?

Our author supposes a case, forcibly illustrating this latter painful topic, whose parallel unfortunately is too often found. Contemporary with Longinus, the accomplished author of the treatise ‘on the Sublime,’ was Dionysius, bishop of the Alexandrian church, a man of extensive learning—no barbarian; but versed, like himself, in the poets, orators, and philosophers of Greece—a man of tried integrity, who had endured severe sufferings and banishment in defence of his faith; a man, moreover, of settled moderation, and calm judgment, one who was appealed to by all parties, as umpire. Such was Dionysius of Alexandria; and as such, not improbably, might he have been known to his contemporary, Longinus.

If then, indeed, christianity be a sublime doctrine; if it be a revelation of future life; if it be a philosophy imparted by God himself, to man; it must dignify its adherents, it must imbue them with a grave and manly reason, it must exempt them from the servile and childish superstitions that enslave the vulgar. Fraught with these proper anticipations, the philosophic inquirer opens the letter of the Alexandrian prelate, directed to Basilides. Here he finds, it is true, a style of meekness and simplicity ‘so unlike that of the schools, that his candor is conciliated by the modesty of a man whose station might have rendered him arrogant;’ but to his extreme disappointment, he finds the letter made up in discussing with gravity and no small degree of earnestness, a most frivolous topic. ‘And what impression must the anxious agitation of questions, such as these, have made upon men of enlarged understanding, who looked at the new religion from a distance, and with cold curiosity? To return for a moment to our supposition; must we not regard Longinus, as almost excused, if he had cast away the epistle of Dionysius with indignant scorn, and have said: Is this your vaunted christianity? Is it to maintain this system of servile frivolity, that you die at the stake? Do you ask me to become a christian? as well turn Jew: and how much better remain philosopher!’ p. 264—266.

Not a little has been said—and with entire correctness—concerning the progress made of late in biblical science. A lib-

eral and philosophical mode of exegesis has, in some instances, been introduced, which has rendered the essential articles of christianity defensible on other grounds than those of dogmatical assumption. Still, our author is correctly of the opinion, that the Baconian method of induction, which has wrought such almost miraculous changes in the departments of secular science, has as yet scarcely invaded the precincts of theology. It is, however, quite generally affirmed, to be the basis of procedure in deducing doctrines from Holy Writ; but a rigid analysis—nay, a mere glance—frequently detects the mistake, if not the falacy, of such pretensions.

‘It is deemed a thoroughly Baconian process, to adduce, in series, all the texts that bear upon a certain article of faith, and at the end, to sum up the evidence. This is called induction. But, now, if we look a little closely to the method and principle of interpretation, as applied to *each passage*, we shall find, that the prime maxim of the dogmatic and scholastic divinity, which demands that every thing should be judged of according to THE ANALOGY OF FAITH, and nothing admitted which cannot be reconciled thereto, or which may by inference, give countenance to a known heresy, rules throughout. This surely is not to *learn* from prophets and apostles, but to *teach* them; and it is precisely the method which swayed so long the dark realms of pseudo-philosophy.’ p. 242. note.

There is a tendency to a happy revolution, for whose acceleration we are indebted, in some measure, to a most unpleasant state of religious affairs. This is one of those incidental effects which a beneficent Providence has, in some instances, furnished for counteracting evil in society. The liberty of thought and utterance—strange as it may sound, and stoutly as it may be denied—has been virtually proscribed by almost every sect in christendom. Each petty community, arrogating for its own creed, the entire truth of revelation, and consigning all discordant views to the odious realms of heresy, have sought to ‘impose eternal silence upon the world of mind,’ by making it bow to a standard of belief, unsupported, perhaps, by any evidence that reason demands, or at most, embracing but a part—and those, possibly the least important—of the truths of revelation. To that illiberal—may we not say cruel—guardianship which presides over the liberties of most modern sects, can it be deemed uncharitable to apply the language which our author employs in describing an eloquent defender of puerile subtleties in the primitive church? ‘So long as there might be heard from any quarter of the wide world, a dissentient whisper—a breath of opposition to the authentic decisions of the

church, no rest could be enjoyed, and no mercy could be shown: the gainsayer must be crushed. * * *. Was there any where displayed a disposition to call in question, even in the most modest style, the immaculate creed, or the faultless usages of the church—Jerome started up from his pallet, and with the iron rod of his merciless eloquence pursued the offender from side to side of the empire—from Egypt to Britain—from Syria to Spain—from Numidia to Gaul.’ p. 228.

But the time has now come, when men of bold, original, philosophic minds, have arisen in the religious world, unfettered by prejudice, and incapable of being awed into silence by malign insinuations or open reproaches, who, begirt with the panoply of sound erudition, have gone forth to wage an exterminating war with every religious sentiment that cannot be defended by the strong arm of rational investigation. Such men—and may beneficent Heaven send multitudes of them—imbued with the spirit of fervent, enlightened piety, are needed to disenthral the religious world from its ignoble bondage, and hasten the universal triumph of that truth whose influence is destined to convert this world into an elysium, more delightful than pagan fancy ever created. A few of this character, whose ranks are receiving frequent accessions, have been made conspicuous by being forced from the narrow circle of sectarian views, to the heights of extended observation, by a jealous ecclesiastical police, who are hunting with unwearied assiduity every individual in the church, that asserts the right of independent investigation. Being forcibly severed from the sympathies of a community once peculiarly dear—perhaps increasingly so, notwithstanding his merciless treatment—the exiled culprit examines anew—for the purpose of retracting, if found false—his condemned positions, and discovers them irrefragable. Emboldened by success, he pushes his inquiries still further, and is cheered on by the plaudits of the ingenuous, who rejoice in truth, wherever found. Men are in this manner frequently compelled to think, to reason, to investigate; and the result is always favorable to the advancement of useful knowledge. But the days of mental tyranny—the coercing of discordant sentiments into perfect unison, or rather the subjecting of intellect to stagnation—are rapidly passing away; and may we not hope will soon be known, only as the relics of by-gone ages.

When such works as ‘*Fanaticism*,’ are multiplied until every existing abuse in religion is so exposed, that the remedy will be administered, the folly of our times will make humanity blush. The excellent treatise which we have noticed, closes with showing incontestibly, that **THE RELIGION OF THE BIBLE IS NOT FANATICAL.**

WHAT I LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

I LOVE to go abroad at eventide,
 When Art has laid his clinking hammers by,
 And list to Nature's voice, and view her scenes.
 I love her smiles—I love her frowns—I love
 Her fairy sights—I love her dismal glooms;
 And then, I love her music, too—as when
 Her thousand warblers hymn their notes of praise;
 As when her thousand brooks leap down the hills,
 Or murmur, softly, through the woody glen.
 But more I love her wild and lonely notes:
 I love to hear the dash of water-falls;
 I love to hear the roar of ocean, when
 He shakes his mane in wrath—I love to stand
 Alone, afar from all abode of man,
 When tempest rolls on tempest through the vault,
 To hear the Thunder drive his iron car
 Through deep of heaven, and feel the earth crouch down
 Beneath his awful peals—to mark
 The lightning's track, and see his quivering tongue
 Shoot out amid the storm—
 I love to go afield, when heaven has cleared
 Its frowning brow, and see the world revive;
 To feel the pulse of nature, as the fresh'ning tide
 Of health and joy pours through her troubled veins.
 'Tis sweet, at such a time, to moralize,
 And think how soon the storm of life will pass,
 And leave this frail, and earth-born part, to seek
 A shelter in the grave's sweet solitude;
 And this imprisoned spirit, thus set free,
 To plume her wing, and soar aloft, to gaze
 Upon the universe, and when her circuit's done,
 To fold her weary wing fast by the foot
 Of God's eternal throne.
 I love to sit me down beside the crystal pool,
 In eve of early spring—to see the purple hues
 Of twilight, slowly fade away, and watch
 The kindling orbs of heaven—to see them mirror'd
 In the glassy wave, and mark the night-bird
 Dash them into chaos with its careless wing.
 I love to go abroad at dead of night,
 And see the lamps of heaven burn, and when
 All else is voiceless as the tomb, to hear
 The chiming of the spheres. I love to think
 Of Him who sits upon the circle of these
 Mighty worlds, and moves them onward
 With his breath. I love to look beyond
 The drapery of time, and think of days
 That have no night, and suns that never set,
 And joys so pure they never pall, and hopes
 So bright, they never die.

BRITISH STATESMEN.

NO. I.

HISTORY and biography, although very distinct species of writing, are often improperly blended together. The historian, not satisfied with giving a general outline of public events, and tracing them to their secret springs, frequently usurps the province of the biographer, and gives to the world nothing more than the witty sayings and private anecdotes of distinguished men. By omitting to describe the domestic life and private character of a great man, and by exhibiting him only as he appears in public, the biographer also fails to perform his own peculiar office; and instead of instructing us with a finished picture, strives to deceive us with an imperfect sketch. History exhibits to us public, and biography private life. In history, we see the actor; in biography, we converse with the man. The one is a great highway, which leads us through the principal cities and towns; the other is the avenue which, branching out in every direction, enables the curious traveler to examine the soil, the herbage, and all the beauties and all the defects of the country around. In the former, we are permitted to see the actor, only while he is performing his part before a crowded audience: in the latter we are allowed to look behind the curtain, and see the natural, not the artificial man. In the words, then, of sir James Macintosh, the biographer ought not to introduce public events, except for the purpose of illustrating character; nor the historian digress into particulars, except so far as they contribute to the clearness of his narrative of political occurrences. But of biographies there are several kinds. The lives of literary men have little variety; and to be made interesting and instructive, must be taken up with elegant criticisms upon their literary performances. The lives of public characters, on the contrary, the qualities of whose minds are uncommon and striking, and who, by their actions and writings have influenced the fortunes and destinies of nations, present an admixture of public and private affairs, which makes the office of the biographer at once difficult and interesting. Under this class must be ranked any attempt to give an accurate account of the life of sir Thomas More—a man whose character deserves, on various accounts, to be considered well by every close reader of English history, and whose pleasing peculiarities were seen equally in public and private, at home and abroad, on the woolsack and around his own domestic fireside.

Sir Thomas More was born in London, in the year 1480, three years before the death of Edward the Fourth. At school

he confined his studies to the Latin, as Greek was not yet taught in the common academies. Having finished the first rudiments of his education, he was placed in the house of cardinal Morton, to acquire knowledge by listening to the conversation of the great men of the time, and to accustom himself to rigid discipline and implicit obedience. The archbishop of Canterbury was a learned and wise ecclesiastic, and often said, while More was yet a boy, that he would one day prove 'a marvellous man.' At the university, More seems to have been the founder of the celebrated dispute, or rather civil war, between the Greeks and Trojans. Wolsey had endowed the first chair in Oxford for teaching Greek. This innovation rent the university into two violent parties—the Greeks and Trojans; and the contest sometimes proceeded even to blows. A new and more correct mode of pronouncing Greek being introduced, divided the Grecians themselves into parties. The catholics favored one, and the protestants the other. More felt indignant, that while the Roman authors, who are in general little better than elegant translators, were studied with the greatest pains, the master-minds of the human race were unread and neglected. He wished the gates of the university to be thrown open to the Grecian classics as well as to their Roman imitators. 'What man of high capacity and of ambition, becoming his faculties, could read Cicero without a desire to comprehend Demosthenes and Plato? What youth, desirous of excellence, but would rise from the study of the Georgics and the Æneid, with a wish to be made acquainted with Hesiod and Apollonius, with Pindar, and, above all, with Homer?' It was at the university that he formed his celebrated friendship with Erasmus, which, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages—the one being thirty, the other seventeen—lasted during the whole of their lives. It was Erasmus that infused into the mind of his young friend, that zeal for Greek, which so much improved his style and enlarged his sentiments. It is to Erasmus also that we are indebted for so many interesting particulars relating to his life, his character, and his writings.

More was intended for the bar, and had proceeded so far in his profession as to deliver a course of lectures on law. His mind, however, was disposed to piety, and he is said to have entertained the idea of entering upon a monastic life, and some affirm that he even practised those restraints and austerities which were supposed necessary to mortify the flesh. But he soon found that he was unfit to take holy orders; and, to use the words of Erasmus, *maluit maritus esse castus quam sacerdos impurus.*

Sir Thomas More was a man who gave unbounded scope to his inclination for mirth and pleasantry. At home, he would play off his jests upon his wife; and even at court, his humor, his wit, and his agreeable conversation, made him the favorite companion of the king. His disposition was meek, loving, and pious. Though his wife was several years older than himself and very homely, he yet lived happily with her, and gained her affections by mildness and kindness. The interchange of acts of kindness, and the charities of domestic life, had as strong claims upon him, as more serious and important occupations. He considered it as a part of his business to talk with his wife, and chat with his children, and have something to say to his servants; and into whatever company he was thrown, he always tried to make himself as acceptable as he could. He was a man of keen sensibility, and was prone rather to sigh than smile at the concerns of men. He was the first man who cultivated and practised the art of speaking in the house of commons. There is a richness of expression, a readiness of reply, a quickness of retort, a fluency of words, and an unrivalled acuteness in dispute, which, combined together, made him the greatest orator of his age. It is true, that few of his speeches are extant; but his answer to Wolsey, and his speech on his trial, are sufficient of themselves to show the powers of the man. Like Livy and Tacitus, and most of the other ancient historians, in his historical work, he puts orations into the mouths of the principal characters. These speeches were probably delivered in substance by the persons themselves, but are much improved by the ornament, the polish, and the imagination of the writer. They are admirably adapted to the character of the men who are made to speak them. The grave appeals and affecting address of the dying Edward—the short, dark surmises of the crafty Gloucester—the subtle sophistry and notable paradoxes of the aspiring Buckingham—all are admirably adapted to the characters themselves, and show that the writer understood the true nature of the art of eloquence, and possessed most, if not all the qualities, of a finished orator.

More is also our earliest prose writer. The language had not yet formed what may be called the prose diction. Of course, his style is somewhat antiquated. The fashionable and the vulgar parts of language are most liable to change, and no author who uses them to a great degree, can expect to be lastingly read. No writer, however, of equal antiquity is so truly English in his style and diction as sir Thomas More. He is more intelligible than many eminent writers, who lived a century after him; and he deserves to be ranked among that class

of authors who have resorted only to the 'well of English undefiled.' His works are various and voluminous; but his most celebrated production is his *Utopia*.

The idea of this book was suggested to More by the Dialogues of Plato. In *Utopia* there are fifty-four cities. In every family there are forty persons. Every year, twenty return into town; so that by this arrangement the people are made acquainted with agriculture. Every man is obliged to work six hours out of the twenty-four, as this is supposed sufficient to produce all the accommodations of life. Provisions are brought into the market, and any one takes them away that needs them. Magistrates are appointed, and their principal business is to see that no one is idle. No butchers and no lawyers are allowed to live in the country. In desperate cases of sickness, the physician advises the patient to put an end to his life, by opium or any other means, that may be agreeable to him. A man that commits suicide is deprived of the honors of burial. There is a law, that a man may be of any religion he pleases, and may endeavor to persuade others to agree with him; but all violence, intolerance, and persecution, are expressly forbidden, and subject the offenders to slavery and punishment. The *Utopians* do not punish an unbeliever; because they think that a man cannot make himself believe any thing he pleases; nor do they desire any to dissemble their thoughts. The unbelievers are not allowed to argue in public with the common people, but are suffered, nay, even encouraged, to dispute with the priests in private. 'The true notion of *Utopia* is,' says a truly philosophical writer, 'that it intimates a variety of doctrines, and exhibits a multiplicity of projects, which the writer regards with almost every possible degree of approbation and shade of assent, from the frontiers of serious and entire belief, through the gradations of descending plausibility, where the lowest are scarcely more than the exercise of ingenuity, and to which some wild paradoxes are appended either as a vehicle or an easy means (if necessary) of disavowing the serious intention of the whole of the Platonic fiction.'

Sir Thomas first appeared in public life as an ambassador to Bruges. He was afterwards employed in several other very important embassies; but it is evident that he was not very fond of the busy trifling of princes, or the intrigues and cabals of politicians. While speaker of the house of commons, he displayed on a very memorable occasion, that independence and steadiness of spirit, which were so characteristic, and which finally brought him to an ignominious death. Wolsey undertook the management of affairs, but found the parliament more

tenacious of their money than regardful of their liberties. For, having refused to grant the subsidies which had been demanded, he appeared before them and asked them individually for the reasons of their obstinacy. But none of them said a word, as it was the custom of the house to speak through the mouth of their speaker. At last, however, sir Thomas, by many probable arguments, showed that it was neither expedient nor agreeable to the ancient liberty of the house for them to make an answer. Wolsey was much incensed at this conduct of More, and secretly brooded over his revenge. Meeting sir Thomas in his own gallery at Whitehall, Wolsey said to him, 'I wish to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you speaker.' 'Your grace not offended, so would I, too; for then I should have seen the place I have long desired to visit.'

More was appointed chancellor in 1529, and was the first layman that ever obtained that elevated office. The learning of preceding ages had been confined mostly to the clergy, and the high offices were generally filled by bishops and archbishops. The most common charge against him, during his chancellorship is, his want of clemency. The charge, however, rests upon very slender foundations. It was first made by Fox, the martyrologist, was copied by Burnet, and what is most surprising of all, sanctioned by Hume. It is very probable, that More's temper was soured by his polemic disputes, and the noise and disturbance made by Luther and his followers. Sir Thomas, however, is not responsible for the cruelties which were practised under Wolsey's administration. The authority of that imperious minister, was too unlimited to allow any one, even the king himself, to have much share in the government of the nation. Erasmus expressly tells us, that no one was put to death while More was chancellor, for his religious opinions, although many suffered capital punishment, for the same offence in France, Holland, and the Netherlands. Sir Thomas himself also declares, in his Apology, that he had used severities only against two persons; one a member of his own household, whom he merely chastised; and the other, a man plainly in frenzy, 'and albeit he had been in Bedlam, by correction he gathered his remembrance.' As chancellor, no man decided causes more justly, more rapidly, or more impartially. In an age when corruption was so common that it was scarcely censured, he preserved a delicate, scrupulous, and almost churlish integrity. Though frequent attempts were made to bribe him, he always rejected such insulting offers, not, however, without his wonted courtesy; and those who had been accustomed to the administration of Wolsey, when even the door-

keepers got gains, were surprised at his marvellous purity and honesty. He was the first chancellor that issued injunctions, and indeed, during all the time that he was in that office, the whole nation admired his learning and respected his integrity.

Henry the Eighth, was a king who was never known either to yield or to forgive, and who, in all controversies, determined to ruin either his antagonist or himself. Violent, cruel, rapacious, vain, capricious, arrogant, bigoted and presumptuous, he imagined himself the greatest theologian of his time, and could never brook the least opposition to his speculative principles. He never indulged his love for women, until he had raised the object of his affections to his bed and throne. This led him to the greatest crimes and the grossest injustice. But the worst feature of his character was, that he had a heart which was softened neither by friendship nor long communion of studies and pursuits. More had the sagacity to perceive this defect in Henry, and when the king was so delighted with his company that he would allow him to return to his wife only once a month, he began to dissemble his nature, and to restrain his former mirth and pleasantry, and he was not sent for so often by his majesty. Even at his inauguration as chancellor, when the duke of Norfolk had made him a speech, full of the highest encomiums, sir Thomas in his reply to him, seems to have dreaded the fate of Wolsey, his predecessor, and to have foreboded his own ruin and downfall. When he called to mind the man who had lately filled that office, he had just reason to think that honor was but slippery, and that it ought not to please him so much as it might seem to the eyes of others. 'It is,' says he, 'hard to follow with like paces or praise, a man of such admirable witt, prudence, authoritie, and splendour, to whome I may seeme but as the lighting of a candle when the sun is downe; and also the sudden and unexpected fall of so great a man as he was, doth terrebly putt me in mind, that this honour ought not to please me too much, nor the lustre of this glistering seate dazel mine eyes. Wherefore, I ascende this seate, as a place full of labour and danger, voyde of all solide and true honor, the which by how much the greater it is, by so much greater fall I am to feare as well in respect of the verie nature of the thing it selfe, as because I am warned by this late fearfull example. And truly I might even now, at this verie just entrance, stumble, yea faynte, but that his majestie's most singular favour towards me, and all your good wills which your joyfull countenances doth testify, in this most honourable assemblie, doth otherwise recreate and refresh me, else this seate would be no more pleasing to me, than that sword was to Damocles,

which hung over his head, tyed only by a hayre of a horses tail, when he had a store of delicate fair before him, seated in the chair of state of Denis the tirant of Sicilie.?

Henry becoming disgusted with the person of Catharine, his queen, and conceiving a violent affection for Anne Boleyn, the daughter of the earl of Wiltshire, with his usual caprice, determined to procure a divorce, and raise his new mistress to his bed and throne. When he appointed More chancellor, he evidently expected that his new servant would second him in all his whims and caprices, and on this occasion, he used every means to procure from sir Thomas, an opinion favorable to his divorce. More, however, tried to avoid giving offence to the king, and showing any unnecessary opposition to his desires. But being pressed by the king, he honestly referred him to St. Jerome and St. Augustine, and other holy doctors of the Greek and Roman churches, who would not be apt to deceive Henry, by fear of his princely displeasure. But sir Thomas' situation, became every day more embarrassing and dangerous. He found it impossible to accede to the king's opinions, and at the same time respect his conscience. He delivered up the great seal, on the 20th May, 1533, on account of many proceedings which he could not approve. His refusal to attend the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and his correspondence with the Holy Maid of Kent, rendered him very unpopular at court, and were laid hold of as the groundwork of his ruin. He was pressed by the lord chancellor, and many others of the privy council, to own the king's supremacy, or to deny it in plain and open terms; but being afraid to aggravate the king's displeasure he refused to answer. He was confined a prisoner in the tower, for a twelvemonth, and was so weakened by his imprisonment, that at his trial he came into court leaning on his staff, but with a cheerful and composed countenance. The indictment was long, and consisted of four parts:

1st. That he had been, out of stubbornness of mind, an enemy to the king's marriage.

2d. That being a prisoner, and twice examined, out of a malignant, perfidious and traitorous mind, he would not tell them his mind, whether the king was supreme head of the church, and therein violated an express act of parliament.

3d. He was accused of malicious attempts, traitorous endeavors, and perfidious practices, against the same act of parliament, by writing divers packets to bishop Fisher: exhorting that prelate, to violate the same law—and

4th. That he had said, during his examination in the tower, that this law was like a two-edged sword, for in consenting to

it, he would endanger his soul, and in rejecting it, he would lose his life. Sir Thomas' defence was short, but conclusive, and no reply was made to it. The jury, however, retired and in a very short time, brought in a verdict of guilty! The infamous sentence which his judges pronounced upon him, and for which, Paulus Jovius calls Henry Eighth another Phalaris, was afterwards changed by the king, to his beheading. On his way to the tower, he was accompanied by his friends, all of whom left him with sorrowful hearts, and tears trickling down their cheeks. His son threw himself at his feet and craved his blessing; his daughter fell upon his neck, exclaiming, 'Oh! my father! Oh! my father!' But sir Thomas kissed them tenderly, and bade them be cheerful. Having continued a prisoner for about a week after the sentence, sir Thomas Pope came to let him know, that he was that day to suffer death, and that the king desired him not to speak much to the people. About nine o'clock, he was conducted to the tower. His beard was long, his face thin, and he himself so very weak, that he could scarcely support himself upon his staff. Some wicked persons employed women to taunt and insult him, while he was going to his execution, and this man who had received no quiet in life, could not get rid of his enemies even in death. He received the fatal blow with resolution, and exhibited in his last moments, his characteristic mirth and pleasantry.

Upon no principle of equity or justice, can the execution of this truly illustrious man be defended or excused. Strangers who had never seen him in their lives, but who had heard of his many heroical acts, wept bitterly, when they heard of his death. Foreign authors could not refrain from shedding tears, when they spoke of his virtues and misfortunes. Sir Thomas More was indeed a truly great and good man; and in the whole course of English history, no single character is to be found, which approached nearer than his, to true perfection and greatness. There is a child-like simplicity, and a homespun dignity in all his actions, that seem to distinguish him above all others, as being a genius of true English growth. He was born a catholic, and never apostatized from the creed of his fathers; he was bred an honest man, and never once deviated from the pure principles of his upright heart. He enjoyed life, but never dreaded death; he always succored his friends, but never injured his enemies. He was learned in the law, but fonder of equity; and frugal in his habits, although rich in his income. More liberal than extravagant; equally generous and grateful; with more hopes for the future, than love of the present; too honest for his safety, and too unfortunate for his deserts; always

jovial and pleasant, but never trifling or frivolous; neither ambitious of power nor desirous of glory; he stood like a venerable patriarch, whose wisdom has increased as his hairs have grown grey, and upon whom age had anticipated the sanctity which death only can finally bestow. He loved man, but worshipped God. He respected his king, but revered his conscience; he lived for his country, but died for his religion.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—ITS IMPEDIMENTS.

WE live in a country preeminently rich in mental and physical resources. We have whatever internally or externally is requisite to promote national greatness and prosperity. We live in the full possession and enjoyment of a government founded on the experience of the past, and reared by the genius and wisdom of an unrivalled ancestry. The mind here blooms and grows under the protecting wings of the Genius of Freedom—its native boldness and vigor unrestrained. Here it may be aroused to all that is noble in enterprise, or excellent in virtue. Here the alimENTS of its growth are as rich and as inspiring, as they are abundant. It enjoys the choice fruit of the loftiest minds of departed ages; and may feast on the wisdom and learning of every modern age. It enjoys the bland influence of the christian spirit; and may attain a superior standard in moral greatness and power. But these are not the only advantages which tend to the development of American mind. In whatever direction we gaze, nature's beauties, as profuse and lovely as the stars of the sky, meet the vision. We behold landscape after landscape, enchanting beyond measure; the graceful undulations of luxuriant prairies; tall forests, clothed in the magnificent robes of summer, or cheerless with the storms of winter; noble and beautiful rivers, over whose placid waters genius and enterprise have scattered the wonders and researches of science; towering mountains, fairy groves, and silver-sparkling lakes. Add to these, the wild traditions of a people unknown to former minds: traditions, over which curiosity loves to linger, and philosophy to speculate; traditions, which, embodying the terrific, the romantic, and the ennobling of the savage state, throw over the page of fiction a charm and an interest, enchanting and enchaining.

From this view, we might indulge the prophetic thought, that our national mind would attain to the highest degree of intel-

lectual preeminence. Now, the mind is the prime source of literature, creating it, and giving to it an enduring form. If all its powers are fully developed in their varied beauty and might, that literature to which it gives character, will be of an exalted nature. Should then our national mind be made to appreciate its advantages, it naturally follows, that our literature will be all that is grand and sublime—will soar to the loftiest summit of the Olympian mount. But whatever will have a tendency to pervert these advantages, to draw the mind into pursuits below its real nature, will impede its growth. We behold around us, such impediments. It shall be our object to exhibit a few of them, feeling convinced that if the obstacles which retard the transit of our literature in its ascent to greatness, be once known and surmounted, its destiny will be bright and glorious.

Individual character is the combined result of early impressions. The same is true in regard to national character. Whatever most influences the young mind, gives tone to its future action. Those circumstances, which most excite and agitate the mind of a nation, likewise mould and shape its future action. What has most deeply interested the American mind? If we trace back the chain of our history to the fearless days of our infancy, we shall find that its absorbing interests have been of a political nature. True, there were some minds among that matchless band of our New England ancestry, who, with the great volume of nature open before them, wrote with a spirit of inspiration, and soared to the high heavens of literature. They were few in number. We need not ask what now moves and engrosses the thoughts and feelings of the American mind. We need not now ask what form of character it is fast assuming: for it is truly becoming a political mind. Now, what will be the effect of such a cast of intellect in impeding the march of our literature, is obvious to any one of common discernment. The *mind* that would create an exalted literature, should drink at all the fountains of knowledge; should be clothed in forms of grace and loveliness; should have all its powers and faculties developed; its delicate and masculine, its placid, its stormy and religious: it should be like Phidias' Minerva, perfect in all its proportions. Political pursuits do not produce *this mind*. If we examine them, we shall find their elements to be the united effects of *bad* ambition and immature intellect. It is true, they encourage activity of mind; but it is not that kind of activity which develops its beauties and majesty. That mental action which they promote, has its origin in lawless passions, in inordinate and ungenerous emulation. The political aspirant of the day is attracted by the false glory which beams around our

political temple, and thinks no means too low, too debased, to gain entrance there. It is true, politics may bring into the field of competition, timid and shrinking intellect; but they do not impart to it a masculine boldness and nobleness. They train it to deeds of cunning and hypocrisy. We have reference now to the general politics of the age. Party strifes, the natural result of excess in politics, keep the mind in an unhealthy state: at one time raising it to the highest pitch of excitement; at another, causing the most extreme depression. That calm serenity, which moderates and chastens its powers, passions, and emotions, is a stranger in a political contest. That mind, enured to party feelings and party interests, can never attain its full vigor and manhood—such is the nature of excess in political pursuits. We would ask, do they cause a full development of the mental powers? Do they awaken the fancy? Do they clothe human thoughts in radiant and brilliant robes? Do they promote mental research? Do they create pure and soaring eloquence? or tune the lyre of poesy to notes celestial? Let the genius of American literature, as she wings her slow flight upwards, give the answer.

This political spirit, contagious and diffusive in its nature, has spread itself throughout the entire frame of our government. All classes of society, from the proudest to the humblest spheres of life, have imbibed it, feel it, and act under its influence. It composes the chief interests, and engages the active feelings, of almost every community. Who can be insensible to the fact, that our universal mind has already assumed a political character? The aspect of the times prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt. The consequences to our literature are obvious. The majority of our gifted, shining minds, prefer the honors of state to classic fame—rush headlong into fierce unnatural intellectual conflicts, rather than enjoy the calm, soul-ennobling, and sublime strifes of literary pursuit. The goddess of learning is uncourted in her temple. Pure mental illumination shines only on a few isolated spots. Public taste, which may be styled the protectress of literature in every country, instead of being refined and elevated, is corrupted and debased. In short, our literary mind, which, under the influence of our free institutions, might, like the eagle, soar with might and majesty, is chained down and impeded in its action.

It cannot be expected, that such a state of society would patronize noble, intellectual effort. Genuine literary merit, is unnoticed amid the whirl of party. The beauteous and serene beams of the star of science, are lost in the dazzling brightness of the political sun. How feeble the inducement held out

in our land to the poet, the historian, or philosopher! The reading portion of our population, is but a trifle, compared with the whole. We have a few mature minds, who, soaring above the common level, have taken their seats in the halls of literary eminence. Are they appreciated? Their names are unknown to a majority of the various classes of society? Who read the classic and eloquent orations of Webster and Everett, full of deep principles and splendid thoughts? Who, the placid, flowing and pathetic verse of Bryant, whose thoughts, so melancholy, yet so beautiful, steal over the soul like evening music on the still water? Who are delighted with the brilliant imagery, and chaste conceptions of *Cooper* and *Irving*? Their productions, the results of long, close, and patient thought, serve for parlor-ornaments, and parlor-reading. They are not studied; and who, without studying, can master the real, pure meaning of a fine thought? A work on modern philosophy is rarely seen, even among the learned circles of society: it never reaches the great mass. How could it be otherwise, when the general mind is agitated and convulsed by political strifes! How could it be otherwise, when all that is beautiful in the heart, and sunshine in the intellect, is debased and destroyed?

We may be told, that learning has flourished in other countries, under similar inauspicious influences; that the mightiest geniuses the world has ever seen, wrote their superior works, under the frowns of patronage. They were exceptions to all rule. There are few minds cast in the same moulds as those of Cervantes, Petrarch, Danté, Shakspeare, and Milton. If we mark the history of mankind, we will find, that there are now and then, in almost every nation, some unconquerable minds that would, in spite of circumstance, illumine the world. But the principle is a natural one. Mankind are fond of the fame of the moment; self-love is the predominant feature of human character. Men, in general, live not for posthumous glory. The present is more selfish than past ages. There is something exhilarating, spirit-stirring, in the smiles and praises of our own countrymen. Genius, or *holy ambition*, then, cannot be aroused to vigorous action, unpatronized. Let it not be supposed, that we would have the mind think for gold. We would have it write, and it would write, and that, too, with an immortal pen, in lofty and impassioned strains, under the favor and good-feeling of society. But how can the literary mind be thus stimulated, when the general feeling of society is diametrically opposite to its interests? As well might we ascribe the splendid and magnificent architecture of the pantheon, to the skill and workmanship of the unlettered barbarian. We would not be

misunderstood. We would not have our political interests forgotten. We would have them engage a share, but not the universal mind of the nation. We would have communities feel the same degree of interest in literary, as in political greatness. We would have them combined; for their united results will increase our power, and throw around the arch of our glory, a radiance, lovely and sublime.

What periods in the history of mankind, are most distinguished for mental superiority? When did Grecian literature assume its brightest charms? Who has studied the character of the Pærelean age, and not experienced feelings of inexpressible delight, as he then beheld the mind in its noblest form? Then, the true value of mind was appreciated, and its efforts liberally patronized. Munificent gifts were the reward of mental exertion. Then, all grades of society, on the return of their Olympia, assembled with joyful hearts, to celebrate the festivities of mind. Then, art shone in original splendor; and science, in utility and nobleness, was unrivalled. Then, the muses were courted in their heavenly abodes, and Grecian poetry breathed a spirit of immortality. The tragedies of *Euripides* and *Sophocles* still illumine the path of the modern dramatist. Then, the poor of Athens listened to the instructions of the divine *Socrates*. Then, the sacred groves and shades resounded to the eloquence of *Plato*, as the 'soul of philosophy' flowed from his lips. Then, Athens became the magnificent sun of all antiquity. It was no political age. All literary eras of the modern world, are analogous to the Pærelean of the ancient world. The most resplendent galaxies of modern mind have shone in times of the greatest literary feeling and patronage.

But this political influence of national feelings and interests will not be confined to the people. It will, indeed it has, entered within the walls of our academies and universities. Now, it is founded in reason and experience, that in the morning bloom of a literature, there is most need of active mental vigor. It requires untiring and unrelenting strength, to raise the stately pyramid. Alladin's magic lamp of Arabian story, is not an inheritance of this age. Such strength is in youthful mental cultivation. This invigorating influence must then come from our seats of learning. They are to our literature, what the consecrated groves and shades of Athens were to the Grecian—the resort of its protecting spirits. Here, the mind should be trained to action, should commence its acquisitions in knowledge. Here, it should be taught to think, and to feel, with depth and sublimity. Here, a fondness for whatever is

great or commanding in human thoughts, should be created. Here, the characteristic features of such minds as Shakspeare and Milton, Newton and Franklin, should be studied; for like bright stars they will shed a cheering light on the obscure wanderings of the youthful intellect. When such is the case, and it never can fail to be, if our universities preserve their characters, the success of American literature will rest on a steadfast foundation. But such cannot be, when their interests and those of the people run in counter channels. In a republic, where public opinion works such magic spells, it is the interest of the minority to yield to its sway. Upon a principle of human nature, the weak cling to the strong. Can, then, our colleges maintain their high, original standing? They must conform, in some degree, to the feelings of the mass of society. Besides, the youth who resort to them, come from the people, and must necessarily bear with them the malady of the people. Who will deny, that this political spirit is now, in many instances, the great stimulus of the American student? He seldom turns his aspiring gaze toward the celestial mount of the muses. He looks abroad upon society, and marks its character. His grasping mind longs for fame. He beholds but one road to eminence—the political. He beholds the splendid career of the mighty intellects of the land; marks a growing and powerful people doing them reverence; hears their name trumpeted by a thousand tongues; and like the Grecian hero, whose slumbers were troubled by the trophies of Miltiades, he burns for action. Nor is this all. In the political world, he sees mind battling with mind; all life, all activity, the congenial elements of panting, fiery ambition. In the literary world, he sees the mind pursuing a silent, unobserved, noiseless march; and not dreaming of the unfading brightness of its matured glories, he disdains its pursuits as unworthy of his attention. The result is natural. The grand, animating, and powerful thoughts of the splendid intellects of the past and the present, which, when sought, come all eloquent from the living page, never breathe their inspiring energies into his mind. His course being finished, he rushes, full of sanguine hope, on the theatre of action, unskilled and unprepared. His success hangs on a point. An inordinate ambition urges him onward; he faces the storms and tempests, and opposes the thousand counter currents which run in, and keep in perpetual commotion the mountain wave of the political sea. His career is about closing, and, as he imagines, the diadem of glory about settling on his forehead; by some unforeseen stroke of bad fortune, he is hurled from his high elevation, sinks, and falls, and is heard of no more. In this way,

many minds meet an unhonored and untimely end—minds, that might have proved great and useful to society—minds, which might have illuminated the arts and sciences with improved splendor—minds, which might have been ‘founts of beauty,’ to our literature.

What preserves, in its original strength and grandeur, the rich and massy arch of German literature? The incomparable exertions of the German student. The German student! whose mind knows no other commune than the thoughts of the mighty dead. The German student! who knows the power and majesty of truth, and thinks no care, nor labor, too great to possess it; and whose intellectual eye takes in all that is lovely and sublime in creation. The universities of Germany are unequalled in the world. Is it wonderful that its literature is unequalled? But they are supported by the good feeling of society. Let then the current of public feeling be changed in our beloved land; let the American mind feel sensible of the importance of youthful mental cultivation; let the youthful intellect be taught to ascribe as much value, as much greatness, and as much immortality, to literary as to political interests. Let this be done, and our universities will surpass even those of Germany; will furnish to their country, instead of Schillers and Goëthes, their prototypes, Shakspeares and Miltons.

But apart from these impediments to American literature, there is another. It glares in the face of every one. It lies in the periodical press. The benefits and glories of the press are familiar to every mind. Disseminating knowledge with unexampled rapidity, its influence is spread over and reaches the extreme borders of society. Being a universal mental aliment, it moulds, and fashions, and directs, the thoughts and feelings of the man. Thousands on thousands of minds are developed by its effects, never enjoying any other. To the growing, varied classes of our society, it is the only light of information. How important that its action be pure, healthy, and vigorous! How important that it be the vehicle of virtuous and elevated thought! How important that it send forth on its hundred rapid wings an eloquence, which, like the written eloquence of the lamented Grinké, more enduring than marble or brass, should beautify the affections, and arouse to glorious action the intellect of this and coming ages! Thus mighty in its influence, and thus important in its character, it cannot maintain too high, too noble, a standard. It should embody whatever is great and excellent in human thought. It should teach the people how to apply the principles of science to the arts; and therefore, should ever preserve, with vestal care, the temple of learning. In short, it

should be the tribunal of public taste—an ordeal of criticism—severe, but highminded. Such being its characteristics, the periodical press will be the strongest pillar that shall support the towering fabric of our literature. It cannot fail to be, because through its instrumentality, public feeling is formed and swayed; and we have seen, that the right direction of this feeling will ever insure permanent, liberal, literary patronage. But what is the general character of this branch of the press? Is it a fountain from which flows the pure streams of knowledge? Is it a messenger of eloquent and exalted thoughts? Is it a friend to literature? or the efforts of original and powerful mind? Facts speak to the contrary. The majority of our periodicals, bear upon their very face, a political stamp. They contain in their broad folds, no more than the creations of rankling and disappointed passion, of unripened and undeveloped intellect. Do such minds as Johnson and Addison, spread beauty and interest through their columns? How paltry, how much to be lamented the spirit of their criticisms! They breathe the essence of fanaticism. True, we have a few quarterlys and monthlys, that rise above the ordinary grade, and will compare, in all the excellencies of thought, with any productions of the kind, in any country or clime. The *North American Review*, is a fair and splendid specimen of what should characterize that department of our literature. Who ever closed its pages, beaming with a sun-like brilliancy, without having, in some degree, his knowledge enriched, his taste refined, his thoughts enlarged, and his intellect expanded? But shining only on the high peaks of society, its glorious beams never find their way to the mass: its influence, amid the universal debasement of the press, is unseen, unfelt. We have, likewise, a few literary papers; but in the delicate idea and beautiful expression of one of the contributors of the *Magazine*, they are the mere ‘sprays of the intellectual wave.’ We repeat it, the periodical press is, in the strongest sense of the word, political. Now, it is plain to every observing mind, that being the most influential, it should be the purest and noblest portion of our literature. How far it falls short of such a standard, our national mind has fatally experienced. Our country’s glory and pride, our own genius, our own talent, call loudly and decidedly for a reformation.

We have now set forth a faint view of some of the impediments to the growth of American literature. We have seen, that political pursuits do not tend to the full development and vigor of the mind, and that without such a cast of mind, there cannot be eloquent and sublime mental action. We have

seen, that our nation's mind is absorbed in political interests; in short, that the age is too political. We would ask, if there is no necessity of a change? He who feels the heavenly glow of patriotic devotion, and hopes to see his country the brightest star in the firmament of modern glory, will return an affirmative response.

Our literature has not, as yet, assumed any permanent form. Its features are just beginning to develop. What character it will take, we cannot judge with any degree of certainty. Now, it is a familiar principle, that in the formation of the mind, there is need of the most unceasing care and attention, to shape and direct its budding energies to virtue and excellence. Let the American mind have this attention, and we have a literature purer, nobler, and richer, than has ever illumined mankind. Do we desire a glorious immortality? And is not literary immortality---the mind set forth in visible, enchanting, and enduring forms---far more desirable, than political? How has the greatness and grandeur of all antiquity, been perpetuated? Who will compare the Pærean age of Greece---an age, as we have seen, when literature shone purely, brightly---with those that followed, when political feuds rent every state? Who will compare the fame of Homer, the mirror-mind of the ancient world, with the most distinguished politician of antiquity? of Milton, with that of Cromwell? of Shakspeare, with that of the profoundest statesman of the Elizabethan age. Political glory, is as the short-lived plant---literary, as the majestic oak. Political glory, is as the flashing meteor---literary, as the splendor of the noon-day sun.

H. J. G.

TRAVELS IN HOT WEATHER.

No. V.

I HAVE, perhaps, already extended these sketches through a greater number of pages than may have been acceptable to my readers. Prolixity is the common error of the traveler, who usually finds it so agreeable to speak of himself, that he forgets that others do not feel the same interest in the recital of his adventures, which induces him to recount them. Under this apprehension, I have endeavored to avoid the sin of egotism, and have only introduced those incidents which were personal to myself, when they seemed necessary to connect the narrative and give to it the coherence of truth.

I reached Cloverport, on my return, on the 5th of August, which was the second day of the election. This is the place of voting, for a precinct of Brackenridge county, but I found the village perfectly quiet, and would not have known that an election was going on, had I not been informed of the fact. I made the same remark, during the remainder of this, and on the following day, during which, I saw nothing at the various places which I passed through, to remind me of the excitement of a contest, which, I learned from other sources, was unusually animated.

My horse, who had been treated with great hospitality, during my absence, came forth fresh and gay—full of life and vigor—and I set out on my homeward journey with renewed spirits. I know of nothing more exciting, than to be mounted on a fine horse, who moves over the ground with alacrity and strength, without appearing to be encumbered by the weight of his burthen, or oppressed by the toil of travel; nor can any one enjoy the luxury of this delightful mode of traveling, who is not on such terms of friendship with the quadruped which bears him, as to sympathize fully in all the fatigues, privations, and pleasures of his mute companion.

I rode to Hardinsburg, that evening, and set out the next morning for Elizabethtown. My rout lay chiefly through *barrens*, such as I have already described; the road was generally level and smooth, and by no means disagreeable, except, that it was destitute of shade, which, considering the intense heat of the weather, was a matter of no small importance. I passed a number of well-improved farms, but no taverns; and halted about the middle of the day at a farm-house, where I found the family sitting down to an excellent dinner, of which I partook. Throughout the western country generally, but especially in those parts where the inhabitants are of southern origin, there are few taverns, except upon those main roads which connect important points. These afford sufficient accommodations, and the traveler in passing by land, from Pittsburgh or Wheeling to Cincinnati, from Maysville to Nashville, from Louisville to St. Louis, or along any of the great avenues of intercourse, may always, by taking care to procure in advance, a list of the best houses, find a good meal, and a comfortable lodging. On the other roads, where the number of travelers is not great enough to support regular hotels, their places are supplied by houses of entertainment, kept by the farmers, who, without taking out a tavern-license, or keeping liquors for sale, receive any traveler who may call, and give him such food and lodging, as are used by their own families. The addition of a spare

room, with two or three neat beds for strangers, is usually the only preparation made by those who engage in this business, and although the fare is sometimes very coarse, the traveler often finds more comfort at these places, than at better furnished hotels. There is, therefore, everywhere, except in the large towns, a distinction made between a *tavern* and a *house of entertainment*, and at the latter, the traveler who halts, in search of a place of rest, and puts the question, 'do you keep a tavern?' is almost invariably answered 'no sir; but we try to entertain strangers, when they call on us.' This explanation will account for much of the confusion which is found in the accounts of foreigners, and persons from other parts of the union, on this subject, and who, often in speaking of *log taverns*, complain of the absence of those attentions or comforts, which they consider it the duty of the tavernkeeper to afford. The truth is, however, that those remarks often apply to the houses of entertainment, the owners of which are under no obligation to the public, and usually perform all that they undertake. The process by which such houses come into use, seems to be this: when a road begins to be traveled, through an entirely new country, there are no taverns, and the travelers are necessarily obliged to seek shelter and food at the houses of the farmers, who entertain them gratuitously—but the number at length increases, so as to render that kind of hospitality burthensome, and the farmers request some one of their number, to relieve them from such calls, by making the reception of strangers a matter of business; or some one whose house is so situated as to be more exposed than others to the visits of travelers, determines to receive pay for that which his hospitable nature will not permit him to refuse, and which he cannot afford to bestow gratuitously. He agrees therefore to feed the horse of the traveler, and to furnish him with such accommodations as his house affords, for a trifling compensation—but he makes no contract to do any more—and, as the whole arrangement is the result of an accommodating spirit, and is made for the benefit of the stranger, and the public convenience, it is justly considered that the advantage is mutual, and that the party entertained is really receiving a civility, which a person of a correct mode of thinking would consider enhanced by being permitted to pay for it. The principle upon which the stranger is received, is that of hospitality, or perhaps necessity: there is no other place at which he can stop—the farmer cannot turn him from his door without inhumanity, and he consents to receive a remuneration for a service which he cannot refuse—but he does

not undertake to alter his mode of life, and neither makes his house a tavern, nor solicits the visits of the stranger.

I reached Elizabethtown late in the afternoon, and left it at the dawn of the following morning; so that I can say nothing about it, except that it contained better houses, and more of them, and has a greater appearance of business, than I expected to see at a place so far from navigation. The most vivid reminiscences that I have preserved of that evening, relate to a very excellent supper which I ate at Mr. Wintersmith's hotel, and to two agreeable gentlemen, who held a long and loud *tete-a-tete*, in bed, in the chamber adjoining that in which I wooed the oblivion of the pillow—agreeable to each other, I mean, for it was any thing else to the weary traveler, who, according to the alliteration of the old poet,

‘ Sadly silent sought the sweets of sleep.’

The next morning I had a companion—a very intelligent young gentleman, of Elizabethtown, whose conversation enlivened a considerable portion of the remainder of my journey, and to whose politeness I am indebted as well for many civilities, as for more than one important item of information.

I passed on to Bardstown, where I spent a few hours in the middle of a most sultry day, and regretted that I was unable to stay longer. The town has a neat and inviting appearance, and in its vicinity are several elegant country-seats, with other evidences of wealth and refinement. Bardstown is famed for catholics, lawyers, and handsome ladies; its chief importance being derived, if I am correctly informed, from its being the seat of a college, the residence of several distinguished gentlemen, and the scene of a more than ordinary proportion of female attraction. Of the great men, I had the pleasure of seeing but one—but, had I seen them all, it would be superfluous to speak in these hasty sketches of those whose names are identified with the history of the times. The college sustains a high reputation, and judging from the number of its alumni, has been eminently useful in extending the facilities for liberal attainment in this young state. Perhaps it is wrong for me to say so—at all events it is very unfashionable to speak of the catholics in any other terms than those of bitter denunciation. But as I am in the habit of condemning whatever I think wrong, without respect to persons, I think it right to be equally frank in giving credit wherever I consider it deserved. I am as sound a heretic as ever lived, and am as thoroughly alarmed at the reports lately circulated of horrible machinations of popery, and especially at their diabolical wickedness in digging profound dungeons under all their churches, for the purpose of introducing the

atrocities of the inquisition, as a good protestant ought to be. But, then, I have no great objection to their colleges, nor to any other institutions which disseminate sound learning. I did not visit that at Beardstown—nor will I ever enter the walls of any place under the dominion of the scarlet lady, who presides at Rome, without having received ample security, that I shall not be stretched upon the rack, or tortured with the thumb-screw—but I walked cautiously round the fence, which incloses the grounds, and peeped through, expecting to see the monks gliding about mysteriously among the trees, and the students, wan with penance, moping in solitary grief under the long shadows of the academic groves. All I saw, was a very handsome building, with a beautiful lawn before it, a sedate looking gentleman or two, and a few ruddy youth; and I came away with the impression, that a catholic college, so far as outward appearances go, looks very much like any other seminary of learning, and with a very strong desire to examine, for myself, whether there is any real difference in the inside.

Another day's ride, through a country, for the most part, broken and uninteresting, brought us to Harrodsburg, and I was glad to find myself once more in a place of rest. In consequence of the intense heat, my tour had been exceedingly fatiguing, and that part of Kentucky through which I traveled was, perhaps, the least interesting that could have been selected. Immediately south and west of the 'centre of the state,' as the people of Harrodsburg call their place, are several very poor counties, thinly populated, and badly improved; and it was through these that my route happened to lie. Had I proceeded farther west, into the country lying beyond Green river, I should again have traversed a fertile region, or had I turned towards the east, I should soon have reached a high, mountainous country, abounding in picturesque scenery.

I found the Harrodsburg springs more crowded with visitors, than at my former visit. There were now there, about three hundred persons, and every bed was occupied. The centre of attraction, as well as of the commonwealth, seemed to be here, and people dropped in daily and hourly, as if moved by the regular and irresistible impulse of some gravitating power, which was impelling them all to one spot. And very pleasant people they were—a joyous, light-hearted set, pleased with each other, and extending their courtesies most cheerfully, to any dusty, way-worn, sun-burnt traveler, who bore the appearance of a gentleman. Commend me to the warm, honest hospitality of Kentucky! I never was more struck with the difference between certain parts of the United States, than I

was while at Harrodsburg. I have been at watering-places, where every party stood coldly and haughtily aloof, by itself, and repelled the individuals of every other party, as if the luxury of the excursion to a mineral spring, consisted in jostling through a dense crowd of strangers, adhering to a rigid system of nonintercourse, and practising, on a very small scale, the doctrine of state rights. The utter abhorrence of consolidation, and the squeamish terror of being sullied by the momentary contact of one who had not been regularly introduced and properly vouched for, which I have seen practised on such occasions, was laughable enough, besides being extremely annoying to persons of correct taste, or ordinary good nature. We had nothing of this at Harrodsburg. There was one party: the parlor, and the ball-room, were open for all alike, and those who assembled there, met with cordiality, and associated with the same courtesy and politeness, which regulate the intercourse of a polished circle of friends. I spent ten days very agreeably at this delightful spot, equally pleased with the attractions of the place, and with the intelligence and affability of the company.

During my stay here, I rode over one day to Danville, a place of great interest—as one of the oldest towns in the state, and one of the most important in its early history. It was here that the first courts were held, and that the conventions met, previous to the formation of the state government. This was the scene of many animated debates, at the period when the people, having endured all the hardships, attendant upon a first settlement in the wilderness, and having by the exertion of individual enterprise subdued the country, began to fancy themselves entitled to a share of those political rights, and that civil protection, which their fellow-citizens enjoyed in other parts of the union. At the time when the navigation of the Mississippi was interdicted by the government of Spain, when the British and the Indians harassed the western and northern frontiers, when the intercourse with the organized states of the union was difficult and uncertain, the people assembled here by their representatives, and maintaining their fidelity, while they boldly asserted their claims, appealed to the government with a fervor of eloquence, and a force of argument, which was at last successful.

Here, too, is Centre college, a sound and rising institution. It has been in existence many years, and has experienced a number of the vicissitudes to which seminaries of learning are liable, previous to their having attained a character sufficient to secure the confidence of the public. It is now, however, in a condi-

tion which holds out the most auspicious promise of permanent and growing usefulness. The president is a gentleman who has much personal popularity, and a well-deserved reputation, and whose amiable deportment as well as his ripe scholarship, qualify him eminently for his station. The faculty is ably filled; the duties of the several instructors discharged with assiduity, and the discipline of the college steadily maintained. The inhabitants of the town speak well of the conduct of the students; and the appearance of order and quiet which reigns throughout the establishment, is such as to give evidence that the delightful and instructive pursuit of learning is the predominant subject of attention among the young gentlemen who are collected at this excellent institution. The college stands on a beautiful eminence, in the outskirts of the town, and is surrounded by a well-cultivated and healthful region. I did not remain long enough at Danville to make any remark except upon its orderly and quiet appearance. A large proportion of the population is composed of moral or religious persons, and the tone of society is sober and respectable.

Having finished my visit at Harrodsburg, I took the stage for Frankfort, and had the pleasure of traveling very comfortably in an elegant coach, with fine horses, and obliging, temperate drivers. I notice this circumstance, because it is one of vital importance to the public; and I am well satisfied that if stages were generally as well managed as those which I saw passing in various directions, from Lexington, from Frankfort, and from Harrodsburg, there would be much fewer accidents attendant on this mode of conveyance, and it would become more popular, and more extensively practised than at present. With the single exception which I formerly noticed, I found the stage proprietors in Kentucky liberal and obliging, the drivers excellent, and the arrangements unexceptionable. The horses were usually good, and often very fine—which is less remarkable when we recollect the attachment of the Kentuckians for this noble animal. Nothing strikes a traveler from another state more forcibly than the frequency with which horses are the subject of conversation, and the earnestness with which their merits are discussed. When a wayfaring horseman alights at the door of a tavern, instead of the inquisitive glances which in other parts of the union are directed at the stranger, the first scrutiny of those who may be lounging near, is attracted by his horse; and if the latter be of reputable appearance, his merits are discussed and decided before the ostler has time to lead him to the stable. If they attempt to describe an unknown person, who has been seen passing along their roads, they do not say, he

had on a drab great-coat, but, that he rode a bay mare, or a sorrel horse, so many hands high, and of such an age—that trotted, or paced, or had a fine walk. On that part of my journey which I pursued on horseback, I happened to be remarkably well mounted, and I found invariably, that much more sympathy was expressed for the wearied condition of my horse, than for any bodily lassitude which I might have been supposed to endure personally. The weather, as I have already stated, was extremely hot, the earth parched, and the toils of the journey unusually severe—so that during several of the days, I found the roads almost deserted, the travelers lying by for repose, or riding cautiously in the morning or evening—yet, when I arrived at a tavern, feverish, thirsty, choked with dust, and almost worn out, I was seldom greeted with any remarks upon my own physical suffering, but usually with many affectionate inquiries with regard to the health and condition of my nag, such as, ‘very hot day—severe weather for a horse—that’s a very handsome mare of yours—she blows powerfully—what will you have done for her—shall I give her some salt and water, &c.’ In the less frequented parts of the country, where greater liberties are taken with a stranger, than in the towns, I seldom alighted without being questioned about the age and qualities of my steed. I stopped one day, at a farm-house to get a drink of water. The owner of the farm, the moment I had sat down, began with

‘Stranger, that’s a *consarned* good mare you ride?’

‘Very good.’

‘Does she travel well?’

‘Very well.’

‘Did you raise her yourself?’

‘No.’

‘Did you trade for her in Kentucky?’

‘No.’

‘Where was she raised?’

‘I do not know.’

‘How old is she?’

‘I have no knowledge of her age.’

‘What is she worth?’

‘I really have no idea of her value.’

The honest man looked at me with surprise, and no doubt set me down in his mind, as a great blockhead. If I had been ignorant of some notorious fact relating to Henry Clay, or general Jackson, it might have been charitably passed over, as a defect in my education; but to be unacquainted with the age, lineage, and value of the horse I rode, evinced a degree of

stupidity, for which my kind entertainer was not prepared; and thinking that the poor dumb beast was in rather a friendless condition, he added: 'If you have no objection, stranger, I'll make one of my boys lead your nag to the stable, and give her a bite of hay, while you rest yourself—and when she cools off a little, a drop of water—it will do her good.' The truth was, that I was a better horse-master than he had reason to suppose, and could have satisfied his curiosity, on some of the points, if my throat had not been full of dust—a thirsty man is apt to give dry answers.

I was much pleased with my visit to Frankfort. Although the position of the town is unfavorable—on a narrow strip of flat land, skirting upon the Kentucky river, and surrounded by high hills—yet it is well built, and has a thriving appearance. The statehouse is a chaste and very beautiful building, and several of the private residences are in good taste. I passed four days here, very delightfully, and was highly gratified with the refinement and hospitality of the society, which comprises some of the most distinguished gentlemen of Kentucky, and a number of highly accomplished ladies. I have not much acquaintance with the domestic manners of our fellow-citizens on the other side of the mountains, but, as far as my observation has extended, it has inclined me to doubt, whether the female character is exhibited in any part of the union, in a higher degree of perfection, than in this state, where we find a combination of feminine softness, with a polished elegance, an elevation of sentiment, and a frankness of deportment, as rare, as it is attractive.

From Frankfort I went to Lexington. The distance is about thirty miles, the first half of which, I traveled in the stage, and the remainder in a handsome rail-road car. This was the first rail-road I had ever seen, and, although I was much pleased with the beauty of the workmanship, and was satisfied of its importance to the country, in the facilities which it must afford for the transportation of merchandize, I could not resist the conclusion, that a Macadamized road, reduced to the same level, would be of much greater general utility. The obvious objection to the rail-road is, that it can be used only for the car, and affords no aid to those who may travel in carriages, or may find it convenient to transport merchandize in wagons. Its utility, therefore, must be confined chiefly to the places at either extremity of its route, while to the country through which it passes, its benefits must be comparatively few. I am glad to see rail-roads made, because they increase the facilities for internal intercourse, and do not necessarily preclude the

making of turnpikes, to connect the same points; but if the question, in the first instance, be between the two, the Macadamized road seems to be decidedly preferable, as being of more general utility, except under particular circumstances, where a communication is needed between two points, without reference to the intermediate country, and for the convenience of some branch of trade or manufactures, which is of sufficient importance to require a medium of transportation, distinct from the ordinary channels of intercourse. The Lexington and Frankfort rail-road, is now nearly completed, and will in a few weeks be open throughout the whole distance, between those points. It is a single track, and seems to have been constructed with fidelity and skill.

I spent ten days at Lexington, very agreeably; but having treated of that place and its vicinity fully in a former number, I shall not swell these papers, already too long, with any further description.

From Lexington I proceeded to Maysville, by that beautiful turnpike which is the admiration of all who have traveled upon it. From Lexington to Paris it runs through a delightful and highly improved country, on a line so direct, that the slight sinuosities of its course are scarcely discoverable to the eye. The bridges are all of a single arch, and of handsome structure, and the road so smooth, that the traveler who thinks proper to close his eyes, is not aware of the rapidity with which he is whirled along. It was night when I passed through Paris, and as I slept comfortably after leaving that place, I know nothing of the route, until we reached the hills in the neighborhood of Licking river, where the road was not yet open. We saw the frame of a splendid bridge, of a single arch, over that river, and which, had it been finished, would have been one of the finest in the United States. It has since been swept away by means of the scaffolding under it, which became entangled with the floating trees, during a sudden swell of the river, and forced the massy arch, then nearly finished, upward so as to dislodge it from the abutments—an accident which could not have occurred, had the scaffolding been removed. The road is now completed, through the entire extent of its location, and upon the rebuilding of the bridge the work will be completed.

The turnpike crosses the river at the Blue licks, forty miles northeast of Lexington. The mineral springs here have had much celebrity. Dr. Yandell, in his interesting account of them remarks as follows: ‘The geology of the region in which they are situated, does not differ from that which prevails so extensively throughout Kentucky, the formation being blue shell

limestone, abounding in organic remains. After leaving Lexington and passing for thirty miles over the rich and beautiful country already described, the traveler to these springs reaches one, within a few miles of them, of a singular and very striking topography. He finds that the soil is growing thin, and sees rocks overgrown with moss and lichens everywhere covering the surface; the tall timber of the fertile region which he has left, is disappearing, giving place to stunted undergrowth, and presenting an aspect of dreariness and sterility. With the fruitful soil, the frequent farmhouse has disappeared, or appears now only at greater intervals, and he experiences a feeling of loneliness, as if transported suddenly to a *far off* country.' 'These peculiarities doubtless had their origin in artificial causes. At one time the hills, which, now bare, show as wasted skeletons, must have had a covering of clay and vegetable mould, for the country in every direction, at the distance of a few miles, is rich, and clothed in luxuriant vegetation. It is well known that the first adventurers to the West found it abounding in every species of wild game. Deer, elks, and buffaloes, were met with in numbers altogether incalculable. These animals resorted in vast numbers to the springs, and the latter came from a great distance, and lingered for weeks in the neighborhood. It is said that the roads which they made in journeying thither, are still visible at this distant day. And finally, the mastodon, and arctic elephant, we may infer from the osseous remains that have been exhumed, were among the ancient visitors at these watering places. The effect of such a concourse of animals sojourning for weeks together in the neighborhood, and feeding upon the shrubs, herbaceous plants, and such limbs of trees as were in their reach, bruising and lacerating their roots in passing to and fro, must have been in time, the destruction not only of the grass and more tender herbs, but of the forests themselves; and the soil thus deprived of its necessary support, would be ultimately washed by the rains into the streams and valleys. This cause, of course, has long ceased to operate; and with its cessation, a new change has commenced. The soil is again in a process of renewal, and the sides and summits of the hills begin to assume an appearance of verdure and life.'

At these springs the early settlers made the salt that supplied Kentucky. It is said that eight hundred gallons of the water yielded a bushel of salt. Tried by the usual chemical tests, the water has been found to contain sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, muriate of soda, muriate of magnesia, muriate of lime, sulphate of lime, sulphate of soda, sulphate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, with a slight trace of carbonate of magnesia.

It contains no iron. Muriate of soda, which gives it the taste of moderately strong brine, and sulphuretted hydrogen, are its prominent ingredients. The water is said to be very efficacious in its medicinal effects—which I can readily believe, for it is so horribly nauseous, that no one would drink it without strong inducement; and the place offers no attractions, either of scenery or accommodations, to invite any other visitors than those who are invalids.

There is, however, one spot in this vicinity, of sufficient celebrity to allure the footsteps of the traveler who is curious in history, or whose imagination can find enjoyment in contemplating the scenes which have been hallowed by deeds of valor. The battle of the Blue Licks—one of the most memorable in the annals of our border warfare—has thrown a mournful interest over this spot. It was fought by a band of choice and daring spirits—the flower of Kentucky—some of her most sagacious leaders, and many of her bravest youth; and its disastrous result, is among the numerous lessons that teach the inefficiency of ill-directed valor.

The imprudent zeal which induced that heroic little army to rush in impetuous confusion upon a foe concealed among the ravines and rocks of these rugged hills, filled the land with dismay and lamentation; and the traveler who passes over the battle-ground at this day, is saddened by the recollection of the havoc of the savage tomahawk on that melancholy occasion. However proud we may feel in recalling the gallantry of our countrymen, and with whatever degree of reverence we may bend over the grave of the soldier who has fallen in defence of his country—there is sorrow also, not unmingled with mortification, in the reflection that the lives of useful and honorable men have been needlessly or prodigally expended, and that the blow which struck down so many in the bloom of manhood, was not softened by the triumph of victory. In many instances, while we honor and mourn the fallen, we cannot deplore the event: but here our tribute to patriotism is paid in sorrow.

As the stage wound slowly up the hills, immediately over the battle-ground, the localities were pointed out to me by an intelligent fellow-traveler, who resided in the neighborhood, and was intimately acquainted with the whole subject.

After passing over a few miles of rough road, we found ourselves again upon the turnpike, over which we rode most rapidly and pleasantly to Maysville.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

CALAVAR, OR THE KNIGHT OF THE CONQUEST: A Romance of Mexico. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1834.

It is not often that the American Reviewer is called to the pleasing task, of passing his judgment upon a work of genius and originality. Although our press, emulating the fecundity of the vast plains of the prolific west, yields its harvest of volumes in rich abundance, and although these are neither esteemed flat by the accommodating taste of that most courteous of personages, the general reader, nor unprofitable by the industrious thousands who are engaged in the manufacture and sale, they are for the most part, very stale to the more fastidious palate of the scholar. The inventive genius of our countrymen, so honorably displayed in the wide field of art, has achieved comparatively few triumphs in the creative department of fancy. While the sails of our commerce are spread to the gale on every ocean, and our fearless mariners are continually exploring unknown seas, in search of new markets and novel commodities—while our mechanists are daily adding vigor to every branch of operative industry, by the increased facilities which they afford to labor—those who supply the literary wants of the community, seem content to tread in beaten paths, to remodel the creations of their predecessors, or to imitate, with servile accuracy, rather than attempt the boldness of invention. Whether we are indebted for this state of things, to the mercenary spirit of *the trade*, to the apathy of the public, to an absence of moral courage, on the part of our native authors, or to a concatenation of these several causes, we shall not now pause to inquire. The truth is, that our country is flooded with republications of worthless or pernicious foreign books, or with wretched copies of the worst fabrications of exotic genius. Our objection is not so much to the want of originality, in our current literature, as to the wretched taste displayed in the selection of models. We condemn no man, who sits down humbly at the feet of Scott or Edgeworth, and invigorates his own genius, under the teaching of those who are deservedly looked up to as models of surpassing excellence. Those are names which belong to our language and our times, and we should as soon think of warning a young artist against the danger of catching the beauties of Reubens or Canova, as of admonishing any to avoid the risk of becoming copyists, by abstaining from the pages of Addison, Burke, or Mackintosh. But it is not without a blush of shame, and a sigh for the degeneracy of the times, that we see the tables of those who read, groaning under piles of fiction, descriptive of the elegant vices of the higher classes in England, the debaucheries of Almack's, the fopperies of Regent Street, and the crimes of the Hells of London. However true these delineations of manners may be, they afford no aliment to the mind, nor inspiration to the fancy—they neither improve the morals nor correct the taste—but furnish *mere reading*, composed of idle gossip, or pernicious sentiment.

An apt illustration of the imitative propensities of a certain class of writers, might be found in the productions of those who fill our periodicals with gemmed and jewelled stanzas, and who seem to imagine, that poetry consists in a particular collocation of hacknied phrases, or an ungrammatical use of a few favorite words. A popular poet described a ship, as walking the ocean 'like a thing of life,' and the poetic market has ever since been crammed with a glut of *things*—things of beauty, and

things of pride, and things of sentiment. Mrs. Hemans makes all animate and inanimate objects, things, and the *Dii minores*—the mob of lesser deities, who write with ease, are well satisfied to strut about in a borrowed plumage, made up of the tinsel *things* of this very fanciful lady, and a few other leaders of her mawkish school. There is a vast merit, too, in certain terms of the black art, which, in days of yore, would have been termed things of the devil; heroines are all sorceresses, and do marvellous execution by the *spell* of the voice, the *witchery* of the smile, and the *soft magic* of the eye. As for the large family of the units, there is no end to them—deserted *ones*, forsaken *ones*, hopeless *ones*, and beauteous *ones*, are as abundant as the decedents of the first Mr. Smith—and we have no doubt, that it was some poet who induced the president to apply the same term to that cabinet, which proved to be a *faithless one*.

It is refreshing to turn from the littleness of imitation, with its long train of affected fopperies, to a production which purports to stand upon its own merits, and which, if it be really a work of genius, is deserving of high honor, because of the independence of mind evinced by the author in the selection, as well as in the treatment of his subject.

The period which has been judiciously selected by this writer, is one of the highest interest—a period so crowded with important events, that it is impossible to contemplate its vivid scenes, without intense curiosity and wonder. Up to the fifteenth century, the commerce and navigation of Europe had been monopolized by the opulent cities of Italy. The merchant princes of Venice, Genoa, Florence, and a few other marts, carried in their richly freighted argosies, nearly all the trade of the known world. Spain and Portugal were occupied in their wars with the Moors, and throughout Europe, deeds of chivalry were in higher repute than the enterprize of commerce, or the discoveries of science. But the trade of the Italians with India, and the ports of the Red sea, began to introduce the luxuries, as well as many of the comforts of life. The discovery of the mariner's compass, increased the extent and the importance of navigation. England, Flanders, Spain, and Portugal, became awakened to the spirit of commercial enterprize, and shaking off the long apathy in which they had reposed, looked abroad with the eagerness of newly gifted vision. Learned men were dispersed throughout Europe, by the fall of Constantinople, and learning was transiently revived. The art of printing was conceived, gunpowder was invented, and standing armies were established. The reformation was commenced. These brilliant discoveries and stirring incidents, though spread through a series of years, followed each other in a succession sufficiently rapid, to create a high degree of excitement in the public mind, and to distinguish this age, as one of unrivalled achievement.

It was during this period, that Vasco de Gama, leading a band of timid and superstitious followers cautiously along the coast of Africa, alluring them step by step, by the incitements of avarice, or the phrenzy of fanaticism—now kindling up their hopes, and now working upon their fears, reached at last, the extreme point of that continent, discovered the great highway that led to the treasures of the East, and placed his name on the list of discoverers, next to that of Columbus. The great Genoese, had already performed that exploit, which has procured him the foremost rank among navigators.

From the time when Columbus, by a combination of sagacity, perseverance, courage, and prudence, of which only a great mind could have been capable, gave a new

world to the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon,' the discovery and conquest of new lands was carried forward with an impulse, which is almost without parallel in the history of human enterprise. The passion for military glory, which had absorbed all the energies of the higher ranks, gave way at once, to the thirst for gold, and thousands of adventurers were launched upon the ocean in search of wealth, who, in ordinary times, would have been contented with the honor of following the banners of their feudal chiefs, in the petty wars of Europe. In less than a century, the vast line of coast from Cape Horn to Nova Scotia, had been trodden by European feet, and large districts of the interior, conquered by the armies of the old world. When we reflect upon this subject, view it in all its bearings, and trace out its direct results—when we recollect the multitudes of men who were engaged, the variety of soil, climate, and product, that were suddenly made known, the immense amount of wealth which was thrown into circulation, the activity communicated to navigation and commerce, and the additions made to scientific knowledge—we become persuaded that this must have been an era of remarkable energy, and unusual excitement; and we cannot open any page of its history without experiencing a touch of the enthusiasm of the age.

Great occasions produce great men. The human mind rises with the necessity under which it is placed, or with the inducement which awakens it to extraordinary action. There never was a more extraordinary example of the truth of this position, than that of Hernando Cortes, who, but for the discovery of the new world, would probably have wasted the energies of his bold and fruitful genius, as a subordinate mercenary in some of the paltry intestine wars of the European continent, and have never been placed in any station sufficiently important to develop his military talents. But thrown unexpectedly, by a fortuitous concatenation of events, into the command of an army, in a new field, without resources, and under the most discouraging circumstances, he became the conqueror of a mighty kingdom, and earned a reputation which will be as lasting as time. The history of the conquest of Mexico is full of the most romantic and marvellous incident, and we contemplate it at this day with a sentiment of wonder, not unmingled with incredulity. The army of Cortes was not only small, but was composed of discordant and ungovernable materials—a mere handful of desperate adventurers, alike destitute of moral principle, of generous ambition, and habitual obedience—men of broken fortunes and unbridled lust, who sought for plunder, with the unscrupulous voracity of the vulture, and who broke through the restraints of discipline, with the same desperate license, with which they trampled on the rights of humanity. They fought in a new world, with a strange people, armed with weapons different from their own, and expert in their own mode of warfare; and where the genius of the European commander was continually exercised, in devising a system of tactics suited to the peculiar exigencies of his novel situation. They had no resources, but such as the sagacity of the leader might create, or the ruthless hand of the mail-clad warrior tear with violence from the stores and granaries of the people—from the dwelling, the temple, or the fields, of the native. Without magazines to supply their daily occurring necessities, or fortresses to cover them in case of disaster, cut off from all intercourse with their own country, and with no means of supplying the loss of men which might be occasioned by disease or battle, this little band plunged fearlessly into the heart of a wealthy, populous, and warlike empire, marched triumphantly to its capital, and achieved that extraordinary conquest, distinguished alike by prodigies of atrocious cruelty and military valor.

Had the design of Cortes been praiseworthy, or the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards desirable, or had the conduct of that able commander been characterized by clemency and justice, the fame of the conquerer would have been most brilliant, and the event preeminently illustrious. History affords but few examples so fraught with daring exploit, and splendid success. Seldom has one mind with means so comparatively insignificant, ventured upon a scheme of such gigantic magnitude, or directed a vast chain of complex events with such consummate wisdom. Yet we can neither admire the man, nor the event; the conqueror and the conquest, fail alike to kindle up that glow of mingled approbation, and wonder, and emulation, with which we contemplate the actions of great and good men, or behold in the history of nations, the genial fruits of their beneficent sagacity. How infinitely preferable is the reputation of Penn, to that of Cortes! Each of these distinguished men added a vast territory to the empire of his king,—the one by conquest, the other by purchase—the one by violence, rapine, and perfidy; the other by equitable negotiation. Both were wise, prudent, and fearless—both possessed minds prolific of resources, spirits undaunted by disaster, and energies that neither toil nor disappointment could weary; but the quaker was benevolent, honorable, meek, and just; the Spaniard fierce, ruthless, and unprincipled.

Cortes has no claim to stand in the same rank with Columbus, yet there are redeeming traits in his character which place him far above the miscreant Pizarro. The discoverer of America seems to have had a heart deeply imbued with benevolence, and a vigorous intellect which placed him above the narrow prejudices of the age in which he lived. The scepticism of the learned and the powerful, who regarded his design with derision or distrust, never disturbed for a moment his own confidence in its feasibility; and the greatness of his mind, while it elevated him above the influence of that superstition which pervaded the imaginations of his followers, induced him also to contemn the bigotry under which the priest and the cavalier cloaked their nefarious deeds of robbery and persecution. Animated by a generous love of science, and a noble desire of fame, he does not appear to have been actuated at any time by a sordid passion or a selfish motive. The conqueror of Peru, on the other hand, was a cold-blooded ruffian, who revelled in carnage; and of whose gratuitous butcheries it is difficult to decide, whether cupidity, or an innate propensity for slaughter, was the governing motive. There was no touch of mercy in the ruthless bosom of Pizarro. Neither do we find in his character any evidence of military conduct or political sagacity. Animal courage and bodily hardihood he possessed—mere ferociousness combined with physical ability—but none of the higher attributes of mind or heart.

Between these extremes, stands the reputation of the conqueror of Mexico—he was not great like Columbus, nor so brutal as Pizarro. The former was cautious of giving offence to the natives of the newly discovered regions, and honestly desirous of establishing an intercourse between the two hemispheres, which should be mutually beneficial; the latter gratified his own passions, without evincing any regard for his country, for posterity, or for his own fame. Avaricious and sensual, neither the pride of country, nor the stirring of a martial spirit, animated his sordid bosom.—Cortes, on the other hand, though prodigal of blood, does not seem to have been of a cruel nature. He sought the fame of a conqueror, and the personal advantage to be derived from the spoils of a vanquished people, through the use of means which were justified by the public sentiment of the age in which he lived. Cool, sagacious, and

brave, he planned his measures in reference to the end to be accomplished, but without regard to the justice of the intermediate steps, hazarding his own life freely, and shedding copiously the blood of those who stood in the path of his ambition. But he was a considerate ruffian—one that could spare where it was not his interest to destroy—that could pity and be generous, when the stern dictates of policy did not steel his bosom against the pleadings of humanity. Though a spoiler and a conqueror, wading to the fruition of his guilty purpose through seas of blood,—ravaging fields, desecrating temples, and blasting cities—yet he sometimes remembered that he was a man, the leader of an army, and the representative of his sovereign, and under an impulse of policy or pride, acted with the dignity which became his station. He was not so base as most of those who have trodden in the same career, and was perhaps a man of more genius than has been usually accorded to him, by those who have not carefully weighed the difficulties which he overcame. Under more auspicious circumstances he would probably have been a hero; in a station of less responsibility, he might have sunk to the level of that herd of mailed adventurers, whose names are only remembered as connected with a series of piracies and murders, which would have been thought degrading to banditti, had they not been sanctioned by priests and kings.

It is impossible to read the history of the conquest of Mexico, without becoming deeply interested in the fate of that abused people. Previous to that disastrous event, they had attained a degree of civilization superior to that of their invaders. They had not the christian religion, the art of printing, the use of iron, or the tactics of modern warfare; but their laws were milder and more equitable than those of Spain, life and property were more secure, the domestic relations were kinder and more sacredly observed, and they were a gentler, a more amiable, and in all respects a more estimable people. Montezuma, the ninth king of his dynasty, was firmly seated on his throne; and was undoubtedly a much more respectable man than most of the persons who have worn crowns in Europe. He was a prince who had given evidence of great ability as a ruler and as a warrior, and seems to have been a very excellent person in his domestic relations. He was respected and greatly beloved by his people.

The Mexicans had long ceased to be savages. Their towns were extensive and well built, their houses commodious and conveniently furnished. Their markets were well supplied with a great variety of provisions, and were declared, by the contemporaneous Spanish writers, to have been superior to those of the largest cities of Europe. The laws were simple and just, and the police administered with admirable fidelity. In agriculture and the mechanic arts, they had made great progress, and were, perhaps, quite equal to the Europeans of the same period. Cortes, in one of his letters to the king of Spain, describes the province of Zempoulla, as containing fifty cities, or fortified towns, and able to furnish fifty thousand soldiers. In another province, he met with a city strongly situated on a very steep height. It was accessible only on one side, and the approach very difficult. In the plain around it, were many villages, containing from two to five hundred peasants each, who were employed in agriculture. Again, he speaks of 'large houses built of hewn stone, which were new, handsome, and commodiously disposed.' Of one of the cities which he visited, he writes, 'I was surprized at its size and magnificence. It is larger and stronger than Grenada, contains as many, and as handsome buildings, and it is much more populous than that city, at the time of its conquest. It is also much better supplied

with corn, poultry, game, fresh-water fish, pulse, and other excellent vegetables. There are in the market, each day, thirty thousand persons, including buyers and sellers, without reckoning the merchants and petty dealers, dispersed over the city. In this market, may be bought every necessary of life—clothes, shoes, feathers of all kinds, ornaments of gold and silver, as well wrought as in any part of the world; various kinds of earthen ware of a superior quality to that of Spain; wood, coal, herbs, and medicinal plants. Here are houses for baths, and places for washing and shearing goats; in short, this city exhibits great regularity, and has a good police.' When we recollect, that Grenada contained sixty thousand houses, and a population of about three hundred thousand, when it was conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491, it will be seen, that the American city, Tascalteca, which is compared to it, must have been a place of no ordinary importance; nor can we doubt the evidence of Cortes, who wrote in 1519, and was probably well acquainted with both cities.

The state of society and of the arts had been brought to a still higher degree of perfection in Mexico, the capital city. 'Mexico,' says Cortes, 'contains a great number of very large and splendid houses, as the principal caciques and great nobles of the empire live there during a part of the year; and the rich merchants and citizens are well accommodated, and have almost all of them pleasant gardens, filled with all kinds of flowers. Fresh water is conveyed thither by means of two pipes, each two feet in circumference, which extended along one of the causeways leading to the city.' 'The duties which are paid upon every thing brought into the city, are received by inspectors appointed for that purpose, at certain buildings answering to toll-houses. The public markets abound with workmen of every kind, who come there to be hired. The inhabitants of Mexico are better dressed, than those of any other part of the empire; owing to the circumstance of its being the residence of Montezuma, and his chief nobility having introduced some customs and modes of dress more elegant and becoming. Their manners in general bear a great resemblance to those of Spain, and, as nearly the same order and the same general regulations are observable, we are continually struck with the surprizing police of a barbarous people, separated from all polished nations, and totally ignorant of the knowledge of the true God.' 'The task would be difficult to describe the particulars of the luxury and magnificence of Montezuma, and to give an accurate representation of his state and grandeur. He possessed a perfect representation of every object in nature, formed in either gold, silver, precious stones, or feathers.' 'In each province, he had his collectors of the revenue, and he perfectly understood the state of his finances, which were marked in characters, and in very plain and intelligible figures.'

As we are not writing a history of Mexico, but only citing a few illustrations for the purpose of giving interest to the subject which we have chosen, we shall content ourselves with one more extract, in which the conqueror describes some of the difficulties which he had to overcome. 'I acknowledge to your majesty that our fears were great on finding ourselves in the midst of an unknown country, surrounded by innumerable enemies, and without hope of assistance. Several times have I overheard parties of my soldiers compare me to *Peter the Collier*, who knew well enough where he was, but could not find the way to get out. Others considered me a fool or a madman, whose schemes ought not to be encouraged, but that on the contrary it was absolutely necessary to quit me, if I would not consent to accompany them, and return by the shortest road. They even went so far, several times, as to press me to return, and I

had great difficulty in persuading them to remain, by representing to them that their services and their lives were due to your majesty; that the present object was to acquire for their sovereign the most important country in the world; that no Spaniard had ever yet incurred the disgrace of deserting his standard in so cowardly a manner; that farther, as good christians, it was their duty to fight the enemies of our holy faith, and by that means to merit a splendid recompense in the other world, and in this, a degree of glory never before attained by any of the human race. I observed, that God had manifestly fought for us, and that to him nothing was impossible, which was apparent in our victories, in which so many of our enemies had been destroyed, without the loss of a single man on our part. I promised them your majesty's favor if they continued faithful, and threatened them with the whole weight of your displeasure, in case of their disobedience and defection. By such remonstrances, and the allowance of a small advance of pay, I at length succeeded in restoring their courage and confidence, and have now brought them to do all I could wish.'

As the admirable novel, now under review, is destined, in our opinion, to be extensively read, and highly appreciated, a few words in relation to the character of Cortez as drawn by his own countrymen, will no doubt be acceptable, as the description may enable those who cannot have access to the histories of that day, to judge of the fidelity with which the author has drawn his pictures. We shall quote from Claviger, who cites a number of the early Spanish historians. Fernando Cortes was a person of noble birth, and sufficiently rich to be able to support, with his own private capital and the assistance of his friends, a considerable share of the expenses of the expedition. He was born in Medellin, a small city of Estremadura, in the year 1485; and was therefore thirty-four when he landed in Mexico. At the age of fourteen, he was sent by his parents to Salamanca, in order that by learning the Latin tongue, and the civil law, he might restore the fortunes of his family, then reduced to poverty; but his military genius diverted him from study, and led him to the new world, with other aspiring youths of his nation. He accompanied Diego Velasquez, in the conquest of Cuba, where he gained wealth and authority. He was a man of great talents, discernment, and courage; dexterous in the use of arms, fruitful in expedients and resources to carry his projects into execution, and highly ingenious in making himself obeyed and respected, even by his equals; great in his designs and actions, cautious in operations, modest in speech, steady in his enterprizes, and patient in adversity. His zeal in religion was not inferior to his inviolable fidelity to his sovereign; but the splendor of these and other good qualities which placed him in the rank of heroes, was sullied by some actions unworthy of his greatness of soul. His too great ardor in his enterprizes, and the fear of having his hopes of fortune frustrated, made him sometimes wanting in justice, gratitude, and humanity. He was of good stature, well proportioned, robust, and active. His chest was rather prominent, his beard black, his eyes sparkling and expressive. Such is the portrait of the conqueror of Mexico, as delineated by his own contemporaries.

In selecting this portion of history as the groundwork of his novel, Dr. Bird has shown much sagacity and good taste, and it has afforded him the opportunity of conducting his reader through scenes which are full of marvel, while they are entirely unhacknied by the pen of the writer of fiction. Here we have the mailed warrior couching his spear upon our own shores, and events described as having occurred in our own vicinity, which remind us of the battles of the crusaders. The date of

these events is sufficiently distant to prevent them from seeming too familiar to the ear, yet it is near enough to our own era, as to be within the scope of accurate historical investigation, so that we can without difficulty satisfy ourselves of the reality of the principal incidents which are described in this delightful narrative. In our opinion, it is decidedly the best American novel that has been written—except those enchanting pictures of Cooper, in which the interest is made to depend on the vicissitudes of the sea, and the adventures of the daring mariner. The latter are the best writings of their kind, and have already acquired a reputation which the critic can neither enhance nor destroy.

Calavar is a work of a different class, but of a character equally elevated. Besides the extrinsic circumstances of time and place, which throw around it an inviting air of romance, mingled with an agreeable conviction of the truth of the scenes portrayed, it has positive merits as a literary composition, of a high order. The style elegant, sufficiently ornate, yet pure and classical. We have seldom seen a first attempt so free from stiffness, and so unencumbered with superfluity. The flow of the narrative is easy and graceful, and the language natural without being mean, and rich without bombast. Having known the author only as a successful tragedian, we confess, that we expected from him some of the trickery of stage effect in the management of his plot, and a touch of the ‘die all, die nobly,’ of the dramatist, in his style. But there is nothing of all this to be found in Calavar—not a premonitory symptom of blank verse, nor a spasm of poetic phrenzy; on the contrary, the whole tone of the composition is subdued, chastened, and thoroughly elaborated, evincing with the fervor of genius, the good taste of an elegant mind, and the patient labor of a highly accomplished intellect.

The plot opens ‘in the year of Grace fifteen hundred and twenty, upon a day in the month of May thereof,’ when the ‘sun rose over the islands of the new deep, and the mountains that divided it from an ocean yet unknown, and looked upon the havoc which, in the name of God, a christian people were working upon the loveliest of his regions.’ A young knight is on his way to join the standard of the conqueror, which had already been planted in the capital city of Mexico. He is followed by a page—the lady of his heart, who, in the disguise of a boy, attends his footsteps, without any suspicion on his part, of her real character. Against this we protest—avowing that he could be no true lover, who could not recognize the features of his lady-love in any masquerade which human ingenuity might invent, and the chords of whose heart would not instantly respond to the vibrations of her voice. We protest against it as a wornout and improbable expedient—and as an unlady-like exploit, inconsistent with maiden delicacy, and unworthy the elevated character of the heroine. But this is the only fault that we find. The fictitious characters are few, and well drawn; the plot simple and agreeably developed. The most important events and characters are historical, and are sketched with graphic skill, and with admirable fidelity. The author has struck into a rich vein of history, has been content to take the pure ore as he found it, and has only rendered it suitable for circulation, by moulding it into a convenient form, and impressing upon it the stamp of his genius. Montezuma, Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and other historical personages, are exhibited in their true colors, as nearly as those can now be ascertained from the numerous, but somewhat discordant accounts left by their contemporaries; and the several battles described, are such as were actually fought. The author depicts these conflicts with admirable spirit, and

with a clearness that brings the whole scene distinctly before us: we can almost hear the trumpet, the tread of the war-horse, and the shouts of the myriad hosts of Anahuac—we can fancy that we see the plume of the knight drenched in gore; the foot-soldier hacking his way through crowds of half-clad natives; the cacique gaudily arrayed in his panoply of feathers, and the conqueror smiling grimly at the wide-spread havoc planned in the gratification of his own gigantic lust, and directed by the energies of his demoniac genius. These battle scenes, and the descriptions of scenery, are the best parts of the book: the author has probably been to Mexico, and explored the landscape whose commanding points and picturesque attractions, he sketches out with such felicity and vigor—though we by no means intend to insinuate that he participated in the bloody encounters which he narrates with the animation of one who had mingled in the horrors of the fight, and shared the excitement of the victory,—of one who without the acquisitiveness of the base felonious Spaniard, had the organ of destructiveness as prominently developed as if he had flourished in the days of knighterrantry. The character of Don Amador too, is capital—it is first-rate. Scott has drawn no character more true to nature, nor more consistent. He is a real knight, without fear and without reproach—brave, faithful, kind, zealous of his honor, true to his lady, his leader, and his king—but without a particle of brains more than was actually necessary to the symmetrical development of his cranium, and the vindication of his sanity as a true soldier of the cross.

We make no selections, because we doubt the propriety of exhibiting a brick as a specimen of the architecture of a house. This is an American novel of excellent performance and high claims; and we hope that all the novel-reading public of our continent, will peruse it for themselves, and award to a native production, of more than ordinary merit, that meed of approbation, which its own merits may deserve, and a feeling of patriotic pride towards a successful effort of American genius, may suggest.

ORATION ON THE COMPARATIVE ELEMENTS AND DUTIES OF GRECIAN AND AMERICAN ELOQUENCE: delivered before the Erodelphian Society of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, on the 23d of September, 1834—being their ninth annual celebration—with notes. By THOMAS SMITH GRIMKE, of Charleston, S. C.

DISCOURSE ON THE HISTORY, CHARACTER, AND PROSPECTS OF THE WEST: delivered to the Union Literary Society of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, at their ninth anniversary, September 23, 1834. Cincinnati: Truman and Smith.

WE have heretofore expressed, in decided language, our approbation of the practice which has latterly been pursued in most of our colleges, of inviting gentlemen of established reputation, to participate in the celebration of their anniversaries, by the delivery of orations prepared for the purpose. The crowds that are drawn together on such occasions, are not, we hope, attracted by the mere vanity of a gaudy pageant, or an idle curiosity, to witness the excitement of a popular assembly. Some there may be who are allured by the influence of friendship, by the solicitude of parental affection, or by feelings of attachment for the scene of former studies—and we cannot but applaud such generous and natural motives. It is delightful to witness a season of social intercourse, when the shadows that lower upon the path of life, are for the moment

chased away—to behold the greetings of friends who have been long separated, to see the ties of consanguinity which had been loosened, again united, and to view that agreeable interchange of courtesy, with which even strangers meet on these auspicious occasions. The better feelings of our nature are refreshed by such scenes, and the nobler impulses of the heart are warmed into new vigor, by the occurrence of a festival so cheerful in itself, and so laudable in its objects. But while we all participate in the excitement which is caused by the fermentation of a crowd, and share the joyous feelings of those who are gathered around us, there are higher thoughts that insensibly fill the mind, and a graver interest awakened, as we contemplate the scenes of a college commencement. Without pausing to comment upon the solicitude which is awakened for those who are about to embark upon the voyage of life—there are considerations of even a more serious nature, involved in such exhibitions. The most obvious of these, is their effect upon education.—They are calculated to attract public attention towards our seminaries of learning—to enlist the suffrages of the people—to disseminate valuable information—to elevate the tone of public sentiment—and to infuse a spirit of patriotism into the bosoms of those who witness the imposing spectacle. By patriotism, we mean love of country, not lust for office, not the grovelling spirit that cringes with base servility at the feet of the people to gather the crumbs that fall from the public table—but the generous philanthropy of him who is content to eat the bread of industry, and is proud of the independence of a private station, while his best energies are directed to the promotion of the public welfare. Such a patriotism is inseparably blended with the sympathies of all who are disinterestedly engaged in the holy purpose of educating the young—in the task of training up the citizens who are destined to wield the energies of our vast empire; such a patriotism insensibly creeps into the hearts of those, who, entering into the spirit of the noble cause, give to the great business of education their aid, their charities, and their sanction—and such sentiments are by sympathy infused into the young, when they find themselves the objects of public solicitude, and perceive that the wisest and best of their fellow-citizens regard the formation of their minds as a subject of grave importance.

In this view of the subject, the last commencement at Oxford was unusually attractive. Both the orators selected by the societies were gentlemen of extensive and well deserved reputation—distinguished by their abilities, their learning, their unblemished moral character, and their active benevolence. Both were veteran and able public speakers—men of matured minds and highly cultivated powers of argument. Each of them had devoted much attention to the subject of education, and each exhibited in himself a striking example of extensive attainment, gained by severe self-culture. Differing essentially from each other, yet both were men of uncommon independence of mind, and originality of character.

The lamented Mr. Grimke, was one of the most accomplished scholars of our country. Few men in any age have engaged in the pursuit of learning with so much ardor, earnestness, or perseverance. From the time of his leaving college, until the day of his death, he studied with system, zeal, and intense application. His acquisitions were as accurate as they were immense; and such was his habitual self-discipline, and the well-ordered system of his mental economy, that the treasures of his mind were always available, and the records of his memory never confused by hasty or careless attainment. In the whole range of history and classical literature, his erudition was exact, copious, and rich. He had not only read, but studied and digested the best writers, not only in the dead languages, but in his own vernacular, and his writings

are enriched by a profusion of classical allusion. But while we pay this tribute to his taste and industry, we have no hesitation in saying that his memory deserves still higher honor, in consideration of his standing as a christian and a patriot. He was an unpretending, devout, and conscientious advocate of the doctrines of the Bible. Deeply versed in other books, he held to that as superior to all others; intimately acquainted with the treasures of human knowledge, he delighted in the volume of inspiration, as the only legitimate fountain of pure thought and elevated morality—the only limpid stream of truth and wisdom. He practised its precepts, and labored with untiring assiduity to diffuse them among his fellow-citizens.

We shall not attempt any analysis of the discourse before us, because we could but feebly shadow out the features of a composition as admirable for its close reasoning, and just thought, as for the beauty of its style, and the classic richness of its imagery. It has the rare excellence of being sound and pure, while it glows with all the fervor of thought, and elevation of feeling, so peculiar to the generous climate of which its author was a native—of exhibiting the wisdom of the sage, in the vivid language of southern eloquence. In comparing the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and giving preference to the latter, he affords an example which amply sustains the justice of his decision. There is not a Grecian nor a Roman speech extant, which is superior to this effort of Mr. Grimke before the Erodolphian Society, and very few that any judicious critic would place in the same rank. His comparison of Erskine, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Macintosh, Clay, and Webster, with the Roman and Athenian orators, and his preference of the former, are supported by a train of reasoning, as fair, as it is triumphant. We agree with him when he says, 'In the bold, national, energetic eloquence of passion, I cannot consider Patrick Henry or George McDuffie as inferior to Demosthenes'—and we subscribe as fully to the opinion, that there are in compositions of Chief Justice Marshall, Randolph, Hamilton, Quincy, Morris, Ames, and Calhoun, specimens of eloquence which are not surpassed by any thing handed down to us from Rome or Athens. The whole argument is elegant, instructive, and convincing—honorable to our country, and worthy of the matured fame of its accomplished author.

Doctor Drake's address is entitled to equal praise, as an effort of genius, though entirely different in its character and bearings; and we are glad that these two eminent individuals have not placed us under the necessity of drawing any parallel between their respective performances. Mr. Grimke's is an ornate, scholastic production—a finished specimen of elegant criticism, embellished with rich gems from the treasury of ancient lore; Dr. Drake's is a vigorous, manly appeal to the patriotism of our own broad and beautiful West, adorned with few figures, and only with such as are gleaned from the volume of nature. He has studied the physical world, and dived into the arcana of the works of God, with as much energy and success, as had attended the researches of his friend into the pages of the learned, and he has brought forth the resources of his mind, on this occasion, with not less ability. Yet we repeat, that, while we consider both these orations as possessing superior excellence, they cannot be compared; many a mind that would relish one, would throw the other aside, and although both will be admired by the reflecting, there are different tastes to which each will especially recommend itself.

We admire especially in the address of Dr. Drake, the warm and elevated tone of western feeling by which it is pervaded. We advocate no man who makes invidious

comparisons, or indulges in the narrow prejudices of sectional distinctions. These are the devices of the artful, by which they govern the weak, and the materials of which the ambitious erect the parties upon whose shoulders they climb to distinction. But the sentiment of affection for our own land is laudable; patriotism is the noblest of civic virtues, and the parent of all that is generous in civic duty; and those who attempt to exert an influence upon public opinion, should endeavor to imbue the popular mind with this ennobling principle. Instead of lamenting over the youth, and imbecility, and destitution of our country, and appealing to the cold charities of distant lands, as those are prone to do, who are ignorant of its resources, and alien to the spirit of its people, we should point out its latent energies, and awaken its population to the exercise of their own strength, by spirited appeals to their known intelligence, and undoubted love of country.

It is worth while to compare the able exposition, of the capabilities of the West, and of the moral character of its inhabitants, drawn by a close observer, whose long residence in the Valley has made him intimately acquainted with the subject in all its bearings, with the wretched caricatures that are palmed off upon our transatlantic fellow-citizens, by the malice of foreign travelers, the ignorance of puerile vanity, or the mercenary zeal of party spirit. Such a comparison exhibits that difference, which may always be detected between facts displayed in their native integrity under the calm light of philosophic analysis, and the mere gossip which serves to astound a gaping multitude, or to cover the discrepancies of an idle theory. The people of the West are not, in comparison with any other people, either ignorant or depraved. They are made up of the young, the bold, the enterprising, and the vigorous, from other states, who brought but little wealth to the land of their adoption; but who have given that which is more efficient, the energy of active minds—of fresh, ardent, and determined spirits. These traits of character have been inherited by their descendants—and it is only recently, since all the perils of the wilderness have been subdued, and peace, law, refinement, and commerce, permanently established, that a few individuals of another character are beginning to take their lives in their hands, to explore a country which is soon to give laws to the nation, and to decry the moral deficiencies of those, whose labors and sufferings have enabled the present inhabitant, to enjoy the blessings of domestic comfort, and civil protection. We touched this subject in our last number, and are happy to find, that our remarks were very generally received with the most decided approbation. A few only dissented—those whom the cap fitted, and who very naturally were annoyed. But they are the very last who should feel offended at that which was intended for their special benefit, and which, if taken in a right spirit, would have done them much good. Our object is, to efface sectional distinctions, and to rebuke those who make them. They are not made by the men of business—the men of the world—the working men, who came here from the East. The farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the lawyer, settles quietly down and identifies himself with the population, the business, and the interests of the country. They have no quarrel with our manners or morals—we have none with them. But there is another class—sedentary gentlemen, who have gained their knowledge in the closet—who have been reared in monastic isolation from the world—who have studied moral philosophy, and fancy themselves deeply versed in the intricacies of the human heart, because they have read of them in books of metaphysics—and who are thrown, for the first time, into contact with men in our Valley. They

are as ignorant as children—and like all those who are at the same time very learned and very ignorant, are a little fanatical. To such people, the process of cutting the eye-teeth is painful; and they attribute to the climate, those distressing symptoms, which belong to the disease. Like the man in Bedlam, who thought all the rest of the world crazy, they imagine other people to be fools; while, had they possessed sufficient common sense, to have glanced at a moral looking-glass, they might have discovered a strong family-likeness to other minds, which would have at least rendered them a little more charitable towards their relatives. The man who stigmatizes a civilized state of this union, as deficient in either morality or intelligence, needs some kind friend to hold a mirror up to his own mind. The direct effect of such misstatements, is to render the persons who make them, unpopular here, and to extend the prejudice excited against themselves, by their own acts, to other emigrants from the same region, who have neither given sanction to the opinions, nor participated in the narrowness of feeling, which has produced them. If they are men of sufficient capacity to be useful, their power of doing good, is circumscribed by the line which they draw around themselves, and by their own want of liberality and common sense. We have done them a service, for which they have not been so grateful—if we are rightly informed, as to the bearing of some of their private comments—as they should have been; and we have touched the subject again, for the purpose of correcting misapprehension.

THE POEMS OF WM. B. TAPPAN. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 1834.

OUR friend, Wm. B. Tappan, has so long been known as a poet, that our testimony can have but little weight in reference to his productions. His lyric muse has been abundantly prolific, and there are few American readers who have not read or sung his plaintive stanzas. They are characterized by much beauty of thought, and smoothness of versification, by a genuine poetic fervor, chastened by pure vigorous reflection, and above all, by a vein of elevated christian piety, which commands respect, while it invites attention. Far superior to the most of the tinsel productions, that are honored with the name of American poetry, and among the best of the class to which they belong, these poems of Mr. Tappan form the best domestic collection, except the volume of Miss Gould, that we have seen. The subjects are religious, grave, and often solemn, yet the language is spirited, the ideas poetic, and the imagery rich and varied. They are devoid of the national sins of verbiage and mystification—and are made to be read, understood, and relished by sensible people. Full of simplicity and sweetness, of kind feeling and devout sensibility, they will be especially acceptable to those who, like the amiable author, have devoted their minds and their energies to pious thought and benevolent action. To the young especially they will form a delightful and appropriate present. No parent can hesitate to put them into the hands of his child; and there are few young minds of ordinary ingenuousness that would not relish the unpretending morality, and the affectionate devoutness, of a volume which glows with love to God and man. The work has our unqualified approbation, and its author our kindest wishes. He was once a resident of this city, and is remembered with affection and respect by those who had the pleasure of knowing him. We hope that his friends will testify their esteem for him, by patronizing this admirable little volume.

A MAP OF KENTUCKY, reduced from Dr. Luke Munsell's large map of 1818. Improved to the present time from authentic documents, by the author. Published by Corey & Fairbank, Cincinnati; and L. Munsell, Danville, Ky. 1834.

THE large map of Kentucky, published by Dr. Munsell, in 1818, was compiled with great care, and was the only valuable one then in existence. The variety of alterations occurring in consequence of the rapid growth of the country, having rendered it expedient to publish a new edition, the very elegant production which is now before us, has been prepared. We have examined it with pleasure, and with no small degree of pride, as a specimen of the arts highly honorable to our country. Planned and prepared by a citizen of Kentucky, and executed in Cincinnati, it is an accurate and beautiful work, which would do credit to the best eastern artists. The state is laid off into counties, which are neatly colored; and the margin contains plans of Louisville, Frankfort, Lexington, and Maysville; statistical tables showing the population of every county, a profile of the Lexington and Frankfort rail road, a view of the locks of the Louisville and Portland canal, a table showing the comparative length of the rivers, and a handsome engraving of the statehouse in Frankfort. It is such a map as every gentleman in the commonwealth should possess—its accuracy being such as to ensure its usefulness, while its beauty renders it a very elegant ornament for the study or the parlor.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

THE writer of this note, in conjunction with several scientific gentlemen of this city, made observations on the eclipse of the sun, which took place November 30th. Though the subject does not belong to meteorology, yet we subjoin a brief sketch as an appendage to our table.

From the low state of the barometer, the high wind, and the heavy clouds on the 29th, the prospect of seeing the eclipse on the succeeding day was very unpromising, yet the necessary arrangements were made. On the morning of the 30th, it appeared, that the barometer had risen rapidly during the night, though the sky was partially covered by the *comoid cirrus* clouds; but before 10 o'clock these had vanished, and the heavens were perfectly serene and clear, and the air so still, that the surface of mercury in the artificial horizon was entirely unruffled without the usual covering; a circumstance that can only happen in a perfect calm.

The opportunities for observation were excellent, and the appearance of such a phenomenon must have struck every beholder with an increased admiration of the wisdom, power, and design of the Great Architect of the Universe. The actual apparent contact of the limbs of the sun and moon took place within 55 seconds of the time as predicted by calculations, and the four different observers, three of whom were provided with good reflecting telescopes, and the other with an excellent refractor of Dollard's construction, announced the apparent contact at the same moment of time. At the commencement of the eclipse, the thermometer in the shade stood at 47°, but sunk during the observation to 44°; while the one exposed to the sun's rays fell from 64 to 48°, making a change of 16 degrees. By comparing the calculations of the eclipse with the observations, it appears, that the beginning took place 55 seconds and the end 45 seconds sooner; and that the duration was ten seconds longer by observation than by calculation.

From the present observations, as well as from preceding ones by Dr. Locke, it would appear, that the longitude usually assumed for Cincinnati, places us further east than we really are.

The planet Venus, and the stars Antares and Lyra, were distinctly seen at the period of greatest obscuration, and the sun cast a faint shadow as if just sinking beneath the horizon.

The eclipse had scarcely passed off when the *comoid cirrus* clouds, the harbingers of stormy weather, made their appearance, and again veiled the sun, which, regarding their disappearance in the morning, exhibited a spectacle, as if the curtain of the heavens had been drawn aside to give the admirers of nature an opportunity of witnessing a sublime and grand phenomenon, that many of those who saw it, may never again have an opportunity of beholding.*

J. R.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

TAKEN AT BELLEVILLE, ILL. IN SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, AND NOVEMBER, 1834.

THE thermometer, which is Fahrenheit's scale, hangs upon the west side of a house under a piazza ten feet wide—thus sheltered from the direct influence of the sun and winds. The times of observation are, V o'clock, A. M. and I and IX, P. M.

The mean temperature at each of these three hours, and for each month, is as follows:

	V.	I.	IX.	Mean of the Month.
For SEPTEMBER, . . .	54.92	72.92	62.04	63.28
OCTOBER,	47.86	61.93	53.42	54.40
NOVEMBER,	40.72	51.42	45.13	45.75
For the AUTUMN, . . .	47.83	62.09	53.53	54.48

Thus, the mean temperature of the whole season is 54.48.

The maximum and minimum for these times of observation, are:

For September, max.	90.50, on the 2d and 4th:	min.	40.00, on the 28th.
October, „	78.50, 17th	„	26.00, 20th.
November, „	75.50, 3d,	„	23.00, 25th.

The mean and maximum for each month, at three o'clock, P. M. are as follow:

For September, mean,	75.39, differing from mean at 1 o'clock,	2.47, max.	96.00
October, „	64.33, „ „ „	2.40, „	82.00
November, „	53.05, „ „ „	1.63, „	79.00

The mean temperature of well water, and the amount of rain that has fallen each month, in inches and hundredths of an inch, are

For September, well water,	54.87—rain,	2.53.
October, „	54.83 „	4.50.
November, „	54.25 „	3.68.

The amount of rain during the fall season, 10.71.

For September the fair days are, 14; cloudy, 12; variable, 3; rainy, 1: October, fair, 19; cloudy, 7; var. 3; rainy 2: November, fair, 15; cloudy, 10: variable, 0; rainy, 5.

There has been very little wind, but a strong breeze much oftener than during the summer; and yet, in this season, also, the light breeze has been much the most prevalent. A slight frost was noticed on the 29th of September, and severe frosts occurred on the mornings of the 5th and 6th of October. There has been no appearance of snow during the season, except a few small flakes flying in the air on the 24th of November.

* The next eclipse of the sun visible at Cincinnati, takes place May 14, 1836; and the next succeeding this, September 18, 1838; at which time the sun will be annularly eclipsed in three-fifths of the states of the Union.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of NOVEMBER, 1834; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. Nov'r 1834.	Thermometer.			Barometer.	Course	Char't'r	Rain	Char't'r	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.	mean height in's.	Wind. AM--PM	of Wind.		Weath er.	
1	40.0	71.0	56.6	29.426	NE-E	lt.bre.		clear.	very clear nights.
2	44.0	77.5	61.1	29.413	E-SE	lt.bre.		clear.	
3	44.0	77.0	59.6	29.410	SE-SE	lt.bre.		clear.	
4	45.0	75.0	61.9	29.373	SE-SW	lt.wd.	0.02	vari.	red clds. sunrise.
5	46.5	56.0	48.9	29.570	NW-NW	lt.wd.		vari.	
6	31.8	58.0	44.5	29.713	NW-NW	lt.wd.		clear.	night very clear.
7	29.0	65.0	51.6	29.460	SE-SE	lt.bre.		fair.	smoky.
8	40.0	55.3	46.6	29.500	W-N	str.bre.		clear.	
9	34.1	62.2	47.2	29.465	N-N	str.bre.		clear.	
10	47.5	68.0	57.0	29.396	NW-NW	str.bre.	0.61	cloudy.	very dusky
11	42.0	55.0	49.3	29.456	N-N	str.bre.		clear.	
12	32.0	61.6	46.2	29.296	NW-W	str.bre.		clear.	
13	37.0	65.0	55.7	29.153	SW-S	lit.wd.	0.18	vari.	rain at night.
14	57.5	71.0	59.4	28.906	SW-W	str.wd.	0.85	cloudy.	wet morning.
15	30.0	34.0	31.9	29.270	NE-NE	str.wd.	0.41	cloudy.	sleet.
16	28.0	38.0	33.6	29.393	NE-NE	lt.wd.	0.66	cloudy.	rain at night.
17	37.0	50.0	45.6	29.083	E-NE	lt.wd.	0.22	cloudy.	rain p. m.
18	41.3	45.5	42.7	29.360	W-W	lt.wd.	spr.	cloudy.	misty.
19	39.1	41.0	39.8	29.286	W-W	lt.wd.	spr.	cloudy.	clouds dense.
20	39.5	46.0	43.0	29.370	W-W	str.bre.		cloudy.	smoky.
21	39.0	54.0	45.2	29.233	SW-S	str.bre.	0.36	vari.	do. disappeared.
22	42.0	47.0	42.9	29.073	SW-W	str.wd.	0.06	cloudy.	lt. snow nt.
23	33.5	38.0	35.1	29.440	W-W	str.wd.		cloudy.	flakes do. 9 a. m.
24	27.1	32.0	30.1	29.493	W-W	str.wd.		cloudy.	
25	30.2	42.0	34.3	29.486	W-W	lt.wd.		clear.	
26	26.0	43.0	33.0	29.476	W-W	lt.wd.		clear.	
27	22.0	50.0	36.3	29.470	W-SW	lt.wd.		vari.	calm morning.
28	31.0	52.0	42.7	29.256	SW-SE	lt.wd.	0.45	cloudy.	
29	38.0	54.0	45.0	29.066	SW-W	str.wd.	0.16	cloudy.	
30	32.0	47.0	39.5	29.513	SE-SE	lt.bre.	0.06	fair.	sun eclipsed.

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 45° 54

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 77° 5

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 22°

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 55° 5

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - - 29.3602

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.75

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 28.82

Range of barometer, - - - - - .93

Perpendicular depth of rain, (English inches) - - - - - 4.04

Direction of Wind: N. 2½ days—NE. 3 days—E. 1½ day—SE. 4½ days—S. 1 day—SW. 4 days—W. 10 days—NW. 3½ days.

Weather: Clear and fair, 12 days—variable, 5 days—cloudy, 13 days.

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LIFE ESTATES—RIGHTS OF DOWER—GROUND RENTS.

IN a former article, we discussed some of the general principles applicable to life insurance and annuities. The 'Ohio Life and Trust Company,' who are special brokers in such interests, are also vested with this general power:

To make all contracts involving the *use of money* and the *duration of life*.

Now, the *use of money*, involves many operations of society not included in the ordinary business of banking, and there are very many important interests contingent on the duration of life. Whether the Life and Trust Company choose to deal in them, or not, it may be useful and instructive to examine the leading principles upon which they depend.

1. Of Life Estates. The *fee-simple* is well known to be the term, which the law affixes to the *entirety* of property in *lands*. It is the *allodial*, or perfect right, both of *property* and *possession*. Out of this *whole*, the law has carved several *parts*. Thus, one man may be entitled, under a *lease*, to the right of *possession*, while another, who owns the *fee*, may have the right of *property*. Again; one man may be entitled to both property and possession—but only for a *limited time*; as, for example, a husband, after issue born, has a right—by the curtesy, as it is somewhat curiously called—both of property and possession in his wife's lands, for his *natural life*—though the *fee-simple* goes to her children. Such an estate, however it may arise, is called a *life estate*. It is an estate in lands, existing only for life.

The estate left, after taking out the life estate, is either a *reversion*, or a *remainder*. It is a remainder, when it is conveyed out of the grantor, at the same time, as the life estate; as a conveyance to A for life, remainder to B. Here B will enjoy the fee-simple after the termination of A's life. The same interest is called a *reversion*—when it is not conveyed away from the original owner, but *reverts* to him, or his heirs, on the termination of the life estate. In fact, it is the same part of the estate, though called by different names. In England, where conveyancing is more complex, than in our country, it is not uncommon to find a *fee*, carved into several *remainders*. Thus, a property is conveyed to A for life, remainder to B, for life, remainder to C, and his heirs. The principle, though occupying a large space in *law books*, is very simple. It is this—that one who has the perfect allodial right to property, has also the right to divide it into parts.

Life estates may arise in various modes:

1. A deed to A, without including his *heirs*, would include only a life estate. The *reversion* would remain in the heirs of the original grantor. This is a case, which sometimes occurs through *mistake* and *ignorance*, as well as intention.

2. By *will* of lands, &c. to A for life, &c., as where a husband has a wife, but no children, and leaves his property to her for life—remainder to his *next of kin*.

3. By direct deed to A, for life—remainder to B, &c.

4. The life estate of the husband, after issue born, in the lands of the wife.

5. The life estate of the wife, by the common law, the statutes of Ohio, New York, &c., in *one-third* the *lands* and *tenements*, in which her husband held the legal title, at any time during marriage. As the right of dower, after the husband's death, may at any time, be set off, or assigned by process of law—the wife's interest for life, in a distinct and fixed amount of property, becomes certain, and stands upon the same footing as all other life estates.

These are the chief modes, in which this species of estate arise. But, in this country, artificial life estates are seldom created. The people of the west in particular, derive a perfect title from the government, and delight to leave it to their children, untrammelled by the refinements of society.

Life Estates by Devise—estates by the curtesy, and rights of dower, are the most common life estates in this country: and, as these are all the proper subjects of *transfer by sale*—of assignment as *security*—of assignment by insolvency—and of levy by execution—it becomes necessary to establish some

mode, by which they may be appraised. The levy by execution, upon estates by the curtesy, and by dower, is very common. The necessity of assigning a value to the reversion, when it comes into the hands of creditors, and of setting off an equivalent for the widow's dower, in the settlement of estates, is also of common occurrence. Now it is evident, that the value of the life estate, and the value of the reversion, added together, must be just equal to the value of the whole estate; for, the whole has, by operation of law, been divided into these two parts. If, then, we determine either one of them, the other may be determined by subtracting the first from the whole supposed value of the property. In this case, the value of the life estate may be determined by the same rules, which ascertain the present value of an *annuity*: for, in truth, a life estate in rented houses and lands, varies from an annuity only in the circumstance, that, the income of real estate is subject to some fluctuation. This, however, may be made certain, by a *lease for years*. In the case of *wild lands*, it differs only in this: that the annual value, whether for wood, stone, cultivation, or other uses, must be first ascertained. This being done, the next point is to calculate the *probability of life*. This is ascertained, as we have formerly stated, by *tables* calculated from the bills of *mortality*. Tables of this kind have been calculated for Northampton and Carlisle, in England, and for the United States, by Dr. Wigglesworth.* They vary, of course, for different countries and climates; and must also be modified by the particular health and habits of the individual to whom they are applied. Between the United States and England, there are some remarkable differences in the laws of mortality: from infancy to fifty years of age, according to the Carlisle table, and that calculated by Dr. Wigglesworth, the *expectation of life*, is much less in the United States, than in England; but, from fifty to ninety, the case is reversed, and the expectation of life is greatest in the United States. A still greater difference would be discovered in the western and southern states. But, unquestionably, *not so great*, as is commonly supposed. For example, the proportion of deaths in New York, is about one in thirty-six; while in Cincinnati, it is one in thirty-four. Even this difference, however, may be owing to the more unsettled habits, and miscellaneous character of the population, in a new country.

The proper table being referred to, the individual expecta-

* Some brief, but very useful tables of this kind are contained in the American Almanac for 1835.

tion of life is determined—that is, the number of years he may reasonably expect to live, according to the ordinary ratio of mortality.

The *annual value* of the estate being given, and also the *expectation of life*, the problem to be determined is, *what sum now put at interest for the given number of years, will amount to the sum of these annual payments, also put at interest for their several periods.* For the solution of this problem, there are also tables prepared called tables of annuities; but, generally, each particular case being modified by some circumstance, must be calculated for itself.

Let us now take an example. Suppose the husband's estate by the curtesy, in his wife's lands is levied upon by execution, and is to be appraised for sale—how ought its value to be determined? Suppose the facts given are these: 1st. The estate is in a house of \$300 *annual rent*. 2d. The age of tenant by curtesy is 40. The age of the wife need not be taken into consideration, for the *possessory* interest of the husband is perfect while she is living, and continues during *his life*, after issue born by the curtesy. 3d. The rate of interest is six per cent.

The tenant being of firm constitution, we examine the table containing the expectation of life, and find that, at 40 his probability of life in the United States, is 26.04 years. We have next to determine what sum placed at six per cent. compound interest for twenty-six years, will amount to the *sums* of \$300, taken twenty-six times, with the respective amounts of interest on each, counted from each successive payment. This is manifestly an algebraic problem, and were it to be calculated without the aid of tables, would be attended with some difficulty. The total amount of the last aggregate might be ascertained, by taking each payment and calculating the interest upon it to the end of the given time, and then adding these sums together: but, when this is done, there is no arithmetical rule for discounting this aggregate, at *compound interest*, which is the problem to be solved. In the case before us, by examining tables calculated for that purpose, we find the *present value* of an income of \$300 per annum for 26.04 years, at six per cent. to be \$3392 00. This then is the value of the life estate. Now the *whole value* of the estate is \$5000; for that is the sum which, at six per cent. yields the income of \$300. Deducting then the life interest, which is \$3392 00 from \$5000, and we have \$1608 for the value of the reversion. Now, if the life interest in this estate were levied upon in execution, and exposed to sale, the purchaser could, upon fair probabilities, afford to give \$3392. If he gave more, it would be, with all reasonable chances against

him: if less, he would, in all probability, make an increased profit. In general, life estates sell for much less than they are worth, and reversions for more. The reason of this is, that in common apprehension, when a life has reached an advanced period, as sixty or seventy, it is taken for granted, that it must soon terminate;—whereas, experience shows, that the *relative probabilities* of life—in reference to *life past*—increase with its advance. Thus, when a child is three years old, in good health, its chance of life is 40.01 years; yet, when that forty years has past away, his chance of life is still 24.77 years; and when that also has past, and he has arrived at sixty-eight, his expectation is still eleven years. Now, at sixty-eight, men commonly suppose life is near its close, yet the table shows, it has still eleven years to run, according to the rates of ordinary mortality. Taking the above-described estate, and supposing the life sixty-eight, the value of the life interest is \$2069 50, or more than two-thirds the whole value. Yet, very few persons, without reference to this mode of calculation, would so estimate it.

2. Reversions. In the above remarks, we have explained the nature and value of reversions. One remark only remains to be made. Estates for life are, in legal phrase, *de presenti*—for present enjoyment: reversions, are *de futuro*—in expectation. This does not at all affect their numerical value, for the calculation is made in reference to that. But, it is a consideration of great weight, in respect to individual wants; some men need only present income; others need it, only as an inheritance for their children. The same observation may be applied here, as was made in reference to *annuities*; a hale bachelor of forty, may buy a life estate for \$3392, which yields an income of \$300, while the regular interest of that sum, is but \$203. On the other hand, a man who wished to provide for his children, would purchase the reversion at \$1608—well knowing that though he would not enjoy it, they, coming on the active stage of life, would receive an estate of \$5000. The purchase of a reversion differs from an insurance upon life, in this, that in purchasing a reversion, you pay down a *gross sum*—as \$1608, to secure a *larger gross sum*—as \$5000—in future; but, in life insurance, you pay an *annual income*—as \$200, for a certain period—to secure the gross sum, at the end of that period.

3. Rights of Dower. This species of estate, differs but little from other life estates. By the common law, the statutes of Ohio, New York, and most other states, a woman has a right of dower, for life, in one-third part of all the lands, tenements, or real estate, of which her husband was seised, as an estate of inheritance, at any time during marriage. If there be several

houses or farms, she may have such a number set off, after her husband's death, as yield one-third the whole income; if there be only one house, she is entitled to one-third the income of that. The dower being thus assigned, and the life estate reduced to a certainty, the calculation of value for the right of dower, and for the inheritance, may be made as above described. There is one peculiarity, however, in respect to the right of dower. It may have an assignable value before the husband's death, while yet in its *inchoate* existence; for, the right commences in the wife, as soon as the two facts of marriage and legal title to lands in the husband, are complete; but, that right is inchoate till the death of the husband, when it is perfected. It follows, then, that if the wife's expectation of life, be larger than that of her husband, she has an existing and appreciable interest in his estate. Thus, if the husband's expectation is ten years, and the wife's fifteen, then, she has the expectation of five years enjoyment of the right of dower. Suppose that the difference between them is—what is frequently the fact—ten years, the husband being forty, and the wife thirty; the wife's chance of life is 30.25 years; the husband's 26.04 years; the wife then has an expectation of surviving her husband 4.21 years. Taking the estate already mentioned, the right of dower is \$100 per annum. The problem then is: what is the present value of \$100 per annum, commencing 26.04 years hence, and continuing 4.21 years? Without going into any calculation here, we find by the tables, that such a right of dower is *now* worth \$249 50. Though, if she were now a *widow*, at thirty years of age, her dower in the same estate, would be worth \$1179 50.

4. Ground Rents. Another species of property coming into frequent demand, is the *income of perpetual improved leases*, or, as they are called, *ground rents*. In many respects they are the best kind of investment. They are the *safest*, because not subject to the hazards of personal property, and because the improvements secure the rent. They are also less troublesome than other real estate, because needing no repairs, nor change of tenants. The mode of calculating these is simply by calculating the *principal* from a *given income*, at a *certain rate* of interest: thus, a perpetual ground rent of \$300 per annum, calculated at 6 per cent. is worth \$5000. This investment has the advantage of securing a safe and certain income from real estate—without, however, any actual use of the estate. They are generally calculated at the lowest current rate of interest, because the safest and most certain investment.

In conclusion, we doubt not many will deem us *poachers* on the *fairly preserves* of romance and sensibility. However that

may be, we have not touched their *game*—but have hunted only the larger, and, as they will think, *heavier*, creatures which feed in the pastures of sense and knowledge. In truth, we believe that science may be divested of its technicalities; and that the instruction which ought to belong to the *people*, cannot long be withheld from them by the antiquated barbarism of feudal forms, or the still more decrepid policy of Egyptian mystery.

E. D. M.

RIFLE MATCH IN TENNESSEE.

BLED SOE's Lick, in Sumner county, is so called from having been the favorite resort of buffaloes; and a hill side may be still seen, worn or 'licked' away by the wild cattle, in pursuit of salt. It is now the resort of quite as gregarious a tribe of invalids, attracted by one of those antidyspeptic mineral fountains, with which Tennessee abounds. The dell or plain is skirted by hills, whose foliage dances to as inspiring summer breezes, as ever got astray in Yankee land, and to ones far less of the angel visit order. In the midst of the dell, rises one of the mysterious mounds—the voiceless monuments of buried nations—here, once serving as the watch-tower of the cane-brake, the sally port in a jungle of human tigers. This is the spot so eloquently and patriotically commemorated in congress, last session, by Peyton, the retiring, yet high-souled representative of this district. The blood of heroes flows in his veins; and the hollow tree of Bledsoe's Lick, in which were reposed a warrior's bones, will be consecrated as a prouder column, than conjugal devotion reared for the world's wonder, to the memory of Mausolus. Where is freedom's annalist? hither should he repair, to treasure truths of history, before they assume the more equivocal, though scarcely more romantic form of traditionary legend.

If a Tennessee rifle has a charmed power, is not the talisman to be sought in the memory that clings round scenes like these? We shall see. I am to sketch a rifle match, that was contested on this memorable arena. I had read marvelous stories of matter-of-fact, and much had marveled, that any could be found with credence sufficiently capacious to swallow them; and much I regretted that I was one of that unlucky class of wights born never to see a miracle except through the spectacles of another. But truth is stranger than fiction; that is, it is strange to come across a true-told story.

In August, 1832, I lost myself very agreeably in the woods that embosom the Castalian Springs, and was musing over a monarch of the grove, that lay stretched in fallen greatness beside a bridle path, and which, in its warrior day, had buckled on a twentyfive-foot girdle—its hollow trunk serving as the last strong hold of the savage, and the first cabin of the pioneer—perchance his tomb. My visions of the past were interrupted by an unexpected vision of the present—a troop of saddled horses picketed in mid-forest, picturesquely among the pawpaws—not to the trunks or roots, but each to the extremity of a pendant bough, just above his head—a tether not to be snapped by a sudden jerk, and affording the playful, or fidgety animal, the benefit of a miniature circus, for the exhibition of his volunteer capers or performable impatience. But no rider, no groom, no sound, no sign of humanity! It seemed the realization of the nursery romance, where the lady magician stamps her foot, and lo! steed after steed springs up, ‘all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight.’ The question now was, whether to make this a ghost story, by mystifying the mystery, or to spoil the marvel, by a little accurate investigation. Considering the perverse tendency of the age, to unmiracle every thing, I concluded to make a molehill of the affair.

A few hundred yards distant, in a snug little ravine half embowered, was assembled a ‘small sprinkle’ of Tennessee hunters—twin brothers of the rifle—between which and themselves there seemed to subsist almost a Siamese attachment. Two parties were arrayed, and busy preparations were making for the test of superior prowess between their respective champions. Meanwhile the less absorbed amateurs were regaling over the bags of watermelons furnished by negroes, who had been fortunate enough to avail themselves of the holiday for disposing of the little products of their extra labor, or the heroic acquisitions of their predatory ingenuity—for the slaves are notorious poachers. The ground being marked out, a short board is set up against a tree for the target; on this is pinned a circle of white paper, six inches diameter, for the mark—a diamond piece, two inches broad, being cut from the centre. The distance is a hundred yards—the trial ten rounds off-hand—the majority of best shots to decide the victory. All is now ready for the onset. The watermelon bags are deserted; even with cussie the engrossing idea is, ‘the best in ten.’ The parties arrange themselves promiscuously, near the target, on each side of the line of fate—the ground rising very complaisantly, here presenting a seat of stone, there a cushion of moss, and for those less particular, a decent carpet of turf or pallet of leaves. All

the bodies are thus reposed with quite a Turkish air of nothing to do, somewhat difficult to reconcile with the active character of their tenant spirits; these, however, you observe, are peering from their windows with more than female curiosity.

The lions of the field are two young men. They have no appearance of rivalry. Each is quietly despatching the details of a familiar vocation. But they are not brothers; they can hardly be both representatives of the full-blooded West. One is a lean Cassius—so lean, he would hardly pass muster at a militia drill. The other is a man after Cesar's own heart—an evident inheritor of the goodly land. He will need no sheepskin diploma, if he wins the laurel from him of the rueful countenance. He is obviously born to various duties and enjoyments, and may not excel in all; but, as Time was born only for the hourglass, Death for the scythe, and every other skeleton Quixotte for some one skeleton hobby, so was our Cassius; he was born exclusively for the rifle. There he is, sir, in his natural position—a sort of pedestrian Centaur, half bone, half steel, with a touch of bottled lightning; and the puzzle would be, to tell which half is for the moment most extinct of life and motion. But, flash! that crack signifies, that a ball is lodged in the diamond—not in the centre exactly—that would be a little too marvelous, before respectable witnesses; but say an inch from the centre. 'Will Falstaff beat that?' Just look. There's a fine arm—the massy barrel rests on it like a bamboo; and how bravely it speaks! but the argument I fear is not quite to the point. An inch and a half—pretty well, for the opening of the discussion. The backers of Cassius lead the shout—but considerably—for Victory has not yet selected her perch. Another round, and the plaudits are instantly Falstaff's; though an unpractised eye would require a nicer scrutiny. Each is within two fingers' breadth of perfection. Another shot, and Cassius comes within a finger—Falstaff, two in the rear. Hurrah, for Cassius! A fourth shot—two fingers—Cassius still leading. Fortune certainly smiles on Cassius, and the shouts are redoubled—but considerably—for the goddess is fickle. Falstaff smiles at Miss Fortune, with bitter defiance; his arm braces with an iron imperturbability; his rifle, out of pure sympathy, plays possum to the life. Of course, a dead shot glares with no equivocal speculation from the diamond centre, *all but*. 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now?' Dare! ay—that spectre arm moves up like a thing of life, and with a symptom of exhilaration which thy rifle may well mistake for a policy of insurance. There goes—a tie! and tight squeezing, too. How bravely and brotherly those last two balls kiss each

other, across the nullified centre! Hurrah, for both sides! But, Falstaff, canst thou stay beat? A sixth effort, and thou payest up half thy arrears, like a decent rogue; a seventh, and thou hast a receipt in full, like an honest man. The eighth and ninth shots are somewhat vagrant, but still leave the heroes abreast, and victory doubtful. The tenth shot is now the focus of intense interest; the tug of war is to end in a tug of nerve. The two responsables take a turn of a few hundred paces to recover presence of muscle. Falstaff resumes his rifle, in visible agitation, and lodges his last ball outside the circle. Double responsibility now rests upon Cassius; of course, he is doubly agitated, aims double, and thus loses his birthright. The majority of the balls have struck within a space of a hand's size; and had the target been a ruffian's heart, probably not a straggler would have mistaken its errand. But who shall 'bear the palm alone?' I have hinted my impressions, that this was a 'rifle match,' and that my man of destiny, cannot be legitimately defeated, till like Napoleon, he becomes fat—as it is selfevident he cannot be lawful heritor of any ill, that *flesh* is heir to. I leave them, a noble pair of odd ones—the pride of Tennessee and the last resort of Freedom.

What I have ever deemed the marvel of the scene, was the utter recklessness with which the front ranks hemmed in the narrow pathway of the death-winged messenger. What a theme for moralizing! What a comment on the uselessness of moralizing! What a subject for a gifted pencil! To see men, in absence of all ordinary motive, in mockery of ordinary instinct,

‘On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land.’

It seemed like obtruding into the local habitation of eternity. Yet I almost caught the spirit or infatuation of the hour, and viewed in a ludicrous light the common-sense precautions taken by one or two inexperienced chaps to screen themselves from the direct certainties and glancing contingencies of danger. The slightest quiver of a muscle might have dealt death to a bosom friend. We need no stronger evidence of the omnipotence of habit and mutual faith. What has a country to fear from foreign foes, when the stuff her warriors are made of can thus stand fire—thinking of nothing in the world but the fun?

LOVERIGHT.

Cincinnati, Dec. 1834.

THE EMIGRANT.

BY JOHN RUSSELL, OF BLUFFDALE, ILLINOIS.

Though rude his cabin, though his feast is small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed.

GOLDSMITH.

ON the morning of a bright and cloudless day, in the early part of June, 1815, a collection of people was seen in front of a small, but neat, farm-house, in Mason county, Kentucky. In the centre of the group was a wagon, already harnessed, inside of which were boxes, beds, and bedding; while on the outside were fastened the most common and necessary implements of cookery. The house was evidently untenanted. Even a stranger, if acquainted with the migratory habits of our countrymen, would have needed no one to inform him that the late occupants of the deserted dwelling were on the point of leaving their home, in quest of a *new* one in some of the many promised lands in the far west; and the group was composed of their neighbors, who had come to bid them '*farewell*.'

William Henderson, the man who was thus leaving the spot upon which he was born, to plunge with his family into the forest of a distant region, was about thirty-five years of age, intelligent, and possessed of a handsome patrimony. To the eye of philosophy, the pecuniary circumstances of Mr. Henderson were precisely those best calculated to insure happiness. He occupied that happy medium between wealth and want, which the poets of every age have so much lauded.

His farm was even *larger* than he could cultivate. Two slaves, a man and a woman, were all that he owned; but his own labor, and that of his man, was fully sufficient to procure all the comforts of life, and enable his little family to live in a style of independence. Labor he had been accustomed to from his boyhood, and so far from deeming it a hardship, was far more happy when employed. He loved his farm: he loved to cultivate it, and had no expectation of finding another home that would ever be as dear to him as this. By what motive, then, was he induced to abandon it forever, and go, he hardly knew whither? Was it political ambition; or avarice? Neither. In politics he felt little or no interest; and he knew well, that years of severe toil, and many privations, must be endured before he could make the heavily timbered land on the Missouri, resemble his highly cultivated farm, or place around him the neat buildings he was about to leave.

Much has been said by English tourists, of what they style the '*natural propensity*' of our countrymen '*to emigrate.*' We are represented as little less nomadic and migratory in our habits than the '*roving Tartars.*' '*Avarice and restlessness of disposition,*' are the cause and *moving* principle to which our migratory habits are most charitably ascribed. Neither of these is the true one. Our people, in general, remove to new and thinly settled regions, from motives which none but a generous mind and a high-spirited republican, can either *feel or appreciate*; and these motives induced the removal of our emigrant, William Henderson.

His farm of three hundred acres, and the labor of himself and his two slaves, we have already observed, were sufficient to support his family in a style of comfort: but, within his immediate vicinity were many whose wealth greatly exceeded his own; many, who were the owners of a hundred slaves. It is true, that his opulent neighbors, most of whom had been his playmates in early life, treated him with respect and attention; yet his two daughters, just emerging from childhood, often felt the chilling shade into which they were thrown by the comparative smallness of their father's fortune. To this he attempted in vain to close his eyes. It was an attack upon his feelings in their most assailable and vulnerable point.

Reluctantly was the conviction admitted, that the daughters of a man who owned but two slaves, could hardly hope long to associate on terms of perfect equality with the daughters of planters, whose wealth so much exceeded his own. They would, indeed, be treated with attention, but the disparity of their style of life would still have a manifest influence upon their reception into society. Happily, the '*cringing*' to gain admission into fashionable society, so common in the atmosphere of Almack's, forms no trait of American character. Nothing connected with society is more revolting to our countrymen, their wives, and daughters, than that of associating with people who receive them with an air of condescension or patronage. When he finds himself situated as the Hendersons were, it is neither '*envy*' nor '*avarice,*' but the honorable feelings of a generous and high-spirited nature, that prompts the American to remove to other scenes,

'Where no contiguous palace rears its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed.'

A removal to the new settlements on the Upper Missouri had become the frequent theme of his meditations. At the close of the late war with Great Britain, landed estate had risen to an exorbitant price, and he disposed of his farm to a neighbor for a

sum that he had never expected to obtain. It was June, an unusual time to emigrate, yet he made immediate preparations for removal. Most of their furniture and other articles which they chose to transport, together with their two slaves, were embarked at Maysville, on board of a keelboat, bound for Boonslick in the upper part of Missouri Territory. Steamboats were then unknown on our waters, and the vulgar, *brutal* character of too many of our river boatmen, would render a passage by water extremely unpleasant to his family. A light wagon, therefore, was procured, in which, in addition to his family, only a few light articles, indispensable on the road, were to be conveyed.

The morning of their departure at length arrived. It was an hour of trial. Their neighbors were gathered around, with every feeling forgotten, but that of kindness for the family from whom they were about to be separated—forever. The doors and windows of the house were closed, and an air of lonely stillness breathed around the premises. Never before did the emigrating family love the spot they were leaving, as they did now: never did they feel so warm an attachment to their neighbors as they did at this moment of separation. A thousand recollections of their kindness rushed to their hearts. Here were many whom they had known from infancy, to whom they were bound by ties of friendship and affection, the strength of which they little knew till this parting interview.

As the neighbors came up to give the Hendersons a farewell pressure of the hand, and the parting benediction of '*God bless you,*' a tear quivered in many an eye. An old man whose locks were white as snow, stood a little distant from the group. His face was turned away, but the quivering of his lip, as he occasionally looked around towards the assemblage, betrayed the strong emotions that he strove to conceal. With the father of Henderson, when both were young, the old man came to that region. Often had they fought, side by side, against the Indians, in the fierce encounters of early times.

His own children died in infancy, and the affections of his warm and generous heart were transferred to the only child of his early friend. Henderson bore his name, and in childhood, had, a thousand times, climbed his knee, and been carried on the old man's back. He knew the history of every scar on his bosom. They were now on the point of separating forever.

Last of all, the old man approached, and without uttering a word, his face averted, extended his hand, which was pressed in silence. Slowly, and with trembling steps, he bent his way

towards his own solitary home, without once venturing to cast a look back upon the scene.

The daughters, too, felt all the bitterness of parting. Removed at a little distance from the more elderly, they were bidding a tearful farewell to their associates.

'*Emigrant*' and '*Stranger*,' are terms too often used in reproach; but, alas! how many broken ties of affection are included in those two words.

With another glance at his late dwelling, and a wave of his hand towards his neighbors, Henderson sprang into his wagon and drove rapidly away. The little family were too much absorbed in their own private feelings, for conversation. Not a word was uttered for several miles. At length they crossed the Ohio, and entered upon a region which they had never before seen. As they journeyed on through that state, the novelty of the scene dispelled every gloomy sensation. The deep forest that once covered that portion of the country, had long since given place to well-cultivated fields. Farm-houses, of substantial structure, had risen up, and the rude log-cabin of the first settler stood, perhaps, in the centre of a field; its roof gone, its chimney of sticks fallen down, and the walls alone remained, an impressive memorial of early times.

As they approached the borders of Indiana, the country became thinly inhabited; and not long after they entered that territory, the region around them assumed the air of primitive wildness. The cabins of the few settlers, were passed at long intervals, and the '*blazed trees*,' were almost the only indication of a road.

As they approached the cabins on their way, the unusual sound of a wagon drew every tenant out, and our travelers were assailed with a flood of inquiries which might have been deemed impertinent in a populous region, but which all, cheerfully, answer in the bosom of the forest. Around these cabins, was a small field, in which Indian corn was planted among the '*deadened trees*.' From this field the settler obtained bread, and a few common vegetables, while the rest of his family's subsistence, and much of their clothing, was obtained by the aid of the rifle, whose sharp, quick crack, often startled our travelers. The sound of a bell on the neck of their only cow, was heard afar off in the woods.

Night often overtook our emigrants at a distance from any habitation. In such cases, they sought for a spring, or a running stream. Mr. Henderson then unharnessed his horses, '*hobbled*' them, to prevent their straying beyond the sound of their bells, and kindled a fire by the side of a dry log. At this fire, Mrs.

Henderson and her daughters prepared their evening meal, which was eaten under the clear, blue canopy of heaven. Never had they enjoyed that hour so well. Whether the novelty of the scene, the bright visions of hope, the beauty of the forest landscape, or all of these united, conspired to render them happy, certain it is, that the parents seemed to have resumed the buoyancy of youth, while the loud and joyous laugh of their daughters echoed through the woods, as they jested about the homeliness of their repast, or frolicked among the trees. The mother and daughters slept in the wagon, while the father, to shield himself from the heavy night dews of that climate, took his lodgings under it.

In the morning of the first of July, while their horses were leisurely drinking from a small stream that crossed the road, a few miles after they had entered the territory of Illinois, a man rode up from the opposite direction, and addressed them. The horse he rode was an elegant and high-spirited animal, and the air and manner and easy address of the stranger, assured the Hendersons, at a glance, that he belonged to a very different class of society from the settlers of that region. Refraining from asking the multitude of questions which the tenants of the cabins never failed to put, the stranger, after a few commonplace remarks about the badness of the roads and the pleasantness of the weather, observed that he must bid them adieu, as he was engaged in making preparations for setting out immediately for Boonslick in Missouri Territory. Nothing could so effectually have arrested the attention of our emigrants. Boonslick was the very place to which they, too, were bound. A few rapid inquiries were made of the stranger, and the family learned that he had often traveled the road and could aid them, materially, on the way; that he, too, was going there to purchase land, and to settle. Henderson and his wife were highly animated with the idea of traveling in company with so genteel a guide, and one so well acquainted with the route, and one, too, who would probably become their neighbor.

The stranger, who informed them that his name was Marvin, appeared no less gratified than they, and his flattering remarks about their appearance, were by no means unacceptable to the family.

Suddenly, Marvin became silent, and a cloud passed over his countenance. With a tone of deep regret he informed them that in the transport of finding so agreeable a family for the companions of the journey, he had entirely forgotten the business he was now on, which was no other than to ride about thirty miles in the very direction they had come, to obtain a sum of

money which he depended on to defray his expenses on the way. He lamented, exceedingly, that it would prevent his accompanying them. Henderson and his wife gazed upon each other, for a moment, with an air of inexpressible disappointment. At length, as if a sudden thought had struck him, Henderson anxiously inquired what was the amount of the sum he expected to receive. Thirty dollars, was the reply of Marvin. 'Only thirty dollars!' exclaimed Henderson and his wife, both in one breath. After a communicative glance from his wife, Henderson very eagerly informed him that, rather than lose the advantage of his society and guidance on the road, he would cheerfully give *twice* that sum, and begged him to accept the amount he was in quest of, as a present. Marvin politely and gratefully, but with evident sadness, declined the offer. He had previously dismounted from his horse, and the emigrants from their wagon. The stranger informed them that he had deposited in the land-office at Boonslick, funds sufficient to purchase his land, and the sum which he was in pursuit of, was all the cash he had remaining; he was aware, he said, that few emigrants could spare so large a sum, and he must thankfully decline their offer. This was assailing them through the weakest passion of our nature—vanity; the vanity of appearing rich. Mrs. Henderson quickly replied, that so small a sum as thirty dollars would not be felt by them, and again urged his acceptance. Let the man who finds himself, for the first time in his life, in possession of four thousand dollars in cash, say, if he can, that a similar ambition of appearing well in the eyes of a gentcel stranger, who would become his neighbor, might not have inspired him. Marvin, now no longer declined their offer, but entered immediately into conversation with the emigrants on the subject of the journey. Henderson had learned before he set out, that the land sales at Boonslick took place in October, but Marvin informed him, that only one month intervened between that, and the day of sale. It was the most unwelcome intelligence to our emigrant, who was under the necessity of reaching the place of destination in one month, or of settling upon land too poor to tempt a purchase at the public sale. The road was excessively bad, and the weather hot. To reach that place in season, to select land, by the slow stages of a loaded wagon, was impossible. In this perplexity, Marvin suggested leaving the family in the next settlement, and returning for them in October, when the weather would be more agreeable, and when he, too, would accompany them. To this plan the Hendersons readily assented, as there was a family of the name of Corby, who lived in the next settlement,

a few miles onward, who had, many years before, removed from their own neighborhood, and who would gladly receive them. It was soon settled, that Mrs. Henderson and her daughters should remain at Corby's, and Henderson set out the next day in his wagon with Marvin for Missouri.

Job Corby and his wife, were plain and poor people, and had received very little attention from the family that now, fatigued with traveling, were glad to accept their well-known hospitality. Marvin, with a hearty laugh at the faintheartedness of honest Job, as he called him, told them not to be frightened with his story of robbers—that, if they would believe Job, they were in imminent danger of robbers in this region, where few people had any thing but their *skin to lose*. All joined in the laugh, for they entertained no very exalted opinion, either of the courage, or the penetration of Corby. After all, said Marvin, with a goodnatured smile, we ought not to laugh at Job Corby, for he is really a kindhearted, honest man, notwithstanding his simplicity.

Marvin left them, to arrange his affairs at his residence, and the wagon, with the emigrants, pursued its way to Job Corby's.

To the inhabitants of old and populous states, who travel two hundred miles in the same stage or steamboat, without exchanging a word, the acquaintance of these strangers will seem unnaturally rapid. Let them meet a human being in the depths of the forest, or on the vast expanse of a western prairie, and they will forget the cold forms of introduction, and cease to wonder at the sudden acquaintance of Marvin and the Hendersons.

The family were kindly received at Corby's, and the proposition to remain there, cheerfully assented to. But when Henderson detailed the arrangements he had made with Marvin, Job stared with surprise and astonishment, and expressed strong fears that he would be *robbed*. The emigrants had been already prepared to hear Corby talk of robbers, and only smiled at his credulity and folly.

The family of Job Corby and a few others scattered around in the forest, at the distance of a mile or so from each other, formed the last settlement on the east side of the BIG PRAIRIE. It was three miles from Corby's, in the direction of Boonslick, and thirty-five across it, with nothing but a blind '*trail*' to guide the traveler. The tide of emigration to that region had not yet set in, and few, and far between, were the travelers across it. A pilot was necessary to guide a stranger over this wide plain of verdure, on which was neither tree, nor shrub, nor land-mark, to direct his course.

Contemptuously as Marvin treated the idea of robbers, the fears of Corby were not altogether groundless. Strangers had been seen lurking in that region, and more than one traveler, within the last few weeks, had unaccountably disappeared. A deserted cabin which stood many miles down the prairie, in a lonely and unfrequented spot, was suspected to be their place of rendezvous. This cabin had not been inhabited for many years, but, recently, some of the settlers who had chanced to be out at a late hour of the night, had seen a light from it. These suspicions, in a region over which the strong arm of the law extended, would have instantly awakened the attention of the officers of justice. But no courts existed within the distance of a hundred miles, and the settlers, thinly scattered over this section, were compelled 'to be a law unto themselves.' Like other portions of the West, remote from the seats of justice, the people here had banded together, for mutual protection, and the punishment of crimes, under the name of 'REGULATORS.' The proceedings of these selfconstituted tribunals, were rather summary. Generally unlettered, the Regulators conducted the brief trial which they gave to all who fell into their hands, according to the dictates of plain sense, rather than the technicalities of the law. In some cases, death was inflicted, but the most frequent punishment, was the '*application of the timber,*' and banishment from that section of country.

At the period of our narrative, the war with Great Britain had but recently closed, and large bodies of soldiers been disbanded, to obtain as they might, the means of subsistence. Among those who were thus 'whistled down the wind,' by our country, were many, both officers and men, who had fought bravely during the whole period of the war, and were now turned adrift, penniless, and worn out with hardships and suffering. It is not surprising, that some few of these, whose long term of service had unfitted them for other pursuits, and disqualified them for obtaining their daily bread by common labor, should feel that their country was ungrateful. By whatever train of reasoning they silenced the voice of conscience, certain it is, that a few of them, instead of 'begging bitter bread through realms their valor saved,' like Bellisarius, they resorted to crime.

In the afternoon of the day after their arrival at Job Corby's, Marvin called at the house, in company with another man. Business compelled him, he said, to go to the place where he staid, on the opposite side of the prairie, by a route different from the one traveled in wagons, and he had brought with him a steady young man as a pilot for Henderson. His guide, who

was to drive the wagon, was dressed in a leather huntingshirt, and the honest, goodnatured smile on his sunburnt face, and his drawling tone, sufficiently indicated his character. He appeared to possess great simplicity and rustic goodhumor. Marvin left the house to rejoin them on the other side of the prairie.

It was now the month of July, when the '*prairie fly*,' an insect peculiar to these immense plains of the west, is most troublesome. To travel with horses, except by night, was nearly impossible. In the day time, these insects attack horses in swarms, and their sharp bite drives the maddened animal to desperation. Instances yet occur, in which the horse falls the victim of the prairie fly, and his bones are left to bleach on the prairie, a monument of his owner's imprudence.

It was agreed that Henderson should set out at sunset, with his wagon, guided by Bunce, the huntingshirt pilot, and cross the prairie during the night, to the place where Marvin was staying, a distance of thirty-five miles.

During the whole afternoon, Corby was unaccountably absent; and even at sunset, when Henderson and Bunce set out, he had not yet returned.

When they reached the Big Prairie, a landscape was presented to the eye of Henderson that drew forth an exclamation of wonder and delight. He had never before seen a prairie, and now learnt how incompetent is the most vivid imagination to conceive an adequate idea of the reality. It was a scene of loveliness and grandeur. The broad, red disk of the sun was slowly sinking below the level horizon, apparently into the bosom of this ocean of verdure. All around, far as vision could extend, except on the point where they entered, was one wide, unbroken plain, stretching away off till it faded into the haze of distance. As they advanced onward, the soft, cool breeze of twilight arose, and gently waved the tall grass of the prairie. The attempts of the driver to lead him into conversation were ineffectual. At any other time, the remarks of the simple, illiterate guide, would have highly amused him, but now they grated harshly on his ear, and after awhile, they passed on in silence. By degrees, the shades of night grew deeper, and star after star appeared, till the whole heavens were lighted up. In every direction, innumerable fireflies were sailing through the air, diffusing their long train of light, till the earth appeared as radiant as the firmament. The deep silence that rested upon the scene, was scarcely interrupted by the wagon, as it rolled almost without sound, over the soft grass. The chest containing the clothes and money of Henderson, and

a bed, was the only freight he took with him. As he partly reclined on the bed which he had laid on the bottom of the wagon, he gazed upon the dark outline of the receding forest, and into the heavens, with emotions new and indefinable. Who has ever passed a night on the lonely bosom of a prairie, and gazed hour after hour, into the deep, blue sky, without feeling that he was *immortal*—without feeling that he was connected, by some invisible link, with the Power that governs these rolling orbs.

The night had considerably advanced, and the dew was falling heavily, when the guide stopped to rest the horses. After commenting, in the frontier dialect, upon the unhealthiness of the night air, especially to those who are unaccustomed to the climate, he drew from his pocket a green flask, in which, he informed Henderson, was some 'rayal old Monongaheel, with yarbs steeped in it, mighty good to keep off the *agur*;' and assured him that all the people in the new settlements used it for health. With this eulogium of its contents, the pilot drew the cob stopper from the flask, and applying it to his mouth, held it a long time poised in air. When he had satisfied his own thirst, with a few '*hems*,' indicative that his draught had been an agreeable, as well as a long one, Bunce extended the bottle to Henderson, who accepted the offer, and drank, more to gratify his kindhearted and simple guide, than from any fears of the ague, and returned it to him again. The pilot drove on. It was not long before an overpowering inclination to sleep began to steal over Henderson, and he settled himself for repose on the bed. The driver uttered not a word, but his head was frequently turned in that direction, a circumstance which Henderson had not before noticed.

In a short time, our emigrant was buried in the most profound sleep. The cold air that fanned the prairie, and the noiseless motion of the wagon, were well calculated to afford him the luxury of a pleasant and peaceful repose. Instead of this, visions of the most terrific kind, haunted his sleeping fancy. At one time, he was floating, at midnight, on a vast ocean, thousands of miles from any human being. As he lay bound and helpless on the bottom of a canoe, monsters of the most frightful form glared on him from the deep. Sometimes their features would change into human shape, and utter a peal of malignant laughter at his sufferings, in tones that thrilled upon his heart, like the spirit of an iceberg.

The scene changed. He was now wandering in one of the loneliest regions among the Andes. He entered a cavern in search of gold. An irresistible impulse led him onward. He

penetrated, for miles, into this rock-ribbed vault, till he was far from the sound of life, and the light of heaven. The air became thick and heavy. He breathed with difficulty, and was about to return, when an earthquake shook the globe to its centre. He felt the cave sink, down, down, down, till it reached the very core of the earth. Days, months, years, and ages, rolled by, and he was still a prisoner. He prayed for death, but his body was undying as the spirit within him. A thousand generations had passed away since he entered the cavern; the world had lost every vestige of its former appearance, and he was yet a prisoner. At length, a miner visited the region above him, in search of ore. As he sunk his mining shaft deeper and deeper, the sound became nearer and more audible. At last, a faint ray of light streamed into the vault, but just at that moment, the miner, discouraged with his fruitless efforts, turned away to abandon the undertaking. The last opportunity of release was on the point of being lost forever. He attempted to cry out, but his voice died away in low and feeble murmurs along the vault. It was his last chance of release. Summoning all his power into one mighty effort, he uttered a loud and piercing yell. The sound awoke him. A burning fever raged in his veins, and his head was racked with the most excruciating pain. It was some time before he could recollect where he was—that he was crossing the Big Prairie in a wagon, at night. He attempted to press his hand to his throbbing temples, when he discovered, to his astonishment, that his hands were bound. Rising up, he perceived that the wagon was standing, and the horses taken away. Henderson next applied his hands to the lid of his chest, and found that it had been broken open and rifled of its contents. Dizzy and confused as he was, he had still the presence of mind, to know that his life was in the most imminent peril. Before he had time to leap from the wagon, two men, engaged in conversation, one of which he recognized as Marvin, came up and seized him. On turning his head, Henderson beheld a sight that deprived him at once of all hope of life. Instead of being on the open prairie, as he still supposed they were, he saw that they were near a forest, that bounded one side of it, and within a few feet of an open, ‘*unchinked*’ cabin, between the logs of which streamed a bright light. Into this cabin he was dragged by Marvin and his comrade. On entering, he saw two men, one of whom was his late guide, busily engaged in counting over his money and examining his clothes. The simplicity of the pilot had only been assumed. Throwing aside his frontier dialect, he gloried in displaying to Henderson, his deep villany.

Turning to him, he accosted his victim with a coarse laugh, and said 'how do relish the flavor of my *royal* old Monongaheel? Do you think my *yarbs* will keep off the *agur*?' and added, in his natural tone, 'had not your head been stronger than mine, the draught you took would have saved us the expense of a charge of gunpowder.'

While the two men without were engaged in hauling the wagon to the door of the cabin, the guide, with a refinement of cruelty, exultingly detailed all the particulars of the stratagem they had laid, and into which their victim had so easily fallen. He concluded, by informing our emigrant, that his last hour had come. Of this, from the moment he entered the cabin, Henderson had not entertained a doubt. That building was about eighteen feet square, laid up with unhewed logs, and without a floor. In the centre was a fresh dug grave. For whom it was designed, Henderson had not a doubt. Half stupified with the effects of the *poisonous* drugs in the villain's flask, the horror of the scene completely unmanned him, and he sunk down upon the earth floor. The villains, indifferent whether he heard or not, talked over their plan of operation. The horses, money, and clothes of the emigrant, were to be equally divided among them. After killing Henderson and burying him in the grave which they had dug for that purpose in the cabin, the wagon, harness, and chest, were to be brought into that building, which they would then burn down, and thus effectually conceal every proof of their guilt. Immediately after this was effected, they would leave that part of the country, where they began to be suspected, and bend their course, by different routes, to Arkansas.

And now, every arrangement for the execution of the remaining part of their plan had been made, and Henderson was brought to the mouth of the grave. Kneeling wildly down upon the pile of fresh earth that had been thrown up in the digging, he cast a frenzied look down into the pit, and then, for the first time, his voice found utterance in a wild and fearful cry for 'mercy! mercy! mercy!' The villains answered his heartrending supplication with a sneering laugh. 'No, no: we are not such fools as to let you escape and set the bloodhounds upon us. If you have any *prayers* to make, to insure you good picking in kingdom come, say them quickly, for day advances, and we cannot wait.' The ruffian, whom we have designated by the name of Marvin, said, 'my good friend, if you wish any priestly aid to prepare you for what fools and old women call heaven, just to oblige you, I will give you mine. I am no fool at whining, as these fine fellows can attest, for they have heard me *hold forth*

at a campmeeting, much to the edification of the saints, whose horses we helped ourselves to at night, by way of supporting the gospel.'

Shocked at the revolting impiety of this hardened wretch, Henderson paused for a moment, and then renewed his supplication for life. All that he possessed on earth he would freely give, and bind himself with the most solemn oath, never to betray them. Entreaty was useless. Henderson was ordered to prepare for death. The last, the final hour, over which nature has thrown a mysterious dread, had now come. His wife and daughters rushed to his mind. These beings, dear to him as existence, he should behold no more. Could he die in their presence, and feel their tears drop upon his cheeks as their low-breathed prayers for him ascended to heaven, the struggle would be divested of its horrors. To die by the hand of ruffians, none would know how or where, and to leave his wife and children in poverty, doubled the pangs of death. These thoughts passed rapidly through his brain, and were no less rapidly succeeded by others. Dispelling, as far as he was able, every earthly feeling, he now implored mercy from the only source from which it could flow. After a few brief moments of silent preparation, he waved his hand in token he was *ready*. The pilot acted as executioner, and stood near him with a loaded pistol. Another held in his hand a spade, to fill up the grave the moment Henderson had rolled into it. The signal was given by Marvin. The pistol of the ruffian was levelled with deliberate aim, and his finger already on the trigger, when, just at the instant, a ball entered the heart of the executioner himself—the warwhoop was sounded, and armed men rushed into the cabin. Before the robbers had time to recover from their sudden surprise, they were seized and bound; all but the pilot, who lay at the bottom of the grave with every pulse of life extinct. Marvin and the other two survivors saw that resistance was impossible, that no hope of life was left them, and they stood silent and sullen. Henderson was raised up and unbound. When he realized that he was safe; that he had been rescued from death, on the very brink of the grave, he threw himself upon his knees, and poured forth the overflowings of his gratitude to the Power that had shielded him.

Among the band that came to his aid, was Job Corby. When Henderson informed him of his interview and arrangements with Marvin, he saw at a glance that his friend had encountered one of the villains that had been for so many weeks prowling over the Big Prairie. When Corby found it in vain to endeavor to convince him of the danger that threatened him, he set out

in quest of his neighbors, who had banded together for the punishment of crimes, under the name of the Regulators of the Big Prairie. He was engaged in that errand when Henderson and the pretended guide sat out on the journey. Happily, not one of these neighbors had a moment's doubt of the character and designs of Marvin and his gang. They promptly offered their aid to protect Henderson. Ten boldhearted men, armed with rifles, sallied forth a little after sunset, on horseback, for that purpose. Suspecting that the cabin would be their place of rendezvous, they directed their course thither, and arrived just at the critical instant. Not a moment was lost. Hastily fastening their horses in the shadow of the woods, they approached the front of the cabin. Henderson was kneeling at the mouth of the grave, and the executioner stood ready. Their plan was instantly concerted. The pilot leveled his pistol, and quick as thought, the rifle of the regulator sent a ball to his heart—the war cry of the Indians rung quick and shrill, and a rush was made upon the robbers, as we have just related.

Time having been given for the powerful emotions which all had felt, in some measure to subside, the regulators proceeded to the trial of the three surviving robbers. No proof, and little ceremony, were needed. Corby, who acted as foreman of the jury, made a few remarks about the crime of the culprits, and then called on them for their defence. They were all silent and sullen. After consulting with the other regulators in a whisper, Mr. Corby proceeded, in a firm but solemn tone, to pass sentence upon the prisoners, which was, that they should all three be shot, without delay, and buried in the grave they had dug for Henderson. It was now about the hour of three in the morning. The waning moon had just risen, red with the vapors that filled the atmosphere. The dim light of her crescent cast a wild and solemn air over the face of nature. The regulators felt awed, but firm to their purpose. Some of them were professors of religion, and deeply felt the importance of the few remaining moments of existence to these men of guilt. Robbery had before been committed, and they deemed it treachery to permit them again to rob and murder the unsuspecting traveler. *Die they must.*

Corby was a man of strong feelings, and deeply imbued with religious sentiments. He earnestly exhorted the criminals to repent, and call upon Heaven for mercy. His entreaties were of no avail, and were even answered with sneers of contempt, by all but one. The only criminal who appeared to regard the entreaties of Corby, was a young man of a fine form and manly countenance, apparently about twenty-three years of age. He

uttered no supplication, made no appeals for mercy, but when Corby addressed himself particularly to him, he seemed struggling with some emotion that shook his whole frame, and burying his face in his hands, burst into a loud and irrepressible sob.

Still undiscouraged with his ill success, Mr. Corby again implored each to prepare for death. Large drops of perspiration rolled down his forehead, so intense was his anxiety and exertion for their repentance. Two of them preserved a contemptuous silence, but the young man, although he spoke not, seemed much affected.

Daylight was near, and all further delay was deemed useless by a majority of the regulators. The rifles were loaded, and every thing ready for the signal of death to be given. At that moment, the young man, bound as he was, sprang forward, and throwing himself at the feet of Corby, cried, '*O father, father, forgive me, before I die!*'

The voice of his son thrilled on every nerve of his heart, and Corby 'threw himself upon his neck and wept aloud.' Every one present, even the robbers, were deeply affected. The regulators all knew the history of Corby. He had not always been the mild, good man he now was; but idle, reckless, and dissipated in his habits. The example he set before his son, rendered him wild and unmanageable, till at length, breaking through all restraint and parental control, he ran away, and enlisted into the army. Disobedient and ungrateful as this boy had been, he was still dear to his parents. He was their only son, their only child, and bitter were the feelings of Corby when he reflected that his own conduct had led on to the ruin of their boy. Years had passed away without their once hearing from him, but he was not forgotten. Often in the dead hour of night, Corby and his wife were awake, thinking, in bitter anguish of their lost son. The neighbors never mentioned his name in the presence of his parents, or made the most distant allusions to the source of their grief, yet it was evident to all, that sorrow was slowly wasting them away.

When Job Corby disengaged himself from his son, and arose from the ground, he turned towards the regulators and implored mercy for his child, his only child. Deeply touched with the scene, with one voice they pronounced his pardon, and pledged themselves, on condition of his returning home with his father, never to disclose to any one the part he had acted in the affairs of that night. Young Corby had not yet been guilty of robbery, for this was his first attempt at the commission of crime. He gratefully accepted the proposition to return with his father, and interceded for his comrades so powerfully, that he obtained

their pardon, on condition of their instantly quitting the country forever.

Henderson was conducted, in his wagon, to Corby's, where he was immediately seized with a fever, the effects of the poison he had drank, and the excitement of his mind. On his recovery, he proceeded to Boonslick, where his negroes and other property sent by the keel, had already safely arrived.

He found that Marvin had deceived him about the time of the land sales, which did not, in fact, take place till October. He had sufficient time to make a good selection, and purchased a large and most valuable tract, at the lowest government price.

Last winter, at his own fireside, surrounded with abundance, and universally respected, he related to me the story of his adventures on the Big Prairie.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL HARRISON.

THE lives of public men, who have participated largely in affairs of general interest, form a part of the history of their country, and should be recorded with care, for the instruction of posterity. Of no one is this remark more true, than of the distinguished individual whose name we have placed at the head of this article, and who has been an efficient actor in many of the most important events which have occurred in our country since the revolution. He is one of the very few remaining among us, the commencement of whose career is dated back to the first days of the republic, who have grown up with our political character, and our public institutions, and who form the connecting link between the generation which secured our liberty and that which enjoys its fruits.

William Henry Harrison was born in Virginia in the year 1773, and numbers among his relations some of the most distinguished men in that state. His father was Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, to whose ardent zeal and intrepidity that body of patriots was greatly indebted for their harmonious organization. Some of our historians assert that a large portion of the members of the first congress, as a compliment to Virginia, wished to call him to the chair, as the successor of his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph; but that, with noble selfdenial, and admirable judgment, he declined in favor of John Hancock, and insisted upon his taking the post of honor. Benjamin Harrison afterwards filled the ex-

ecutive chair of Virginia, at a period when every energy of a great and powerful mind was necessary to keep up the spirits of his countrymen.

Young Harrison inherited but little from his father, save his noble example, and a name identified with the great struggle for liberty. His education having commenced during the storms of the revolution, he imbibed sentiments of republicanism, and of resistance to oppression, which have always influenced him in his career through life. Dependent on his own exertions, he applied himself with great ardor to the study of medicine, and was about to graduate as a practitioner, when he conceived the idea of serving his country as a soldier, in the western wilderness. He resolved to abandon the medical profession, in opposition to the wishes of his guardian, the celebrated Robert Morris, who used every exertion to induce him to continue his studies. His desire to distinguish himself in defence of our western frontiers, under the accomplished but unfortunate St. Clair, predominated, and president Washington, who had been the intimate friend of his father, sanctioned his views, and gave him an appointment in the army. He came to the west, then literally a wilderness—but before he could reach his destination, the fatal fourth of November had beheld the death of the gallant Butler, and the dispersion of the army of St. Clair.

General Wayne was placed at the head of the army which was, in the succeeding year, sent to the west. This intrepid officer, and acute observer of human nature, soon noticed the young Virginian, and selected him as one of his aids, in the dangerous campaign against the Indians and British forts. Although of apparently frail constitution, he always sought the most arduous duties; and those who have had any experience of the toils of a frontier campaign, will readily conclude that he served in a severe school, his noviciate in the art of war.

The tragic result of the battle of the fourth of November, 1791, are mainly attributable to a want of harmony between the commanding generals, St. Clair and Butler. The whole body of officers became divided into parties; and it is not surprising that under these circumstances, the army, a considerable portion of which consisted of raw levies and militia, should have fallen a sacrifice to the want of union among the chiefs. A similar fate threatened to distract the army of Wayne. The part taken by lieutenant Harrison, in this emergency, was such as to draw from general Washington a pointed and gratifying compliment.

Having succeeded, in the face of difficulties the most appalling, in transporting stores and provisions through a wilderness

that could not be traveled by wagons, general Wayne at length reached the Maumee, and built fort Defiance. He shortly afterwards advanced to Roche de Bove, having first attempted to bring the Indians to terms. Here he was attacked by an ambuscade of savages and British; to whom his plans had been betrayed by the deserter Newman. But he was not surprised: he ordered the legion to charge, and detached general Scott to turn the flank of the enemy, who, after a sharp contest fled, even before the whole army could be brought into action. For his gallant and efficient conduct on this occasion, lieutenant Harrison was among those who were specially mentioned in the general's despatches to the president of the United States.

On the death of general Wayne, in 1797, captain Harrison left the army, and received his first civil appointment—that of secretary of the northwestern territory, and, *ex officio*, lieutenant governor. His conduct in that station met with marked public approbation; and when, in the succeeding year, the territory entered into the second grade of government, Harrison was chosen the first delegate to congress.

The mode of disposing of the public lands, by which, except in peculiar situations, they were offered in tracts of 4000 acres, was particularly obnoxious to the people. The law, certainly, presented the most aristocratic features, and was calculated only to benefit the wealthy monopolist, and to retard the settlement of a new and fertile country. The injustice of this measure, forcibly struck Mr. Harrison, and he took the earliest opportunity of exposing its defects. The efficient stand made by him on this question, pointed him out to the people, as the proper individual to represent them on the floor of congress, and to effect a change in a system, which, if persisted in, would have been attended with the most disastrous results. Mr. Harrison acquiesced in the will of the people, and took his seat in congress.

When the representative entered upon his legislative duties, the congress was distinguished by an amount of talent and political weight, which has seldom been equalled on that floor. Among other well-known names, those of Ross, Bayard, Harper, Gallatin, Marshall, and Giles, stood preeminent. An association with such men, was an admirable school for the young delegate; and his subsequent course has proved that he did not suffer the opportunity to pass unimproved. The friends he then made, remained through life, and many of the most distinguished men in that congress foresaw, in the industry, quickness, and enterprise of his character, those qualities which were to fit him for a career of future usefulness. To the knowledge which the

general government then acquired of Mr. Harrison's capacity for public business, may be fairly imputed the numerous appointments, which he afterwards received.

One of the first acts of Mr. Harrison, in his legislative character, had reference to a subject of absorbing interest to the western population, and he has the honor of having led the way in that gradual improvement in the system of disposing of the public domain, which has led to the present equitable arrangement. After the ordinary preliminary steps, required by prudence, he offered a resolution, by which a committee was raised, with instructions to inquire into, and report, on the then existing mode of selling public lands. He was appointed chairman of that committee, and it is believed that this is the only instance in which that distinction has been conferred upon a territorial delegate.

In due time he made a report, accompanied by a bill, which was calculated to change the whole system, and the chief feature of which was, to reduce the size of the tracts to a number of acres less than four thousand, so as to place them within the reach of the farmer and actual settler. It is difficult to imagine at this day, how a body so enlightened, could have hesitated in the adoption of a measure of such obvious advantage to the government, and so eminently just to that hardy class who were to endure the toil of subduing the wilderness, and who had the best right to become the owners of the soil. The report produced a powerful sensation, and gained for the chairman a reputation unexampled in the career of so young a man, and at his first appearance on the political arena. The document, however, was not, it is believed, his own exclusive production: the masterly pen and acute mind of Mr. Gallatin, largely contributed to it; and although the earnest request of this able citizen, and the peculiar circumstances of the moment, forced Mr. Harrison to submit to the credit of being the sole author, the natural ingenuousness of his character, prevented him from remaining the subject of undeserved eulogy, an instant longer than sound policy required. As soon as he could honestly relieve himself from the constraint imposed by circumstances, he gave the merit of the report to Mr. Gallatin.

However the fact may be, the able and discreet manner in which he conducted the debate, left no reason to suspect the authorship of the report, or the bill. It was warmly attacked by Cooper, of New York, and by the eloquent and classic Lee, of Virginia. Mr. Harrison defended it alone; he exposed the folly and iniquity of the old system; demonstrated that it could only result to the benefit of the wealthy monopolist and despe-

rate land-jobber, while that species of population which has since poured into the fertile plains of Ohio, and made it in thirty years the third state in the union, must have been excluded from her borders, or taken the land at second hand, and on terms dictated by the wealthy purchasers from government. Mr. Harrison was perfect master of the subject; he had examined the whole ground, and his ardent zeal and manly eloquence bore down opposition. The bill was carried triumphantly through the lower house. It met with powerful opposition in the senate, and a conference was finally agreed to between the two bodies. Messrs. Ross and Brown acted as managers on the part of the senate, and Mr. Harrison and Mr. Gallatin on the part of the house of representatives. The discussion at length resulted in a compromise, by which the land was to be sold in alternate whole and half sections, instead of in half and quarter sections, as was proposed in Mr. Harrison's bill. The point gained, however, was immense: a reduction from 4000 acres down to 640 and 320, was of incalculable importance, and extinguished, in a great measure, the splendid visions of the wealthy speculator. Had the bill been delayed one year, it is more than probable that a large portion of Ohio would have been sold off in four thousand acre tracts to the capitalists, to the exclusion of that useful class, which has since given the spring to the glory and prosperity of the state.

Emboldened by his success, in his first attempt in favor of popular rights, Mr. Harrison introduced a resolution to change the mode of locating the United States' military lands. He exposed, in a forcible manner, the injustice of the mode then in operation. The house was again favorable to his views. A committee was authorized to sit during the session, who reported a bill, which was passed.

The effect of these measures was beneficially felt throughout the whole region northwest of the Ohio, and is now seen in the prosperity of a million and a half of freemen. Their personal operation was gratifying and substantial. Petitions were extensively circulated among the new settlers, who found themselves placed in the possession of the invaluable privilege of becoming freeholders, in which the president was requested to appoint Mr. Harrison governor of the northwestern territory. He was himself the first to oppose the object of these petitions. With a delicacy honorable to himself, and a respect for the venerable St. Clair, which was due to that eminent soldier, he refused to suffer his name to be placed in competition with that of his veteran friend. But, as the territory was about this time divided,

and that of Indiana erected, he accepted in 1801, the government of the latter.

The limits of this article do not permit a full detail of the extensive powers confided to governor Harrison, in his executive capacity, during the continuance of the first grade of territorial government, nor of the arduous duties imposed upon him. His jurisdiction included the wide region that now composes the states of Illinois and Indiana, and the territory of Michigan, and the whole of Louisiana, from its purchase in 1803 until July 1805. The population was thinly scattered along the borders of the great rivers, and was continually harassed by the incursions of numerous bands of savages, whose natural ferocity was stimulated by a policy on the part of the British government, as cruel as it was perfidious. His post was one of labor and responsibility, as well as great delicacy and danger. Instructed to pursue peace, and to avoid every appearance of a hostile or jealous disposition in his intercourse with the tribes, yet his situation rendered it necessary to be always prepared for defence. The intrigues of the British agents on our borders were at that period particularly active, and the savages unusually fierce, turbulent, and vindictive; and while all the energy and military skill of the territorial governor was placed in requisition, to defend a long line of exposed frontier against a numerous and daring enemy, the American cabinet continually instructed him to avoid hostility, to practise forbearance, and cultivate amicable relations with the savage. However consistent these instructions were with the dictates of benevolence, they were fatal to the security of the frontier; our conciliatory measures never stayed the work of desolation, but only afforded impunity to the lawless savage, while they encouraged the audacity of the foreign emissary. With the Indian warwhoop yelling on one hand, and a government commanding the peace upon the other—with a feeble settlement claiming protection at one point, and a band of martial borderers demanding to be led to battle at another—while the agents of a nation at peace with our own, urged on the savage, and her military posts supplied him with arms, there can scarcely be imagined a post requiring the exertion of greater skill, prudence, and firmness, than that of the governor of Indiana. Yet, Mr. Harrison filled that station with honor, and while he gave efficient protection to the frontier, never sullied his fame by any act of military violence or gratuitous cruelty. The popularity of his administration is best illustrated by the fact, that at every expiration of his commission, he was recommended for reappointment by the people. On his first entrance upon the duties of his office, he

had declared his intention not to hold the station a moment longer than his administration should be satisfactory to the citizens of the territory, and at their request, his successive reappointments were given by Mr. Adams, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Madison.

As governor, he was *ex officio* superintendent of Indian affairs, and Mr. Jefferson appointed him sole commissioner for treating with the Indians. The success which crowned his labors, and the great influence which he acquired over the northwestern tribes, fully justified the wisdom of this selection. Nearly the whole period of his administration was a continued series of treaties; and his efficiency as a negotiator is amply proved in his voluminous correspondence with the president, and in the treaties themselves. By one of these, he procured the extinguishment of the largest tract of country, ever ceded at one time by the Indians, since the settlement of North America. This cession embraced all that territory from the mouth of the Illinois to the mouth of the Wisconsin, on one side, and from the mouth of the Illinois to the mouth of Fox river, on the other. A line drawn from the latter point to a point on the Wisconsin thirty-six miles above its mouth, forms the northern boundary of the purchase, which embraces *fifty-one millions* of acres. When it is considered that this territory comprises the richest mineral region in the union, some idea may be formed of its value.

In the organization of the first grade of territorial government, it was provided, that the governor and judges should adopt and publish, such *laws of the original states*, criminal and civil, as might be necessary, and best suited to the circumstances of the district, which laws should be in force until the organization of a legislature for the territory.

All magistrates and other civil officers, and all militia officers, below the grade of general officers, were to be appointed by the governor; general officers in the militia were to be appointed by congress.

The sole power of dividing the district into counties and townships, was also vested in the governor.

Another immense power was given to the governor of Indiana—that of confirming grants of land to a numerous class of individuals, having certain equitable claims which are pointed out in the law. It is a little remarkable that a power so extensive, and so susceptible of abuse, was placed in the hands of a single officer, without any check or limitation. No officer was required to countersign, or record these grants. The application was made to the governor directly, and his signature vested a title in the claimant. There was no special formality or pub-

licity necessary to give validity to the act. It might have been a secret proceeding between the claimant and the grantor, and yet have been unquestionable by any legal tribunal. Yet such was the prudence of governor Harrison, such his scrupulous attention to the public interest, and his nice regard for his own honor, that he has always been admitted to have discharged this duty not only with integrity, but without having incurred suspicions. There are many men who, under such circumstances, would have amassed a splendid fortune, by availing themselves of the facilities for speculation thus afforded; but it is a fact, highly creditable to governor Harrison, and characteristic of the disinterestedness which has marked his public career, that he not only did not avail himself of these opportunities at the time, either directly or indirectly, but that he has never since taken any advantage of the intimate knowledge of land titles gained in his official capacity, and has not to this day ever owned a single acre of land held under a title which emanated from himself as the representative of the government.

In 1805 the territory went into the second grade of territorial government. The change was urgently pressed by governor Harrison, although it deprived him of much power, and great patronage, as it threw into the hands of the people the election of some officers who had previously been appointed by the executive, and established a legislature that relieved the governor of many of his responsibilities.

In this place, it may not be improper to mention an occurrence, which establishes the purity of Mr. Harrison's administration, while it reflects high credit on his private character. A person, who had become soured against him, in consequence of the active part which he took in elevating the territory into the second grade of government, made some malicious insinuations in reference to the integrity of his negotiations with certain of the Indian tribes. Governor Harrison, conceiving it proper to have a full investigation of the charge, while the subject was fresh, and the testimony within his reach, brought a suit in the supreme court of the territory. In order that the utmost fairness might be observed, two of the judges left the bench, during the trial, one being the personal friend of the governor, and the other of the defendant. An impartial jury was impaneled, by a mode satisfactory to both parties. The trial had not advanced far, before the defendant's counsel abandoned their plea of justification, and contended simply for a mitigation of the damages. The jury, after an hour's consultation, returned a verdict for \$4000; an immense verdict in a new country, where money is scarce, and where juries seldom give

heavy damages in cases of this description. The property of the defendant was levied upon, sold, and in the absence of the governor, bought in by his agent. Two-thirds of the property was afterwards returned to the defendant, by general Harrison, and the remainder given to the orphans of some of the gallant citizens who fell in battle, during the last war.

In 1806, the celebrated impostor, Ells-kwa-taw-a, the prophet, in conjunction with his distinguished brother, Tecumthe, commenced those intrigues, which, incited by the British agents, and sustained by their advice and pecuniary aid, spread confusion and alarm throughout the whole western frontier. These disturbances were continued during the whole period from that time until the year 1811, and were distinguished by a degree of cunning on the part of the chiefs, and mad enthusiasm and blind devotion on that of the tribes, never before witnessed in the conduct of American savages. So long as peace could be preserved by negociation, by admonishing and persuading the Indians, by watching and counteracting the incendiary efforts of the foreign emissaries, and by the exertions of his own personal efforts, those measures were pursued by the governor with untiring assiduity; but in 1811, the designs of the prophet and his brother became so obvious, and were developed with such audacity, that governor Harrison began to organize the militia, and to place the territory in the best posture for defence that his means would allow. The government of the United States, then on the eve of a war with Great Britain, discovering that a longer forbearance towards the hostile Indians, would endanger the safety of the western settlements, ordered colonel Boyd, with five hundred regulars, to the assistance of Harrison. With this force, a few regiments of Indiana militia, and a small but gallant band of volunteers from Kentucky, among whom were the lamented Davies and Owens, the celebrated campaign against the prophet's town was undertaken.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE VISIONS OF YOUTH.

THE visions of youth! Oh, how pleasant are they
To the hearts of the young, and the lovely and gay;
When the feelings of life are all fresh in their bloom,
And no sorrow around them dispenses its gloom:
Oh, then will they bound in their joy and delight,
Undisturbed by the fear of the world's fatal blight,
Which blasts in its budding each flower that springs
Into beauty and life; and the winter frost brings.

The visions of childhood first dawn to the view,
And the heart clings to them as the rose to the dew,
Like the stars which spring forth on the brow of the night,
They gladden its portals with lustre and light;
Oh, never can man, in his journey on earth,
To pleasures like these in his fancy give birth;
For the hours of childhood and boyhood alone,
Are those from which sorrow and sadness have flown.

The visions of boyhood then gladden the soul,
And then have we reached pleasure's happiest goal,
And on through the mazes of life are we borne,
The pathway of flowrets unmarked by a thorn;
Our hearts are then reckless of sorrow and care
As the sun of the clouds that are floating in air;
They may dim for awhile, but their reign is soon o'er,
And the soul is as joyous and gay as before.

ALBANO.

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

THE distinguished gentlemen, who preside over the executive departments of the general and state governments, have long pursued the laudable practice of enlightening their respective constituents, in relation to the high duties committed to their charge, through the medium of annual messages—and we see no reason why we should not do the same thing. Our constituents, though not quite so numerous, are as respectable as theirs, and deserve as much courtesy at our hands; and we are sure that we feel as sincere a desire that our administration should be popular, as any political or civil functionary in the land. An editor is not, it is true, a political officer, and is often an uncivil personage; but his duties are of a kind which interest the public; and holding as we do to the republican doctrine of accountability, we consider it altogether proper, to communicate to our readers, occasionally, such information in reference to our affairs, as may with propriety be disclosed. Circumstances, not within the control of the editorial department, prevented the sending out of this message with the commencement of the year; but we hope that those to whom it is addressed, will not regret a circumstance which has rescued it from the danger of being smothered under the mass of political manifestoes, carriers' verses, souvenirs, and tokens, which at that time usually attract and engross the public attention.

In performing our duty on the present occasion, it gives us great pleasure to congratulate our friends, again, upon the pros-

perous condition of the Magazine. Though not favored with remarkably rich rewards in the field of literary labor, we have been permitted in peace to extend and cultivate the various resources which employ the virtue and enterprise of that portion of the republic of letters over which we have been called to preside.

Our editorial relations continue, with but few exceptions, to maintain the favorable aspect which they bore in our last annual communication, and promise to extend those advantages which the principles that regulate our conduct are so well calculated to secure. With distant editors we have continued to maintain the most amicable interchange of reciprocal courtesy. Governing our conduct towards them by the rules of justice, we hope, that while we shall always be prepared to maintain our own rights, we shall be enabled by a strict adherence to the policy which has heretofore characterized our administration, to preserve uninterrupted, that harmony which is most conducive to the prosperity, dignity, and honor, of the republic of letters.

Our domestic relations have been slightly disturbed, by occasional indications of jealousy and impatience on the part of some of the editorial functionaries of this city, arising chiefly out of misunderstanding on their part. As we are not responsible for their inequalities of temper, nor under any obligations to supply their deficiencies of judgment, it is not our fault that they carry their brains in their elbows, and we leave them to the sympathies of their friends, and the care of their natural guardians.

The state of our unliquidated claims upon a long list of our subscribers, has been the cause of much expensive, though fruitless negotiation, and still continues to afford a melancholy proof of the indifference of mankind to those inconveniences of others which do not affect themselves. We do not consider this as a sufficient cause of war, nor ask for power to make reprisals, but we again suggest it as matter worthy the grave consideration of our friends. One of the heaviest items in our expenditures, is that of agency; it costs us more to collect what is due to us, than to print our Magazine; and this charge is thrown upon us, simply by the omission of our subscribers, to transmit the amount of their respective dues, within the year. To the person indebted, the sum of three and a half dollars seems of little consequence, but when it is recollected that the same amount is due from each of several thousand subscribers, it will be seen that to the proprietors, the subject is one of great importance. After all that has been said, and all the ingenuity that has been exerted, in assigning the causes of the failure of the innumerable American periodicals that have arisen, like ephemera, to glitter

for a day, and then disappear, we have no hesitation in avowing that the really efficient reason of the lamentable mortality among our periodicals is, that they are not paid for. Editors and publishers cannot live on air, and the inky face of the printer grows doubly black if he is not paid on Saturday night. The expenses of a periodical are, nearly all, of a kind for which cash must be paid, while the income is not only delayed until the close of the year, but is even then collected with difficulty. With regard to this work, for instance, the list of subscribers is amply sufficient, not only to support it, but to pay all who are concerned handsomely, for their time and labor. We are entirely satisfied with the liberality with which the public have subscribed, with the kindness evinced in the reception of our periodical, and especially with the amicable spirit displayed by the editors of western newspapers towards our enterprise. Yet it is a fact, which need not be concealed, because it can give no offence to those who have been punctual, and ought not to give any to others, that the amount collected within a year has never exceeded our actual disbursements. Still we are determined to persevere, in the hope that by steadily improving the character of the work, and rendering it more and more acceptable to its readers, we shall be finally enabled to overcome that want of punctuality in others, which is now the only obstacle to its complete success.

This periodical was established more than four years ago, under the title of the *Illinois Monthly Magazine*; but a desire to give it a more general circulation, and to identify its character with that of the western country at large, induced the adoption of the present name, and the change of the place of publication. It began with a list of subscribers barely sufficient to have defrayed its expenses, if all had complied with their engagements; the receipts, however, for the two first years, fell far short of the expenditures, leaving the editor, who was the sole proprietor, largely a loser by the undertaking.

Another serious obstacle to success was found in the want of literary assistance; of the five hundred and seventy-six pages contained in each of the two first volumes, about two-thirds were written by the editor, a very few were contributed by two or three friends, who had the kindness to assist him occasionally, and the remainder were selected. Thus, besides the pecuniary loss, the time and labor bestowed gratuitously by the editor, was far from inconsiderable. But we persevered, in the belief that the patriotic and generous West, would not long withhold her countenance from her native literature. We persevered, relying on our friends and our country.

After the commencement of the third volume, we were induced, by the increase of patronage, to add eight pages to each number; increasing the size of the work from forty-eight to fifty-six pages, without any addition of price. We now propose to make a further enlargement, by adding sixteen pages, so that hereafter each number will contain seventy-two pages, while the subscription price will remain, as heretofore, three dollars and a half. By printing on a larger sheet, in *duodecimo*, instead of *octavo*, we shall, without reducing the size of the pages, increase their number; while the number of sheets in each Magazine will be less than now, and the postage to distant subscribers decreased. The advantages of this arrangement will be, not only that a larger amount of matter will be furnished, but that some of the articles in each number may be extended to a greater length, and be made more elaborate and solid, than is practicable under the present form of the work. Thus the Magazine will have been gradually increased from forty-eight to seventy-two pages, while there has also been a steady improvement in the quality of the paper, in the workmanship, and in the appearance of the pamphlet.

It is due to the printer and publishers to state, that during the whole period of its publication under the present title—now more than two years—it has invariably been issued on the first day of each month; and that so great is the care bestowed on the printing, that a typographical error seldom occurs.

During the last year we adopted another improvement, which has considerably increased our expenses, while it has materially enhanced the character of the work. Instead of relying upon the liberality of gentlemen and scholars for gratuitous contributions to our pages, we determined to pay for articles which might be written for us. Under this arrangement we have received much valuable matter, and are flattered with the hope that we may rely confidently upon the permanent assistance of some of the best scholars and most elaborate writers of the West.

To show that we have not been wanting in exertions to give variety to our pages, and to cause the whole West, as far as practicable, to be represented in our pages, we will state the fact, that the articles contained in the last volume, were written by *thirty-seven* different individuals, who are known to us, besides several who are anonymous. Of these, four reside in Kentucky, two in Indiana, four in Illinois, one in Missouri, one in Tennessee, two in Alabama, one in Michigan, one in Mississippi, one in Pennsylvania, one in New York, one in Massachusetts, and the remainder in Ohio. Of these, six are ladies; and

it is due to them to say, that some of the most vigorous and popular articles which have adorned our periodical, have been the productions of highly gifted females. We hope that we shall continue to be honored and assisted by the pure and elegant effusions of the better part of our contributors.

For the purpose of giving additional interest to the present volume, we offer the following

PREMIUMS:

For the best **TALE**, which shall be offered in competition, Fifty dollars.

For the best **ESSAY**, on any literary or scientific subject, Fifty dollars.

For the best **POEM**, Fifty dollars.

All the articles offered in competition will be forwarded free of expense, to the publishers, previous to the 1st day of June, 1835; each accompanied by a sealed paper, containing the name of the writer, which will not be opened in any case, except that of the successful candidate.

The premiums will be awarded by literary gentlemen, selected for the purpose, whose names shall be announced previous to the time of making the selection.

The publication of the prize articles will be made immediately after the decision. All the other articles will be considered the property of the proprietors of the Magazine, who will publish as many of them as they may think proper.

Neither of the premiums will be awarded, unless at least three articles shall be offered in competition. Should a less number be offered for either of them, the time will be extended, or the articles returned to their authors.

The length of the *Tale* and the *Essay*, respectively, should not be less than *ten*, nor more than *thirty-five* printed pages.

The *Poem* should not exceed *two hundred and fifty lines*.

TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

FROM the 'Collections of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society,' to which we referred in a late number, we transfer the following complete copy of a record taken from the archives of Princess Anne county, in that state. It is, in many respects, a very curious document, from the light which it throws upon the state of society at that period, and from the evidence it affords that the belief in witchcraft was not confined to New England. These singular events occurred in the reign of queen Anne, after Locke, Newton, and Tillotson, had written some of their great works, and about the time of Addison, Steele, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift. Nor was the belief in witchcraft peculiar to the colonies. There were many trials for this crime in England, about the same time. In 1712, during the Augustan age of English literature, judge Powell, who was neither a weak nor a hardhearted man, condemned Jane Wentham, at Hertford. About the beginning of the same century, of which English writers speak with so much triumph, two unhappy wretches were hung at Northampton, for witchcraft, 17th March, 1705; and in July, 1712, five others, supposed to be given to the black art, suffered a similar fate, at the same place.

RECORD OF THE TRIAL OF GRACE SHERWOOD, IN 1705,
PRINCESS ANNE COUNTY, FOR WITCHCRAFT.

Princess Anne ss.

At a Court held ye: 3d. of Janry: 170⁵ p. Gent: Mr. Beno: Burro: Collo:
Moseley, Mr. John Cornick Capt: Hancock, Capt: Chapman

Justices

Whereas Luke Hill & uxor *somd* Grace Sherwood to this Court in *suspition* of
witchcraft & she fayling to *appear* it is therefore ordr. yt: attachmt. to ye: Sherr do
Issue to attach her body to ansr. ye. sd: *som* next Court.

Princess Anne ss.

At a Court held ye. 6th: feebry: 170⁵ p: Esent. Colo: Moseley, Collo.
Adam Thorrowgood Capt: Chapman, Capt. Hancocke Mr. John Cornick,
Mr. Richason, Came late

Justices

Suite for *suspition* of Witchcraft brought by Luke Hill agt: Grace Sherwood is
ordr: to be referr till to morro:

Princess Anne ss.

At a Court held ye: 7th feebry: 170⁵ p. Gent. Collo: Moseley Left: Collo:
Thorrowgood, Mr. John Richason, Mr. John Cornick Capt. Chapman,
Capt: Hancock

Justices

Whereas a Complt: was brought agt: Grace Sherwood upon *suspition* of witchcraft
by Luke Hill &c. & ye: matter being after a long time debated & ordr. yt: ye: sd.
Hill pay all fees of this Complt: & yt: ye: sd. Grace be here next Court to be Search-
ed according to ye: Complt: by a Jury of women to decide ye: sd: Differr: and ye.
Sherr: is Likewise ordr: to som an able Jury accordingly.

Princess Ann ss.

At a Court held ye. 7th March 170⁵ Col: Edward Moseley, Lieut: Adam Thorrowgood, Majr. Henry Sprat—Captn: Horatio Woodhouse, Mr. John Cornick Capt: Henry Chapman, Mr. Wm Smith, Mr. Jno Richason Captn. Geo. Hendcock

Justices

Whereas a complaint have been to this *Dug* Court by Luke Hill & his wife yt. one Grace Sherwood of ye. County was and have been a long time suspected of witchcraft & have been as such represented wherefore ye. Sherr. at ye. last court was ordr: som a Jury of women to ye. Court to *serch* her on ye. sd. suspicion she assenting to ye. same—and after ye. Jury was impanelled and sworn & sent out to make due inquiry & inspection into all circumstances after a mature consideration they bring in yr. verditt: were of ye. Jury have *sercath* Grace Sherwood & have found two things like *titts* w:th: severall other spotts—Eliza. Barnes, forewoman, Sarah Norris, Margt. Watkins, Hannah *Dimis*, Sarah Goodaerd, Mary Burgess, Sarah Sargeent, Winiford Davis, Ursula Henly, Ann Bridgts, Exable Waplies—Mary Cotle.

At a court held ye. 2nd. May 1706 Present Mr. Jno. Richason, Maj. Henry Spratt Mr. John Cornick, Capt: Henry Chapman, Mr. Wm Smyth Justices

Whereas a former Complt. was brought agt Grace Sherwood for suspicion of Witchcraft, wth. by ye. attorney Genll: report to his Exclty. in Council was to Generall & not charging her with any particular act therefore represented to yem: yt. Princess Ann Court might if they thought fitt have her examined *de novo* & ye. Court being of opinion yt. there is great cause of suspicion doe therefore ordr. yt. ye. Sherr. take ye. said Grace into his safe custody untill she shall give bond & security for her appearance to ye. next Court to be examined *De novo* & yt. ye. Constable of yt. pr sinkt goe with ye. Sherr: & *serch* ye. said Graces house & all suspicious places carefully for all Images & such like things as may any way strengthen the suspicion & it is likewise ordered yt. ye. Sherr: som an able Jury of women also all evidences as cann give in any thing agt: her in evidence in behalf of our Sovereign Lady ye. Queen to attend ye. next Court accordingly.

Princess Ann ss.

At a Court held ye. 6th. June 1706. Present Mr. Jno. Richason: Capt Horatio Woodhouse Mr. John Cornick, Capt Henry Chapman, Capt: Wm Smith, Capt: Geo: Hancock

Justices

Whereas Grace Sherwood, of ye. County have been Complained of as a person suspected of witchcraft & now being brought before this Court in Orde: for examination ye. have therefore requested Mr. Maxmt: Bonsh to present informacon agt her as Council in behalf of our sovereign lady ye. Queen in order to her being brought to a regular triall.

Whereas an Information in behalf of her Mage. was presented by Luke Hill to ye. Court in pursuance to Mr. Genell. Attey's Tompson report on his Excelley: ord. in Council ye. 16th April last about Grace Sherwood being suspected of Witchcraft have thereupon sworn severall evidences agt. her by wth: it doth very likely appear.

Princess Ann ss.

At a Court held the 7th of June 1706. Mr. Jno. Richason, Majr. Henry Spratt Mr. John Cornick, Captn: Chapman Captn. Wm Smyth, Capt: Geo: Hancock

Justices

Whereas at the last Court an ordr. was past yt: ye. Sherr: should summons an able Jury of women to serch Grace Sherrwood on suspicion of witchcraft wch: although ye. same was performed by ye. Sherr: yet they refused, and did not appear it is therefore Ordr. yt. ye. same persons be again somd. by ye. Sherr: for their contempt to be dealt wth: according to ye. utmost severity of ye. law, & yt. a new Jury of women be by him somd. to appear next Court to serch her on ye. aforesd. suspicion & yt. He likewise som all evidences yt. he shall be informed of as material in ye. Complaint & yt. She continue in ye. Sherr: Costody unless she give good bond and security for her appearance at ye. next Court and yt. she be of good behaviour towards her Majesty & all her leidge people in ye. meantime.

Princess Anne ss.

At a Court held ye. 5th. July Anno Dom: 1706. Present Mr. Jno Richason, Captn. Jno Moseley Captn. Henry Chapman, Captn. Wm: Smyth

Justices



Whereas for this severall Courts ye. business between Luke Hill & Grace Sherwood on suspicion of Witchcraft have been for several things omitted particularly for want of a Jury to search her & ye. Court being doubtful that they should not get one ys. Court & being willing to have all means possible tryed either to acquit her or to give more strength to ye. suspicion yt. she might be dealt with as deserved therefore It was Ordr. yt. ys. day by her own consent to be tryed in ye. water by ducking, but ye. weather being very rainy & bad soe yt. possibly it might endanger her health it is therefore ord. yt. ye. Sherr: request ye. Justices p e. essvly to appear on Wednesday next by tenn of ye. Clock at ye. Court-house & yt. he secure the body of ye. sd. Grace till ye. time to be forthcoming yn. to be dealt wth. as aforesd.

Princess Ann ss.

At a Court held ye. 10th: July 1706. Present: Col: Moseley, Captn Moseley Capt: Woodhouse, Mr John Cornick, Capt Chapman Capt: Wm Smyth—Mr. Richason— came late—

Justices

Whereas Grace Sherrwood being suspected of Witchcraft have a long time waited for a fit opportunity ffor further examinacon & by her consent & approbacon of ye. Court it is ord. yt. ye. Sherr: take all such convenient assistance of boats & men as shall be by him thought fit to meet at Jno. Harpers plantacon in orde. to take ye. sd. Grace forthwith & but her into above mans *debth* & try her how she swims therein, always having care of her life to pe.serve her from drowning & as soon as she comes out yt. he request as many antient & knowing women as possible he can to serch her carefully for all teats, Spotts & marks about her body not usuall on others & yt. as they find ye. same to make report on oath to ye. truth thereof to ye. Court & further it is ord. yt. som women be requested to shift & serch her before she goe into ye. water yt. she carry nothing about her to cause any further serspicion.

(Same day & only one order between the above order and the following.  I suppose the Court which was then held at the Ferry "Jno. Harper's plantation" & about one mile from witch duck, went to see this ceremony or trial made  Clk:)

Whereas on complaint of Luke Hill in behalf of her Majesty yt. now is agt: Grace Sherrwood for a person suspected of witchcraft & having had sundey: evidences sworne agt: her proving many circumstances & which she could not make any excuse or little or nothing to say in her own behalf only seemed to rely on wt. ye. Court should doe & thereupon consented to be tryed in ye. water & likewise to be serched againe wth. experimts: being tryed & she swimming Wn. therein & bound contrary to custom & ye. Judgts. of all the spectators & afterwards being serched by ffive antient *weamen* who have all declared on oath yt. she is not like ym: nor noe other woman yt. they knew of having two things like titts of a Black collar being blacker yn: ye: rest of her body all wth: circumstance ye. Court weighing in their consideracon doe therefore ord. yt. ye. Sherr: take ye. sd. Grace into his costody & to comit her body to ye. common Joal of this County there to secure her by irons or otherwise there to remain till such time as he shall be otherwise directed in ord. for her coming to ye. common goal of ye. Countey to be brought to a ffuture tryall there.

[Copy]

J. J. BURROUGHS, C. C.

Prs. Anne County Clerk's Office, 15 Sept. 1832

NOTE. The copy of the Record in the above case, seems to have been made out with great care by the clerk. The orthography, abbreviations, and other peculiarities of character, have been preserved in type with as much accuracy as possible; still, in some few instances, it has been found difficult to decypher the copy.

BOOKS.

THE invention of printing has not, perhaps, multiplied books, but only the copies of them; and if we believe there were six hundred thousand in the library of Ptolemy, we shall hardly pretend to equal it by any of ours; not perhaps by all put together; I mean so many originals, that have lived any time, and thereby given testimony of their being thought worth preserving: for the scribblers are infinite, that, like mushrooms or flies, are born and die in a small circle of time; whereas books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

SIR. W. TEMPLE.

A FRIEND.

SOMETHING like home that is not home, like alone that is not alone, is to be wished, and only found in a *friend*, or in his house.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

CECIL HYDE. A novel. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1834.

THERE are secrets in all trades. Even the reputable art, trade, and mystery of bookselling, is not without certain occult principles which are required to be well understood by those who aspire to success in that ancient and very useful calling. Formerly it was considered necessary for a bookseller to possess some taste or judgment in respect to literature; and a few eminent examples might be named, of gentlemen in that profession, who actually read with advantage, some of the books they published, and were, in mercantile phrase, judges of the article. Those days are now over, and the trade have other means of ascertaining the value of a book, than by the tedious process of inspecting its contents. Reviews and newspapers afford convenient facilities for manufacturing literary reputation, and directing public opinion; and the practice of handing over a new book to an editor, for his sanction, previous to its exposure to sale, is just as common, and indeed almost as invariable, as that of having pork or whisky inspected and branded by a public officer, before it is thrown into the market. The principles, however, upon which the inspection is made, are somewhat different; for while the inspector of pork acts for the public, the inspector of books is, in many instances, zealous only for the interest of the concern to which he is attached—each extensive book publisher, having his own regular *book-inspection*, which is as much a branch of his establishment as a printing office, a bindery, or any other auxiliary which he may choose to add to his main business. This is plain matter of fact. There are few extensive publishers in England, or in our large cities, who do not pay as regularly, in some shape or other, for laudatory reviews, or puffing paragraphs, as for house rent, or any other periodical disbursement. Some have periodicals under their own control, which afford little emolument, other than that accruing from the advantage supposed to be gained in the reviewing department; and the good honest folks who subscribe, under the expectation of getting solid literature, never dream that this part of the concern is a secondary consideration with the proprietor, whose only solicitude is to circulate *his own advertisements* at the expense of the subscribers to his periodical. In England this practice is not attempted to be disguised, and the reviews there, regularly praise the works of the publishers who support them, and condemn those of rival houses. We are sorry to see this practice creeping in among us. We could name periodicals in the eastern cities, which laud all the books that are issued by particular booksellers; and we could point out a circle of authors and editors in a certain city, who flatter each other systematically, puff each other's books, and even write the lives of one another, as a sober matter of business. We have nothing to say of another set of gentlemen who puff by the job, and are content with a consideration so trifling, that it seems a pity to disturb them in their humble occupation. These are the editors who write a laudatory paragraph in favor of any book of which a copy *is presented to them*—or which, in their own phraseology, is politely laid on their tables. Here the opinion of the critic is so distinctly bought, and the transaction is so well understood, that it only requires a moment's reflection to satisfy us of the real value of such criticism. Yet such is the character of a large proportion of the newspaper paragraphs, which commence with some such flourish as the following: 'those liberal publishers, Messrs. A. & B. have just issued from their

splendid press,' &c.—or 'we are enabled, by the politeness of that indefatigable publisher, Mr. A. to lay before our readers a brief notice of a delightful work that has just issued from his press,' &c.

We have before us an instance of this kind. Cecil Hyde is an English novel, republished in Philadelphia. Prefixed to the American edition is a leaf, on which we find 'Opinions of Cecil Hyde' quoted from English periodicals, and which run thus: 'This is a new Pelham. It is altogether a novel of manners, and paints with truth, and a lively, sketchy spirit, the panorama of fashionable life.' *Atlas*. 'This novel is written with a taste for what is beautiful, and a tact for what is humorous, that is really delightful. The author takes his subject in hand with masterly skill; he turns it now in this light, and now in that, and like a splendid mirror, he makes flash forth innumerable beams, sometimes dazzling with their witty brilliancy, at others giving a more gentle and sentimental radiance.' *Metropolitan*.

We do not know whether the writer of the first of these paragraphs intended by the words, *this is a new Pelham*, to insinuate that this novel was the production of Bulwer, or only meant to place it on a level with the writings of that distinguished novelist. In either case the remark is equally deceptive. The truth is, that it is a paltry production, in which the worst faults of Bulwer, are imitated with disgusting servility, while none of the beauties of that eminent writer are even approached. The *taste for the beautiful*, that is so *really delightful* to the critic, consists in a facility in presenting scenes of dissipation, debauchery, and vice. The characters are exquisites, gamblers, duellists, and debauchees, and with the exception of one or two traits of generosity on the part of the hero, and some negative propriety of deportment in the heroine, there is not a personage introduced, who is not essentially mean, or grossly depraved, and scarcely a sentiment which is not pernicious. We have turned over the leaves with some care, for the purpose of finding the *witty brilliancy*, and the *more gentle and sentimental radiance*, alluded to by the critic, but without the slightest success, unless the latter be found in certain illicit courtships between libertine peers and peeresses, or the former be contained in the sarcasms against religion with which the work abounds, and a few of which we shall quote by way of specimen.

'Her respectability, like every thing else connected with her, was in good taste, for it was untainted with either pedantry or methodism, and was, therefore, free from the insupportable *attirail* of boudoir science, or Bible society sway. She kept neither household poet, nor pet preacher,—neither worshipped Gall and Spurzheim, nor idolized the Rev. Edward Irving; and, strange to say, she contrived to reconcile a taste for intellectual enjoyment, and a respect for virtue and religion, with an avowed disrelish for Ancient music, and a regular attendance at Almack's, the Opera, and the French Play.' Vol. I. p. 94.

As this forms part of an elaborate character of a lady who is held up as a model of feminine excellence and propriety, it may be worth while to endeavor to translate it into English, for the purpose of showing the kind of morality which American publishers think fit to provide for their readers. The respectability of this lady, was in good taste *because* it was untainted with *methodism*, and was *therefore* free from *bible society sway*—and *because* she neither kept a *pet preacher*, nor idolized *Mr. Irving*, nor relished *ancient music*—by which we suppose the psalms of David are meant, as they are the most ancient lyrical compositions which are sung. The lady's taste was equally pure with regard to *pedantry*, the *boudoir sciences*, and *Gall and*

Spurzheim—yet she *had* a taste for intellectual enjoyment, and a respect for virtue and religion, which she contrived to reconcile with a regular attendance at Almack's, the Opera, and the French play—from all which we are expected to infer that though she was ignorant and irreligious, dissipated and fond of pleasure, she was also possessed of respectability, good taste, and a respect for virtue and religion!

Take another instance of the *taste for what is beautiful* and the *tact for what is humorous*, which distinguish this book :

‘A man may allow that his countenance is ugly in detail, or as a whole; but he will never acknowledge that its character is vulgar, or its expression repulsive :—and the least favored of the sons of Adam, on taking leave of his toilet glass for the day, will often cast a look of complacency on its surface, and mentally exclaim, in the words of a certain distinguished scholar and divine, on a similar occasion :—“Not handsome but d—d genteel!” Vol. I. p. 105.

This needs no comment, and we pass on to another of the remarks that *dazzle with their witty brilliancy* :

‘She swears, that if he does not marry Lord Strange's heiress, she will disinherit him, and leave her money to the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts; for amongst her *travers* she has lately taken very much to piety and Methodist parsons.’ Vol. I. p. 176.

How common it may be in England for ladies of high rank to *swear*, we pretend not to decide, but we apprehend that such of them as have ‘taken *very much* to piety,’ are not those among whom this vice is prevalent, and we strongly suspect that the author's acquaintance with swearing ladies, is much more intimate than his knowledge of Methodist parsons. The history of a wealthy peeress, who married a missionary, and accompanied him to the East, is thus concluded :

‘Lady Augusta, having accompanied her interesting missionary to the East, was so unlucky as to be seized with a brain fever at Smyrna; and on recovering from the protracted delirium which attends that complaint, she had the satisfaction to find that the Reverend Moses had taken advantage of her unconscious state, to decamp, carrying off with him every article of value belonging to her, including a large sum of money, and jewels to the amount of some thousands. Her confidential waiting maid was also absent without leave, and there was little doubt, that she had vouchsafed the solace of her society to the pilgrimage of the Reverend gentleman.’ Vol. II. p. 213.

We think it unnecessary to quote any more of such ‘gentle and sentimental radiance.’ If the fashionable circles of London can read such ribaldry, and the critics pronounce it ‘really delightful,’ we are not prepared to admire their taste, their refinement, or their morality; and we are very certain that no circle, fashionable or unfashionable, can be found on this side of the Atlantic, in which it would be admitted that an author writing thus of *them*, ‘paints with *truth*,’ or who would deliberately approve either his levity of sentiment, or vulgar flippancy of language.

The immorality of this book is not more disgusting, than the contemptible jargon in which it is written, and in which the author's slender knowledge of foreign languages, is only more conspicuous than his ignorance of his own. There is scarcely a paragraph which is not interlarded with Latin, French, Italian or some other foreign words—a species of literary coxcombry so subversive of all the rules of good taste, and so pernicious in its effect upon both thought and style, that no critic should be held guiltless who does not oppose it upon every suitable occasion.

ALPHABET OF SCIENTIFIC ANGLING, for the use of beginners. By JAMES RENNIE, M. A. Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. William Orr, London. 1833.

BESIDES the work whose title we have given, we find on the counter of our tasty neighbor, Mr. Flash, the Alphabet of Zoology, the Alphabet of Chemistry, with several other compends, by Professor Rennie, all of which are uniform in style, size, and plan, and each of which gives a concise outline of its subject, illustrated by very neat figures. We have looked over the A B C of catching fish, in which the professor appears to be quite an adept, and can recommend it to any gentleman who loves this agreeable sport, and is desirous of making himself useful, or of acquiring reputation, by capturing the finny wanderers of the deep upon his own hook. All of Mr. Rennie's works are said to possess the merit of accuracy, and they have met with a ready sale in this country. Those who need small portable text books will find them just the thing.

PINNOCK'S IMPROVED EDITION OF DR. GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. From the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the death of George II. With a continuation to the year 1832. With Questions for examination, at the end of each section, &c. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle. 1834.

WHATEVER critics may think or say to the contrary, the history of Goldsmith has ever been one of the most popular books in our language, and this is, after all, the best test of merit. Whether this be owing to its attractive and perfectly intelligible style, or to some other cause, it is not now important to inquire; it is one of the classics of our vernacular, and will probably long retain its standing, against the competition of the host of rivals that are daily springing up. The edition before us is got up in handsome style, and in a form to render it suitable for schools; questions are appended to each section, and the deficiencies of the original edition are supplied by copious notes. It is now the most useful abridged history of England with which we are acquainted.

THE POLITICAL GRAMMAR OF THE UNITED STATES; or a complete view of the Theory and Practice of the General and State Governments, with the relations between them. Dedicated and adapted to the Young Men of the United States. By EDWARD D. MANSFIELD, Counsellor at Law. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1834.

THE Political Grammar, is embraced in one volume, octavo, of less than 300 pages. About two-thirds of the work are occupied in discussing the constitution of the United States, and the theory and operation of the government under it. A concise view of the constitution, as expounded by many of its framers and by each of the presidents of the United States, together with the action of congress and the decisions of the supreme court of the United States upon it, all systematically arranged in juxta position with the sections of the instrument to which they refer, is given, with full and ample references to the different works which are cited as authority. The remaining portion of the volume embraces a review of the practical operation of

the national government; an account of the different departments and bureaus connected with its administration; and, an exposition of the state constitutions, and the practical operation of their respective governments, as understood by their framers and expounders, with similar references to authorities.

This work, of our fellow-townsmen—for although published in New York, it is the production of a citizen of Cincinnati—is altogether creditable to the author. It evinces much research, a thorough understanding of the subject, sound political views, great clearness of expression and power of condensation. The plan of it is good. We have nowhere met with any work, upon the same subject, which brings into so small a compass, the substance of so many executive, legislative, and judicial expositions of the constitution, as may be found in 'the Political Grammar.' The author comes to his work with that clear intellect and mathematical accuracy of thought for which he is well known in our city, and which are so essentially necessary in treating of a subject such as the one he is discussing. He has given a valuable manual for the politician and statesman; an excellent text book on constitutional law, for high schools and colleges; and an admirable work for study and reference to every citizen who desires to understand the constitution and the theory of the government under which he lives.

THE CONNECTION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES. By Mrs. SOMMERVILLE. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle. 1834.

THE author of this work has endeavored to simplify the laws of nature, and to unite detached branches of science by general principles. The effort is in accordance with the tendency of modern science, and with the increased light that has been shed upon truths which were formerly considered abstruse, and we think that she has been very successful. The plan of the work is good, and the execution careful.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. December 1, 1834. No. XLII. Boston: J. T. BUCKINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

THE New England Magazine has been justly considered one of the most spirited periodicals in our country. It has been uniformly conducted with talent and independence, and even those who have not subscribed to the justness of its criticisms, must admit that they have been frank and fearless. This work was established more than three years ago, by Mr. J. T. Buckingham, a veteran and able editor, in connection with his son, a young gentleman of admirable abilities and high promise. To the latter, chiefly, the public was indebted for the wit, the freshness, and the spirit, which distinguished the early numbers, and placed this periodical decidedly at the head of its class. The amiable and highly gifted Edwin Buckingham did not live to witness the successful result of his toils, but was cut off in the bloom of his youth, and in the morning of a career which promised honor to himself and usefulness to his country.

In the December number, it is announced that the New England Magazine has

passed into other hands. The late proprietor, in taking leave of the public, makes the following just and pathetic allusion to his lamented son :

‘The faults of this work, thus far, are attributable to the subscriber. Its merits, if there be any, must be shared by others. We could, if it were authorized, enumerate a list of contributors whose names would add lustre to any periodical publication. The applause it obtained on its first-appearance, and the support and protection it received through the earliest period of its existence, were won by the labors of a young man, to whom, as he is removed from the reach of praise or reproach, an allusion may be pardoned. “The sea his body, heaven his spirit, holds,”—but the object of this valedictory address would be but half accomplished, and injustice would be done to the memory of the loved and lost, were this acknowledgment omitted. While penning these lines, we feel the awful but invisible presence of the departed, mysteriously but affectionately calling for this recognition of his claim—this last appeal to the remembrance of friends he respected and loved. In his name, as well as our own—for him whose youthful pulse beat strong at every thought of his country’s fame, whose manly heart swelled high at the anticipated prosperity of his loved New England—whose mental faculties expanded and brightened with the hope of adding to the reputation and sharing the glory of his native city,—his surviving partner and representative bids farewell to the readers and to the pages of the New England Magazine.’

As one of the readers of the New England, from its commencement, we cannot avoid the expression of our regret at the abdication of its surviving founder, nor omit to embrace the occasion which is offered, for presenting to him the humble tribute of our approbation for what he has done,—our sympathy for what he has lost and suffered.

The new editors are Dr. Samuel G. Howe and John O. Sargent, Esq. Having no acquaintance with either, we are unable to decide what may be the probable amount of talent which they will bring to the support of the work; and we are certainly not favorably impressed by the two numbers which we have received—those for December and January. The first article in the January number, ‘Story-telling,’ by John Neal, is highly objectionable, as it contains some personal allusions, which are calculated to wound the feelings of those who are connected with the individuals alluded to. One, in particular, if true—which is doubted—should not have been told to the discredit of the dead; if untrue, it is a heartless slander.

In the December number is an article headed ‘Atheism in New England,’ in which the writer attempts to show that this species of infidelity is spreading rapidly in that part of the union, and labors to convince his readers that the whole of our institutions are in danger from the machinations of this party. He cites many circumstances in support of his opinions—but we must confess that we are not convinced. The number of atheists can never be great in a free and a moral community. It is too heartless a doctrine for a country like ours. No man who lives virtuously, and thinks with deliberation, can doubt the existence of a God—and in our land especially, where all public education is in the hands of the clergy, where the bible circulates freely, where the whole tone of moral feeling and public sentiment is adverse to the cold dogmas of scepticism, it is impossible that such idle theories can be widely disseminated.

The writer asserts, that there is now in our country ‘an extensive party, numbering

perhaps fifty thousand, who openly and violently assail christianity, and attack our systems of morals; a party which employs, as its organs, five newspapers, sundry periodicals, and whose presses in New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Boston, &c. groan with immense editions of the works of atheistical writers. Writers, whose open and avowed object is the overthrow of the christian religion; who deny the immortality of the soul; who say that '*the grand rule of life is to avoid suffering and procure enjoyment; and that all good or evil is to be measured by this standard.*' And he proceeds to infer from these premises, a long list of evils, which in his alarmed imagination, impend over the destiny of our country.

When a man assumes a position which is *prima facie* extravagant, and at war with the generally received opinions of the intelligent and thinking part of society, it is natural, that before looking abroad for proofs, *pro* or *con.* we should examine his own argument to see whether its parts hang together. We wish to know whether the theorist has convinced himself, before we can consent that he shall convert us. Now we find the writer in question asserting above, that the infidel party in the United States amounts to '*perhaps fifty thousand*'—yet, on the next page he says, 'Dr. Cooper states that half the male population of South Carolina are infidels; and the population of the valley of the Mississippi may be set down as half infidel.' We pause to inquire of what fact has this writer convinced himself? that the infidels in the United States number *fifty thousand*—or, that they number *two millions*? If he is uncertain himself, and is vibrating between these two extremes, it would be proper in us to wait until he has made up his mind. Whether he will stop at fifty thousand, or enlarge his theory so as to include half the population of the Mississippi valley, and half the males of South Carolina, we have yet to learn.

We find another discrepancy, which shows us that the writer is not certain that he understands himself. On one page he says, 'we point to the great valley of the Mississippi, one half of whose whole population are *unconnected with any religious society.*' On the next page, the proposition is, that 'the population of the valley of the Mississippi may be set down as half infidel.' We apprehend, that of any whole there can be but two halves, and as we will not suppose that the writer intends to say that one half of our population is *infidel*, and the other half *unconnected with any religious society*, we must infer that he does mean that all that half who are unconnected with religious societies, are atheists. A very charitable conclusion, truly!

Nor do we know exactly what he means by saying, that we may be *set down as half infidel*. Does he intend to say that half of our population are infidels, or that *all*, whether professing to be christians or not, are *half infidel*. What shall we make of one who is so vague in his assertions, that we cannot find out whether he means fifty thousand or two millions, or whether he calls half of us infidels, or all of us half-infidels. If it would not look a little like presumption for an *unlearned* man of the west to say so, we should be inclined to hint that if this writer would come out here, we could give him a lesson. We like people to speak so plain that there shall be *no two ways* of construing their language.

Here we would stop, under the conviction that one who has not made up his own mind as to what he is alarmed about, nor come to any certain conclusion as to how much alarmed it would be proper to be, will not create any great degree of fright in others; but there are considerations which induce us to consider the subject. There have been others who have made similar remarks about the west, and have fallen into errors equally egregious. We shall, therefore, endeavor to correct an error which has

been widely and industriously spread, and which, in our opinion, has been the cause of much mischief.

In a former volume of this work we commented upon an article in the *Sunday-school Journal*, supposed to be written by a clergyman from the west, who declared that 'a manifest tendency to atheism or heathenism, was evidently produced in *one or two stages of family descent*,' upon persons emigrating to the west. 'Their manners, intellectual character, and morals, *if in the meantime friendly intercourse with their neighbors was continued*, sunk progressively lower and lower, till they had lost all the superiority they possessed at the first migration of the parent stock.' Our exposure of the utter disingenuousness of those remarks, has never been answered, and the man who, in the prosecution of some selfish end, thus ventured to slander the country which was giving him bread, has been prudent enough not to avow his name.

At a meeting held in Boston, in 1832, on a subject connected with the interests of religion, a clergyman present, who claimed to know something personally of the west, said that 'religion had no strong hold on the affections of the people'—and again, that 'the majority of the people, of the adult males, of the western states, *doubt the divine origin of religion*.' Judge Story, who was present, said: 'I know something of that subject, from my personal intercourse and acquaintance with gentlemen from that interesting portion of our country; I have great reason to think that the statement which he has given is true.'

Thus we have had the same statement reiterated, in so many forms as to satisfy us, either that the people of New England have unaccountably fallen into an error, which is so widely spread that it is difficult to get their minds disabused, or else that a system of detraction has been carried on, in the execution of some plan, in which the people of these states are used as the instruments. That the men who make such statements believe them, is possible—but it is barely possible; because all the evidence is the other way. We are bound to be charitable; but when a man, who professes to have seen and examined for himself, describes the population of the west 'as sinking progressively lower and lower *in manners, intellectual character, and morals*,' we confess we find it hard to believe that he thinks he is telling the truth. When another tells us that a majority of the western population *doubt the divine origin of religion*, and another, that *one half are infidels*, or that all are half infidels, we are tempted to wonder how it is possible that an acute and soberminded people like those of New England, can be thus imposed upon. As they are a people that are not willingly imposed upon, we are sure that they will be obliged to us for a few facts, about which there can be no dispute.

It will not be denied, that under the republican form of government, public sentiment is the mainspring of every operation which depends on the suffrage, or the pecuniary support of the people. Every political, civil, and religious institution, is founded on popular opinion, and shaped by the popular will. The people not only have the right to be represented, but do actually and freely exercise that right. If there be in the practical operation of our governments, any abuse of this equitable and noble principle, it is in the propensity of aspirants for office to join in any popular clamor, which happens to be predominant—to follow popular indications when they are wrongly directed, as well as when they are right—to encourage the hasty decisions and prejudices of the people, instead of endeavoring to correct them. The representatives of the people therefore reflect their opinions, as faithfully as the mirror shows the substance that stands before it; and if it be true that a majority of the

population of any state be atheists, it will be equally true that their opinions will be expressed in their legislation. Yet we find nothing in the constitutions or laws of any of the western states, which gives countenance to irreligion, or could occasion alarm to the most pious christian; on the contrary, the direct tendency of all our public acts, is to encourage and promote a respect for the forms and practices of religion. The constitution of Ohio declares that 'religion, morality, and knowledge, are essentially necessary to the government, and the happiness of mankind;' the same idea is repeatedly recognized in her laws, and in those of the other western states. Laws for the suppression of vice and immorality—for punishing blasphemy—for the protection of worshiping congregations—for guarding the solemnities of oaths, are as usual as elsewhere. Oaths are administered in all judicial proceedings, and in the qualification of persons for office—a practice which would hardly be tolerated if one half of the population believed it to be an absurd mockery. No statute can be shown in which religion is treated with contempt, or the existence of a God denied. The Sabbath is even recognized by our lawgivers, who do not sit on that day, nor require the serving of process in civil cases, nor the performance of duties by public officers. Yet surely, if one half the population were atheists, these observances of the external forms of religion would not be adhered to; nor would our legislators thus carefully abstain from throwing the slightest disrespect upon religion, if they did not know that any other course of conduct would be offensive to their constituents. The *half* who are *atheists*, according to one authority, or the majority who *doubt the divine origin* of religion, agreeably to another, or the *successive generations* who are sinking lower and lower into *heathenism*, as another hath it, seem really to have taken little pains to be represented in our political assemblies; and we can assure the celebrated jurist who is named above, that if he would take the trouble to read any of our statute books, he would discover that we are neither atheists nor heathens, but are blessed with some glimmerings of civilization and christianity which might be thought surprising, and even edifying, by those who are not aware of them.

But there are other facts. We have in the whole valley twenty-five colleges, into all of the faculties of which the clergy have found admission; most of the faculties are composed entirely of clergymen and professors of religion; with but one exception, if indeed there be one, our colleges are entirely under the influence of the christian churches, and under the management of ministers of the gospel. Now how does this come about? Do the half-infidel population of our country *prefer* christian teachers for their sons? Cannot that half who are atheists start *one* college, when their opponents sustain *five and twenty*? Or is not that explanation the most plausible, which suggests, that atheism is so lightly esteemed here, that no institution for the dissemination of its tenets, can be tolerated? Fanny Wright tried her luck here, but people continued to marry and give in marriage, in spite of all she could say, Owen spent a fortune in trying to plant infidelity in our soil—but failed. It is almost the only thing that will *not* grow under our genial climate.

We have a few more facts. The editor of a religious newspaper in this city, who receives nearly all the other papers of the west in exchange for his own, assured us lately, that he had seen *but one* in which religion was treated with open disrespect. The editors as a body give their influence decidedly to the support of christianity. We would be willing to rest the cause on this one fact; for the press reflects public sentiment, and if one-half the people were atheists, there would be editors enough

found to represent their opinions. The circumstance that the editors are all on the other side, shows plainly enough which way the wind blows.

Ministers of the gospel, of different denominations, circulate through this whole valley—and are received with uniform kindness, respect, and hospitality. Wherever they travel, the houses of the people are thrown open to them freely; they are entertained gratuitously, and cheerfully, not only by their own respective adherents, but by any and every man indiscriminately, at whose door they choose to stop. The clergy will corroborate this evidence, as to their reception at the firesides of our farmers. It is true they are not gazed at with the wonder and reverence which attaches to the ministerial character, in some other places; the children do not hide behind the fences, nor peep round the corners of the house, to catch a glimpse of ‘the minister,’ nor does the good wife imagine him gifted with the spirit of prophecy. Most of our population have traveled; they have seen something of the world, and are not astounded by the presence of an educated man. They are in the habit of hearing public speeches, more than any other people, are good judges of eloquence, and are not struck with sudden admiration towards a stranger, who can converse or harangue with fluency. A young missionary, therefore, who is new and raw, or who has the organ of self-esteem largely developed, may very naturally imagine at first, that he does not receive the deference which is due to his clerical character, but he soon finds that he is among a people who respect religion, who appreciate the labors of the minister, and who receive him with sincere kindness.

These are stubborn facts; and we venture to say that no intelligent man can attentively and candidly examine them, without being struck with surprise at the frequency and pertinacity with which the atheism, heathenism, and irreligion of our population has been reiterated. We are not disposed, when treating so grave a subject, to deal in comparisons, but a proper regard for truth, and a just pride in the character of the country in which we live, induce us to remark, that if the statements of the methodist preachers who traverse our whole frontier, and visit the cabins in our new settlements, be compared with the observations of the ministers of the same denomination, who circulate among the dwellings of the illiterate in the Atlantic states, it will be found that the difference of character, as regards respect for religion, is greatly in our favor. And there is a reason why this should be the case. We have no sea-ports, and few large towns. The proportion of ignorant and debased foreigners, is infinitely less here, than in the Atlantic states. The proportion which the farmers bear to other classes, is greater in the new, than in the old states. Ours is almost wholly an agricultural community; and there is no question, that the farming population, as a class, is that in which there is the most sobriety, sedateness, and sound morals. The farmer cannot carry on his business without a home and a wife. They marry early, and become surrounded by the hallowing influence of the family—by all the cares and responsibilities which appeal to the best affections of the heart. They necessarily own live stock and other property, which requires their care, and are usually freeholders—interested in the prosperity of the country, the stability of its laws, and the purity of its institutions. We have few of that class described by the writer of the article on ‘Atheism in New England’ as ‘men of idle habits and loose morals, who have no chance and no wish for success in any fixed and honest calling, and who are ever ready for the introduction of any thing by which they may gain distinction and profit.’ That writer asserts that ‘there are more than three hundred infidels to be found

among the inhabitants of Lowell—we have no town of which such a statement would be true.

We have seen that the writer in the *New England Magazine*, has been grossly misinformed in relation to our country; we hope that he is equally mistaken in reference to his own, and that his alarm about Atheism is groundless. That he believes all he states, we have no doubt; but we imagine that he has been misled with respect to the prevalence of scepticism, by the confidence which he has placed in the statements of infidel writers. His account of the infidelity of South Carolina is given on the authority of Dr. Cooper, who might naturally be disposed to magnify the strength of his own party; and we think it not unlikely that other evidence has been drawn from sources equally liable to exaggeration.

VATHEK. An Oriental Tale.

THIS little volume has attained a high reputation in England, where it has long been considered as one of the standard classics. The author is undoubtedly a man of great talents; but his celebrity is no doubt derived partly, if not altogether, from his wealth and eccentricity. He is the same person who some years ago attracted great curiosity in England, by the expenditure of vast sums in the erection of an immense edifice, from which he carefully excluded all visitors. His mansion was splendidly furnished, his collection of books, paintings, and curiosities, rare; but his extensive park was surrounded by a high wall, with gates so well secured as to exclude the entrance of any intruder. No friend nor acquaintance was invited; and here the author of *Vathek*, lived like an owl in a hollow tree—the emblem of wisdom, which he gave no evidence of possessing. John Bull was in a perfect fever about Mr. Beckford—fretting with impatience to get inside of the tantalizing wall, burning with desire to survey the classic shades of the mysterious park, dying with curiosity to peep into the blue chambers of the forbidden mansion, and itching to finger the treasures of the library and cabinet of a rich author. But John Bull fevered, and fretted, and itched in vain; the walls continued to frown in solitary silence—the iron gates and their owner remained immovable. The contagious mania spread until it reached even royalty itself, and his majesty vouchsafed to cause it to be hinted to Mr. Beckford, that his majesty would be willing to condescend to pay him a visit; but even this did not shake the determination of the churlish scholar, who fairly flew in the face of royalty, and declined the offered visit. At length fortune changed; the fine estate and all the hidden treasures of the mansion were to be sold, and in anticipation of that event, were thrown open to the public. The concourse that crowded to the show, is said to have been incredibly great; for whole days, all the roads leading towards this attractive spot, were crowded with people of every age, sex, and condition—for, whatever may be the popular notion, curiosity does not belong particularly to any condition, sex, or age. The king of Great Britain felt it in common with the peasant, but it seems that although ‘a cat may look at a king,’ the king could not look at Mr. Beckford.

The republication of *Vathek* in this country, has enabled us to decide for ourselves, how far it is entitled to the high character it has enjoyed; and we suspect that our

disappointment has been something like that of the good folks who thronged the long closed avenues of Mr. Beckford's park, and found nothing very remarkable to reward them for their pains. *Vathek* is the production of a sensual and perverted mind. The events are extravagant, the sentiments pernicious, and the moral bad. It has nothing to recommend it, but ease of style and copiousness of language.

COLLEGE OF TEACHERS.

THE meeting of the professional teachers, held at this place a few weeks since, was one of high interest. A number of lectures were delivered, by different gentlemen, on topics connected with the great subject of education, to crowded audiences, who evinced by their punctual attendance, day after day, and their eager attention, that the questions which were agitated, were such as enlisted the sympathies of the community in no ordinary degree, and that the speakers fulfilled the expectations of the public. The talent and scholarship displayed in these discourses, were such as would have been creditable to a literary assembly in any country. There was more accurate knowledge, and solid argument, and less of declamation, of extravagance, or of attempts at novel theory, than are usual on such occasions. We have declined giving a more extended notice of these proceedings, because we understand that the lectures are about to be published, and it is our intention to place before our readers a full account of the contents of the volume, whenever it shall appear. The addresses to which we listened with the greatest pleasure, were those of the late lamented Mr. Grimke, Dr. Drake, Professor McGuffie of Oxford, Professor Post of Illinois college, and Edward D. Mansfield, Esq. of this city. These, though widely different from each other in style and sentiment, were all characterised by a superior degree of excellence. The two gentlemen first named sustained their high reputations, and the two latter, who are young champions in the proud field of letters, earned those laurels which reward the well directed efforts of genius. That of Professor McGuffie was altogether unique, and was an admirable specimen of severe thought, and close reasoning, clothed in concise and sententious language; but as this gentleman spoke without notes, it is feared that no adequate report of his discourse can be given. The volume will be a rich addition to our western literature, and a valuable auxiliary to those who are engaged, either as parents or teachers, in the important business of training the youthful mind. We hope that it will have the effect of conciliating the public favor, for this mode of disseminating the matured opinions of enlightened men, on topics connected with education, and that future meetings here, and elsewhere, will be productive of results equally brilliant and useful.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of DECEMBER, 1834; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. DEC'r 1834.	Thermometer.			Barometer. mean height in 's.	Course Wind. AM--PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.						
1	43.0	49.0	47.5	29.326	SE-SE	lt.bre.	0.78	cloudy.	
2	39.2	47.5	41.9	29.253	NW-W	lt.bre.	spr.	vari.	
3	29.0	32.2	30.1	29.616	W-W	str.bre.		vari.	
4	17.0	42.0	32.8	29.610	W-SW	lt.bre.		clear.	
5	27.0	48.0	41.2	29.251	SW-SE	str.bre.	0.47	cloudy.	
6	40.0	44.0	41.4	29.126	W-W	str.wd.		cloudy.	
7	32.0	56.0	46.4	29.106	SE-SE	lt.bre.		clear.	fine day hi.wd.nt
8	24.5	27.0	25.3	29.530	W-W	str.wd.		cloudy.	
9	22.0	33.0	27.0	29.820	W-W	str.bre.		fair.	
10	15.0	40.0	29.6	29.805	SW-SW	lt.bre.		clear.	
11	21.0	46.0	33.9	29.503	SW-SW	lt.bre.		clear.	smoky.
12	26.0	45.0	37.3	29.386	SW-SW	str.bre.		clear.	fine weather.
13	32.0	48.0	42.4	29.176	SW-SW	lt.bre.		clear.	
14	28.0	38.0	32.6	29.366	S-S	lt.bre.		clear.	
15	18.0	50.0	39.0	29.240	SE-SW	str.bre.		clear.	
16	33.2	49.2	41.4	29.266	SW-NE	lt.bre.		clear.	
17	32.0	41.0	37.7	29.466	NE-E	lt.bre.	0.12	cloudy.	
18	33.0	47.0	40.6	29.516	NE-NW	lt.bre.		fair.	
19	32.0	41.0	38.4	29.550	NW-NE	lt.bre.	0.04	cloudy.	
20	39.0	45.0	40.3	29.533	NW-NE	lt.bre.		vari.	
21	27.7	44.0	39.1	29.470	E-E	lt.bre.		vari.	
22	34.0	50.0	43.4	29.493	E-NE	lt.bre.		cloudy.	morn. smoky.
23	36.6	44.0	40.8	29.523	NE-NE	lt.bre.		cloudy.	
24	35.0	44.0	40.5	29.246	NE-NE	lt.bre.		cloudy.	
25	32.5	34.8	33.5	29.340	NE-NE	str.bre.	0.12	cloudy.	flakes snow.
26	27.5	33.0	31.0	29.446	NE-NW	lt.bre.		vari.	
27	17.0	35.0	28.5	29.440	W-SW	lt.bre.		fair.	
28	30.0	37.0	33.5	29.213	E-E	lt.bre.		cloudy.	
29	33.0	37.0	35.5	29.199	E-W	lt.bre.	spr.	cloudy.	very moist.
30	34.2	39.5	37.7	29.266	W-W	str.bre.	0.19	cloudy.	
31	31.0	36.0	33.5	29.531	W-W	lt.wd.		cloudy.	

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 36° 89

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 56° 0

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 15°

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 41°

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - - 29.4068

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.85

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 28.82

Range of barometer, - - - - - 1.03

Perpendicular depth of rain, (English inches) - - - - - 1.72

Direction of Wind: NE. 6½ days—E. 3½ days—SE. 3 days—S. 1 day—SW.
6½ days—W. 8 days—NW. 2½ days.

Weather: Clear and fair, 12 days—variable, 5 days—cloudy, 14 days.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1835.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL HARRISON.

(Continued from our last number.)

IN looking back at the civil services of general Harrison, previous to the brilliant career of military events, which placed his name conspicuously before his country, we find him engaged in a long series of transactions of the most important character. He was among the earliest of the pioneers in the forests of Ohio, and having spent a short period in active military service, entered upon the discharge of civil duties, at the first organization of our political institutions. He was one of those who laid the foundations of the new states which have grown up with such unexampled celerity and vigor; his name is identified with the early histories of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

There are no circumstances under which the mind acts with more vigor, than in the midst of such scenes as those to which we have alluded. When society is in its forming state—when civil institutions are to be created—when public sentiment is to be directed, and laws to be framed—those who are intrusted with the management of public affairs, are called upon to exert the highest powers of understanding, and the most active energy of invention. The founders and lawgivers of a new empire, without the aid of precedent to guide them, must adapt their measures to the anomalous condition in which they are actually placed, while they must provide for the thousand con-

tingencies which political foresight can but dimly discern through the vista of futurity.

If the art of governing be, as has been asserted, the most dignified, as well as the most difficult of human sciences, the early legislators and rulers of our new states, are entitled to a large tribute of gratitude and admiration. They had to learn, as well as to practise, the maxims of political economy. Most of them emigrated when young, with little legal knowledge, and no political experience. Few of them had drank deeply at the fountains of knowledge, either by commerce with the world, or by an elaborate course of study. Yet their labors were more arduous and complicated than those of ordinary statesmen. They had to ascertain the wants, and to develop the resources, of a new country—to make laws, and provide for their execution—to divide the territory, and erect local jurisdictions—to protect an extended frontier—to unite and govern a scattered population, collected from various parts of the union. In the performance of these duties they were obliged to rely chiefly upon the guidance of their own common sense—for they had no maps, books, or collections of statistics. When we consider these facts, and then examine the existing institutions of the western states, or trace the course of legislation back to its beginning, we are surprised to find how much clearness of thought, and purity of purpose, were brought to this great work. Although occasional marks of improvident legislation, or bad government, will be found, it will be seen, that the great principles of freedom have been preserved inviolate; that life, property, and character, have been held sacred; that irreligion, vice, and crime, have been discouraged, and industry has been protected. Above all, it will be found, that however we may doubt the soundness of the policy which has obtained in particular cases, the tendency of the whole system of government has been salutary, and the prosperity of the country unexampled. Wisdom is best recognized in its results; and when we claim a high place for the early rulers of the West, we have but to point to the fruits of their political sagacity. That general Harrison was one of the most conspicuous of those who are entitled to this praise, need only be suggested, for few have been so long or so actively engaged in public life.

The situation of Indiana, at the period when its government was in the hands of general Harrison, was peculiar, and its affairs singularly complicated. The population was divided into three settlements, so widely separated that they could do little towards the defence of each other. The intermediate country was traversed by tribes of Indians who were often

hostile, and by hunters who were continually embroiled with the savages. There were no roads through the country, nor houses of entertainment between the settlements. Travelers carried their tents and provisions, while the distance between the settlements rendered the exposure to attacks from the Indians very great. One of these settlements was at the Falls of Ohio, opposite Louisville; another at Vincennes, distant from the first, more than a hundred miles; and the other comprised the French population, in the tract extending from Kaskaskia to Cahokia, on the Mississippi, two hundred miles from Vincennes; Detroit was added, at the formation of the state of Ohio, and Missouri when first purchased.

The immense regions to the north and northwest, were inhabited by various tribes of Indians. The British traders who had penetrated into that wilderness, and were carrying on a lucrative traffick, used every exertion to embitter the minds of the savages against our people, for the purpose of preventing our competition in this business, and often succeeded in exciting them to acts of dreadful atrocity. It will be recollected, too, that the period of general Harrison's administration, was that immediately preceding the war with Great Britain—that, during which our¹ seamen were impressed, our commerce crippled, our flag insulted—and throughout all which, our government was engaged in fruitless negociations with the British cabinet. The angry feelings produced by that controversy, rendered the prospect of a war probable; and the British government, in anticipation of that event, directed their officers and agents, who were stationed at the posts along our northern frontier, to foment the dissensions between our people and the Indians. Liberal presents were, in consequence, made to the latter, who were plentifully supplied with arms and ammunition, and instigated to acts of bloodshed and plunder; nor were any means spared to excite their distrust towards our government, and to secure their assistance as allies, against us, in the approaching rupture.

Governor Harrison was, as we have stated, the sole commissioner for treating with the Indians within his jurisdiction. All the relations of our government with them, were conducted through him. He was required to treat with them, for the extinguishment of their title to large bodies of land—to keep them at peace with each other, and with the whites—to distribute the customary presents, and make the payments required by former treaties. In the prosecution of these duties, he was continually admonished by our government, to pursue a conciliatory and benevolent course of conduct, to endeavor to subdue

the hostile feelings of the Indians by kindness, to allure them to the arts of peace, to avoid every appearance of suspicion, and even to forbear from resenting injuries.

Tecumthe, and his brother the prophet, in the meanwhile, had formed a plan to unite all the western tribes in a league against our people, under the vain expectation that the combined Indian force would be sufficient to drive the whites beyond the mountains. To effect this object, that crafty and daring warrior, traversed the whole frontier, visited the different tribes, and exerted upon them the subtle diplomacy, and the masterly eloquence, in both of which he was so consummately skilled. Nor were these efforts unavailing. Tecumthe was a great man—a bold, acute, original thinker—an accomplished orator—a cunning negociator—and an able military chief. He was listened to by all with respect, and by many with conviction. Peculiarly gifted with that kind of tact which distinguishes the artful demagogue, he appealed successfully to the people; and although the chiefs held back, from motives of policy, and the old men paused, the younger warriors panted to follow him, to the slaughter and the spoil of the white man.

As a natural consequence of these various intrigues, the Indian propensity for carnage and plunder, became excited, and broke out continually in predatory incursions, and petty acts of violence; and the governor was frequently appealed to, by the citizens of the territory, to grant them redress, or permit them to take revenge. There was no season of perfect tranquillity; murders were committed, horses were stolen, hogs and cattle were shot in the woods—and scarcely was the indignation awakened by one outrage quieted, before another was perpetrated. On such occasions, the governor was obliged on the one hand to pacify and restrain the citizens, on the other, to admonish and rebuke the Indians. His instructions forbade the stronger measures, which would have effectually prevented the repetition of such offences.

Councils were often held with the Indians, to purchase their lands, or to inculcate upon them the pacific views of the government. Here were various interests to be reconciled, and conflicting passions to be soothed. Some of the chiefs were friendly, and disposed to preserve peace; some were mercenary, and willing to sell their friendship; while others were obstinate in the determination not to sell their lands, or malignantly hostile, and bent on provoking an open rupture. They differed also, in reference to the benevolent advice in regard to their own conduct, given them by our government; there were those

who believed us sincere in our efforts to induce them to live in peace, while others considered this an artful attempt to disarm them, and throw them off their guard, in order that they might be the more easily subdued; and when admonished to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, some admitted the suggestion to be friendly, while others considered this as an impertinent interference with their rights. Previous to such a council the British agents usually paid them a visit, and by inflammatory speeches, poisoned their minds against us. Such was the speech of colonel McKee, in November, 1804. ‘My children,’ said he, ‘it is true that the Americans do not wish you to drink any spiritous liquors, and therefore have told their traders that they should not carry any liquor into your country—but, my children, they have no right to say that one of your father’s traders, (that is, the British traders,) should carry no liquor among his children.’ ‘My children, your father, king George, loves his red children, and wishes his red children supplied with every thing they want; he is not like the Americans, who are continually blinding your eyes, and stopping your ears with good words, that taste sweet as sugar, and getting all your lands from you.’ Thus also, on a similar occasion, in 1805, he said to them, ‘My children, there is a powerful enemy of yours to the east, now on his feet, and looks mad at you, therefore, you must be on your guard; keep your weapons of war in your hands, and have a look out for him.’

With minds thus prejudiced, the Indians met the governor in council. Tecumthe, their greatest orator, and the firm ally of the British, was also there, exerting all the energies of his great mind, towards the accomplishment of his own plans, and the circumvention of the views of our government. He left no stone unturned; in council he spoke with bold eloquence, or with artful subtlety, as the occasion required—temporized, doubted, or openly charged our government with ambition and fraud, as seemed to him most politic; while he was secretly intriguing, and tampering with all the chiefs in the intervals between the sittings. He more than once planned the assassination of the governor; and at several times, purposely conducted himself with an audacious insolence, which was calculated to produce instant hostilities.

The success which attended these negotiations affords no small proof of the ability, prudence, and firmness of governor Harrison. They were held at points where there was no sufficient military force to protect the commissioner from treachery, or to enforce respect. The number of Indians assembled, was usually much greater than that of the whites. On most occa-

sions, a small guard of militia was with difficulty collected, from the thinly inhabited settlements; and the individuals composing it, were under the continual apprehension, that while absent from home on this duty, their families might be murdered by roving bands of savages. Governor Harrison felt it his duty, on more than one occasion, to stipulate that a certain number of warriors only should attend the treaties; yet in breach of these previous arrangements, and in violation of his instructions, they came in larger numbers, and completely armed, as if determined to overawe him by the show of power, or to perpetrate violence under the guise of friendship. The man who could sit in council, surrounded by hundreds of armed savages, burning with vindictive feelings, and in whose faith no confidence could be placed—who could listen calmly to the turbulent appeals of Tecumthe to the passions of that unruly multitude, and could see the working of their fierce natures, without betraying his own solicitude—and who could control and sway them to his own purposes—must have been gifted with more than ordinary presence of mind, and powers of conciliation. He made, while governor of Indiana, *thirteen* important treaties, and never attempted to make one in which he did not succeed. By these he extinguished the Indian title to sixty millions of acres, for a less price than has since been given for one-tenth part of that quantity. Mr. Jefferson, then president, testified publicly his approbation of these measures, and the people, as well as the legislature of Indiana, manifested their sense of the importance of Mr. Harrison's services, by complimentary resolutions.

In connection with Mr. Harrison's services as superintendent of Indian affairs, it is proper to allude here, to his voluminous correspondence with the government, which was published with the official documents of that period. His numerous letters alone, afford evidence of great industry, as they comprise a mass of valuable facts. They are distinguished by great minuteness of detail, showing a close and vigilant attention to all the concerns of this department, and are written with spirit and clearness. An elevated and benevolent tone of policy reigns throughout—a forbearing and kind spirit, towards the Indians, becoming the high functionary of a great, civilized, and christian people, together with a considerate regard for the interests of the population under his government. We dwell on this, because it shows goodness of heart, and steadfastness of principle, connected with an ability for the conducting of public affairs.

The speeches of governor Harrison to the legislature, which

was established when Indiana came into the second grade of government, are also worthy of notice. These embrace all the topics of legislation proper for a people just assuming their political rights, and preparing for admission into the union. They show an intimate acquaintance with the science of government, and with the condition of that population, and are characterized by an ardent love for the great principles of freedom. They evince also, that the office of governor was not a sinecure in the hands of Mr. Harrison, and that he participated largely in the organization of all the civil institutions of that state. Many men have been popular governors, whose good qualities were all of a negative character; they have been respected by the people because they did no harm, and beloved by the members of the legislature because they left to them all the labor and the credit of ruling. Mr. Harrison took his full share of duty and responsibility, and yet was popular.

We now resume the thread of our narrative. Up to the year 1811, Tecumthe and his brother were engaged, as we have seen, in constant intrigues against the United States. They had disturbed all the councils that were held, and endeavored to prevent every treaty that was attempted to be made. They asserted, that all the lands inhabited by Indians, belonged to the tribes indiscriminately—that no tribe had a right to transfer any of them to the whites, without the assent of all—and that consequently all the treaties that had been made were invalid.

In 1811, the near approach of a war between the United States and Great Britain, rendered them more audacious. They began to assemble a body of warriors at the prophet's town, on the head waters of the Wabash; marauding parties roved more frequently than ever towards the settlements; and a number of murders were committed on the fronties of Illinois and Indiana. These circumstances induced the governor to place the territory in the best posture for defence, which its limited resources would admit; and he was soon after directed by the president to move with an armed force towards the prophet's town. But he was imperatively commanded to avoid hostilities, 'of any kind, and to any degree, not indispensably required.'

The situation of a commander thus ordered to the field, with a limited discretion, which gave every advantage to the enemy, while it placed his own troops in constant jeopardy, was by no means enviable. At the head of undisciplined troops, always difficult to control, and now panting for revenge, a continued exertion of prudence was required to restrain their impatience. Before him was a numerous enemy prepared for war, and led

by an accomplished leader; behind him, a long line of scattered settlements, the safety of which depended on his success. With the conviction, founded on evidence that could scarcely be deceptive, that a battle must be fought, the event of which must decide the fate of hundreds of defenceless women and children, he was shackled by instructions, which gave to his foe the important advantage of choosing the time and place of attack—of selecting his own ground, and striking the first blow. He was to fight when attacked, but not till then—when the prophet should decide that the propitious hour had arrived—when the savage warrior should have matured his plan, and the shadows of the forest should be deepened by the gloom of a moonless night.

The army under governor Harrison consisted of little over nine hundred men, of whom about three hundred and fifty were infantry of the United States army, and the remainder volunteer militia, from Indiana and Kentucky. One hundred and twenty of these were dragoons. The governor in person exercised these troops, in that mode of formation which had been so successfully practised by Wayne; giving them the instruction which was equally necessary for the regular troops and the militia, as this kind of manœuvring was entirely new to the former. On the 28th of October, 1811, the march was commenced from fort Harrison, a point on the Wabash about sixty miles above Vincennes.

It is not our intention to attempt a detailed account of this campaign. The march to Tippecanoe was conducted with great prudence. The enemy hovered about our army in small parties, watching for an opportunity to attack it, or obstruct its advance; but the care taken by the governor to reconnoitre the country around him, the caution with which he passed all defiles and suspicious places, the sagacity with which the ground for encampment was always selected, and the practice observed of encamping in the order of battle, rendered futile every attempt to surprise this gallant little army.

The following extracts from M'Affee's History of the war, must close this part of our sketch.

'On the evening of the 5th November, the army encamped at the distance of nine or ten miles from the prophet's town. It was ascertained that the approach of the army had been discovered before it reached Pine creek. The traces of reconnoitring parties were very often seen, but no Indians were discovered until the troops arrived within five or six miles of the town on the 6th November. The interpreters were then placed with the advanced guard, to endeavor to open a communication

with them. The Indians would, however, return no answer to the invitations that were made to them for that purpose, but continued to insult our people by their gestures. Within about three miles of the town, the ground became broken by ravines and covered with timber. The utmost precaution became necessary, and every difficult pass was examined by the mounted riflemen before the army was permitted to enter it. The ground being unfit for the operation of the squadron of dragoons, they were thrown in the rear. Through the whole march, the precaution had been used of changing the disposition of the different corps, that each might have the ground best suited to its operations. Within about two miles of the town the path descended a steep hill, at the bottom of which was a small creek running through a narrow wet prairie, and beyond this a level plain partially covered with oak timber, and without underbrush. Before the crossing of the creek, the woods were very thick and intersected by deep ravines. No place could be better calculated for the savages to attack with a prospect of success, and the governor apprehended, that the moment the troops descended into the hollow, they would be attacked. A disposition was therefore made of the infantry to receive the enemy on the left and rear. A company of mounted riflemen was advanced a considerable distance from the left flank to check the approach of the enemy; and the other two companies were directed to turn the enemy's flanks, should he attack in that direction. The dragoons were ordered to move rapidly from the rear and occupy the plain in advance of the creek, to cover the crossing of the army from an attack in front. In this order the troops were passed over; the dragoons were made to advance to give room to the infantry, and the latter having crossed the creek, were formed to receive the enemy in front in one line, with a reserve of three companies—the dragoons flanked by mounted riflemen forming the first line. During all this time, Indians were frequently seen in front and on the flanks. The interpreters endeavored in vain to bring them to a parley. Though sufficiently near to hear what was said to them, they would return no answer, but continued by gestures to menace and insult those who addressed them. Being now arrived within a mile and a half of the town, and the situation being favorable for an encampment, the governor determined to remain there and fortify his camp, until he could hear from the friendly chiefs, whom he had despatched from fort Harrison, on the day he had left it, for the purpose of making another attempt to prevent the recurrence to hostilities. These chiefs were to have met him on the way, but no intelligence was yet

received from them. Whilst he was engaged in tracing out the lines of the encampment, major Daveiss and several other field officers approached him, and urged the propriety of immediately marching upon the town. The governor answered that his instructions would not justify his attacking the Indians, as long as there was a probability of their complying with the demands of the government, and that he still hoped to hear something in the course of the evening from the friendly Indians, whom he had despatched from fort Harrison.

‘To this it was observed, that as the Indians seen hovering about the army, had been frequently invited to a parley by the interpreters, who had proceeded some distance from the lines for the purpose; and as these overtures had universally been answered by menace and insult, it was very evident that it was their intention to fight; that the troops were in high spirits and full of confidence; and that advantage ought to be taken of their ardor to lead them immediately to the enemy. To this the governor answered, that he was fully sensible of the eagerness of the troops; and admitting the determined hostility of the Indians, and that their insolence was full evidence of their intention to fight, yet he knew them too well to believe, that they would ever do this, but by surprise, or on ground which was entirely favorable to their mode of fighting. He was therefore determined not to advance with the troops, until he knew precisely the situation of the town, and the ground adjacent to it, particularly that which intervened between it and the place where the army then was—that it was their duty to fight when they came in contact with the enemy—it was his to take care that they should not engage in a situation where their valor would be useless, and where a corps upon which he placed great reliance would be unable to act—that the experience of the last two hours ought to convince every officer, that no reliance ought to be placed upon the guides, as to the topography of the country—that relying on their information, the troops had been led into a situation so unfavorable, that but for the celerity with which they changed their position, a few Indians might have destroyed them: he was therefore determined not to advance to the town, until he had previously reconnoitred, either in person, or by some one, on whose judgment he could rely. Major Daveiss immediately replied, that from the right of the position of the dragoons, which was still in front, the openings made by the low grounds of the Wabash could be seen; that with his adjutant D. Floyd, he had advanced to the bank, which descends to the low grounds, and had a fair view of the cultivated fields and the houses of the town; and that the open woods, in which

the troops then were, continued without interruption to the town. Upon this information, the governor said he would advance, provided he could get any proper person to go to the town with a flag. Captain T. Dubois of Vincennes, having offered his services, he was despatched with an interpreter to the prophet, desiring to know whether he would now comply with the terms, that had been so often proposed to him. The army was moved slowly after in order of battle. In a few moments a messenger came from captain Dubois, informing the governor, that the Indians were near him in considerable numbers, but that they would return no answer to the interpreter, although they were sufficiently near to hear what was said to them, and that upon his advancing, they constantly endeavored to cut him off from the army. Governor Harrison, during this last effort to open a negociation, which was sufficient to show his wish for an accommodation, resolved no longer to hesitate in treating the Indians as enemies. He therefore recalled captain Dubois, and moved on with a determination to attack them. He had not proceeded far, however, before he was met by three Indians, one of them a principal counsellor to the prophet. They were sent, they said, to know why the army was advancing upon them—that the prophet wished, if possible, to avoid hostilities; that he had sent a pacific message by the Miami and Potawatamie chiefs. who had come to him on the part of the governor—and that those chiefs had unfortunately gone down on the south side of the Wabash.

‘A suspension of hostilities was accordingly agreed upon; and a meeting was to take place the next day between Harrison and the chiefs, to agree upon the terms of peace. The governor further informed them that he would go on to the Wabash, and encamp there for the night. Upon marching a short distance further, he came in view of the town, which was seen at some distance up the river upon a commanding eminence. Major Daveiss and adjutant Floyd had mistaken some scattering houses in the fields below, for the town itself. The ground below the town being unfavorable for an encampment, the army marched on in the direction of the town, with a view to obtain a better situation beyond it. The troops were in an order of march, calculated by a single conversion of companies, to form the order of battle which it had last assumed, the dragoons being in front. This corps, however, soon became entangled in ground, covered with brush and tops of fallen trees. A halt was ordered, and major Daveiss directed to change position with Spencer’s rifle corps, which occupied the open fields adjacent to the river. The Indians seeing this manœuvre, at the

approach of the troops towards the town, supposed that they intended to attack it, and immediately prepared for defence. Some of them sallied out, and called to the advanced corps to halt. The governor, upon this, rode forward, and requested some of the Indians to come to him, assured them, that nothing was farther from his thoughts, than to attack them—that the ground below the town on the river, was not calculated for an encampment, and that it was his intention to search for a better one above. He asked if there was any other water convenient besides that which the river afforded; and an Indian with whom he was well acquainted, answered, that the creek, which had been crossed two miles back, ran through the prairie to the north of the village. A halt was then ordered, and some officers sent back to examine the creek, as well as the river above the town. In half an hour, brigade major Marston Clarke and major Waller Taylor returned, and reported that they had found on the creek, every thing that could be desirable in an encampment—an elevated spot, nearly surrounded by an open prairie, with water convenient, and a sufficiency of wood for fuel.

‘An idea was propagated by the enemies of governor Harrison, after the battle of Tippecanoe, that the Indians had forced him to encamp on a place chosen by them as suitable for the attack they intended. The place, however, was chosen by majors Taylor and Clarke, after examining all the environs of the town; and when the army of general Hopkins was there in the following year, they all united in the opinion that a better spot to resist Indians was not to be found in the whole country.

‘The army now marched to the place selected, and encamped late in the evening, on a dry piece of ground, which rose about ten feet above the level of a marshy prairie in front towards the town, and about twice as high above a similar prairie in the rear; through which, near the bank, ran a small stream clothed with willows and brushwood. On the left of the encampment, this bench of land became wider; on the right it gradually narrowed, and terminated in an abrupt point, about one hundred and fifty yards from the right flank. The two columns of infantry occupied the front and rear. The right flank being about eight yards wide, was filled with captain Spencer’s company of eight men. The left flank, about one hundred and fifty yards in extent, was composed of three companies of mounted riflemen, under major general Wells, commanding as a major. The front line was composed of one battalion of United States’ infantry, under the command of major Floyd, flanked on the right by two companies of militia infantry, and

on the left by one company of the same troops. The rear line consisted of a battalion of United States' infantry, under captain Bean, commanding as a major; and four companies of militia infantry, under lieutenant-colonel Decker; the regulars being stationed next the riflemen under Wells, and the militia on the other end of the line adjoining Spencer's company. The cavalry under Daveiss were encamped in the rear of the front line and the left flank. The encampment was not more than three-fourths of a mile from the town.

'The order given to the army, in the event of a night attack, was for each corps to maintain its ground at all hazards till relieved. The dragoons were directed in such case, to parade dismounted, with their swords on and their pistols in their belts, and to wait for orders. The guard for the night consisted of two captains' commands of twenty-four men and four noncommissioned officers; and two subalterns' guards of twenty men and noncommissioned officers—the whole under the command of a field officer of the day.'

On the night of the 6th of November, the troops went to rest, as usual, with their clothes and accoutrements on, and their arms by their sides. The officers were ordered to sleep in the same manner, and it was the governor's invariable practice to be ready to mount his horse at a moment's warning. On the morning of the 7th, he arose at a quarter before four o'clock, and sat by the fire conversing with the gentlemen of his family, who were reclining on their blankets waiting for the signal, which in a few minutes would have been given, for the troops to turn out. The orderly drum had already been roused for the reveillé. The moon had risen, but afforded little light, in consequence of being overshadowed by clouds, which occasionally discharged a drizzling rain. At this moment the attack commenced.

'The treacherous Indians had crept up so near the sentries as to hear them challenge when relieved. They intended to rush upon the sentries and kill them before they could fire; but one of them discovered an Indian creeping towards him in the grass, and fired. This was immediately followed by the Indian yell, and a desperate charge upon the left flank. The guard in that quarter gave way, and abandoned their officer without making any resistance. Captain Barton's company of regulars, and captain Keiger's company of mounted riflemen, forming the left angle of the rear line, received the first onset. The fire there was excessive; but the troops who had lain on their arms, were immediately prepared to receive, and had gallantry to resist the furious savage assailants. The manner of

the attack was calculated to discourage and terrify the men; yet, as soon as they could be formed and posted, they maintained their ground with desperate valor, though but very few of them had ever before been in battle. The fires in the camp were extinguished immediately, as the light they afforded was more serviceable to the Indians than to our men.

‘As soon as the governor could mount his horse, he proceeded towards the point of attack, and finding the line much weakened there, he ordered two companies from the centre of the rear line to march up and form across the angle in the rear of Barton and Keiger’s companies. General Wells immediately proceeded to the right of his command; and colonel Owen, who was with him, was proceeding directly to the point of attack, when he was shot on his horse near the lines, and thus bravely fell among the first victims of savage perfidy. A heavy fire now commenced all along the left flank, upon the whole of the front and right flank, and on a part of the rear line.

‘In passing through the camp, towards the left of the front line, the governor met with colonel Daviess and the dragoons. The colonel informed him that the Indians, concealed behind some trees near the line, were annoying the troops very severely in that quarter; and he requested permission to dislodge them, which was granted. He immediately called on the first division of his cavalry to follow him, but the order was not distinctly heard, and but few of his men charged with him. Among those who charged were two young gentlemen who had gone with him from Kentucky, Messrs. Meade and Sanders, who were afterwards distinguished as captains in the United States’ service. They had not proceeded far out of the lines, when Daveiss was mortally wounded by several balls and fell. His men stood by him, and repulsed the savages several times, till they succeeded in carrying him into camp.

‘In the mean time the attack on Spencer and Warwick’s companies on the right, became very severe. Captain Spencer and his lieutenants were all killed, and captain Warwick was mortally wounded. The governor, in passing towards that flank, found captain Robb’s company near the centre of the camp. They had been driven from their post; or rather, had fallen back without orders. He sent them to the aid of captain Spencer, where they fought very bravely, having seventeen men killed during the battle. Captain Prescott’s company of United States’ infantry had filled up the vacancy caused by the retreat of Robb’s company. Soon after colonel Daveiss was wounded, captain Snelling at the head of his company charged on the same Indians and dislodged them with considerable loss. The

battle was now maintained on all sides with desperate valor. The Indians advanced and retreated by a rattling noise made with deer hoofs: they fought with enthusiasm, and seemed determined on victory or death.

‘As soon as daylight appeared, captain Snelling’s company, captain Posey’s, under lieutenant Albright, and captain Scott’s, were drawn from the front line, and Wilson’s from the rear, and formed on the left flank; while Cook’s and Bean’s companies were ordered to the right. General Wells took command of the corps formed on the left, and with the aid of some dragoons, who were now mounted and commanded by captain Parke, made a successful charge on the enemy in that direction, driving them into an adjoining swamp through which the cavalry could not pursue them. At the same time Cook’s and lieutenant Laribie’s companies, with the aid of the riflemen and militia on the right flank, charged on the Indians and put them to flight in that quarter, which terminated the battle.

‘During the time of the contest, the prophet kept himself secure, on an adjacent eminence, singing a war song. He had told his followers, that the Great Spirit would render the army of the Americans unavailing, and that their bullets would not hurt the Indians, who would have light, while their enemies were involved in thick darkness. Soon after the battle commenced, he was informed that his men were falling. He told them to fight on, it would soon be as he had predicted, and then began to sing louder.’

The battle of Tippecanoe gave rise to much discussion. Some were found who censured governor Harrison, and a few claimed a part of the glory of the day for colonel Boyd. But the handsome manner in which all the officers who served in that engagement, have since testified to the coolness, selfpossession, and intrepidity of the general, has placed this matter in its proper light. As far as any commander is entitled to credit independent of his army, he merits, and has received it. The Kentucky legislature, notwithstanding the gloom which was spread over the whole state by the untimely loss of some of her most cherished and gallant sons, took an early opportunity of testifying their approbation by the following resolution:

‘*Resolved*, that in the late campaign against the Indians on the Wabash, governor W. H. Harrison, has in the opinion of this legislature, behaved like a hero, a patriot, and a general; and that for his cool, deliberate, skilful, and gallant conduct, in the late battle of Tippecanoe, he deserves the warmest thanks of the nation.’

The Indiana legislature, also, passed complimentary resolu-

tions, in which the 'superior capacity,' 'integrity,' and important services, of the governor, are recognized in the most grateful terms; while the militia, who were in the engagement, at a meeting held after their return, unanimously expressed their confidence in their leader, the cheerfulness with which they had followed him, and the opinion that their success was attributable to his 'masterly conduct in the direction and manœuvring of the troops.'

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

BRITISH STATESMEN.

NO. II.

THERE are certain periods in the history of every country, upon which the mind dwells with pleasure, and from which it receives equal instruction and delight. The rapid succession of great and important events; the wit, the talents, and the intrigues of the court; the splendor and abilities of the reigning monarch; the obscurer employments, but not less dazzling achievements of the poet, the scholar, and the man of genius; at once strike the fancy and interest the feelings. We pause to admire the bright spots in the annals of mankind, and to compare them with those darker pages in history, from which, if any momentary rays shoot forth, they dazzle us only with a fleeting brilliancy, and no sooner appear than vanish away. We stop to wonder at the mighty effects of wisdom, policy, and justice; and to contrast the flourishing condition of populous capitals with the wretched prospects of depopulated provinces. It is for these reasons that the people of England look back to the reign of queen Elizabeth with peculiar pride and pleasure. They extol her tender regard for her subjects: her zeal for the protestants, and her aversion for the catholics. Her deepsighted policy and administration, which raised the kingdom in wealth, importance, and intelligence: the economy of her administration, which never led her to make exorbitant exactions from the people—the ability of her counsellors; the constancy with which she protected them; the attention with which she listened to their advice, and yet never allowing any one of them to gain an undue ascendancy over her—the chivalry, learning, and genius of her courtiers—the promptness, the ability, and the success with which she met her enemies on land and on sea, at home and abroad—have all come in for a share of their en-

comiums, and especially by the party in England who had most distinguished itself by an adherence to liberty and a popular government, have been the theme of the most unbounded panegyrics. Some have even gone so far, either through ignorance or prejudice, as to extol her tender regard for the constitution, and her sincere affection for the liberties of the people. The most imperious and despotic of queens is held up as a model for princes: a government which can be compared to none other than that of modern Turkey, and whose principles would soon have reduced the seat of arts, of industry, of wealth, of commerce, to a level with Morocco and the coasts of Barbary, is seriously eulogized for its maternal solicitude for the rights of the people, and its deep respect for the privileges of parliament.

Queen Elizabeth was undoubtedly one of the most illustrious princesses, that ever sat upon the throne of England. The unanimous consent of posterity has long since produced a judgment upon her conduct and character. Vigorous, constant, magnanimous and vigilant; endowed with the most profound penetration and gifted with address, though not graced with beauty, she possessed all the energy and spirit of a man, without at the same time being exempt from the lesser foibles and lighter vanities of her own sex. Her character was so distinctly marked, that her virtues did not degenerate into the neighboring vices. Heroic, yet not rash; frugal, yet not avaricious; active, yet not turbulent; she possessed all the qualities of a great sovereign, and but for want of beauty, her jealousy of love and her desire of admiration, would have been an amiable woman as well as a perfect character. She was open to flattery, and full of all the levities of the lightest of her sex. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress, and could wish that she had possessed greater lenity of temper, softness of disposition, and even some of the amiable weaknesses of her sex. But, it is not in this light, that we can estimate her character rightly. We must view her as a sovereign. And as a sovereign, never prince surpassed her. The ceremonial of her court equalled the servility of the East. Her greatest favorites, her wisest counsellors never dared to approach her without kneeling. The officers and ladies of the court never approached her table, even during her absence, without prostration, and every other mark of reverence due her majesty in person. But, if Elizabeth deserves praise for the vigor and wisdom of her long administration, she is entitled to no less credit for the judgment with which she selected, and the consistency with which she protected her able ministers. The success of a statesman depends upon the combination of so

many fortuitous circumstances, that it seldom fails to be attended with frequent defeat and embarrassment. If, however, the ability of a public man can be fairly estimated by the length of his public life, and the uniform tenor of his political career, and the lasting benefits of the measures which he originates, nowhere in English history can we find a man so deservedly eminent as that of lord Burleigh.

Sprightliness, vivacity and uncommon brilliancy of genius, though sometimes sure prognostics of future excellence, are oftener evidences only of precocity of intellect. The wisdom of age does not correspond with the expectations of youth, nor the harvest of autumn answer to the promise of spring. But a judgment which improves with experience, and is strengthened by observation; a desire of excellence, which not even confessed superiority can gratify; a thirst for knowledge, which the most painful research and extensive acquisitions cannot satiate; a penetration, which takes equal delight in diving into the characters of others, and preserving its own thoughts secret and unknown—these are qualities which insure future eminence and lasting distinction. Of these qualities was the mind of Cecil composed. He suffered no irregularities to interrupt his pursuits; he determined to excel by the certain means of incessant application. He rose early in the morning and retired late at night. He allowed nothing to pass him unobserved, and there was no knowledge which was thought proper to be taught, that he did not consider useful to learn. His indefatigable industry soon led to a proficiency that brought him into notice and distinction. At the age of sixteen, he delivers lectures on the logic of the schools and the elements of the Greek language. Indeed, in all the departments of learning taught in the university at that time, he became thoroughly grounded. The strength of his constitution was not, however, equal to the vigor of his mind. In consequence of his painful and laborious study, uninterrupted by proper intervals of exercise and repose, he contracted a humor in his legs, which, though he subsequently cured, yet his physicians afterwards considered as the chief cause of that inveterate gout, which embittered the latter part of his long and useful life.

Thoroughly grounded in preparatory studies, Burleigh was well prepared to commence the study of the law. He possessed all those qualifications which sir William Blackstone lays down as necessary to commence the study of the legal profession with credit and advantage. He had formed both his style and sentiments by a perusal of the purest classical writers; he could reason with precision and separate argument from fallacy;

he had enlarged his conceptions of nature and of art by a study of philosophy; and he was well acquainted with the law of nations and nature, with the imperial laws of Rome and the freer, simpler and more admirable system of the common law of England. Had Burleigh devoted his whole mind to the law, he would soon have risen to the first ranks of the profession. But his mind was intensely fixed on political advancement. His own merit, the favor of prince Edward and of Somerset, afterwards Protector, and the matrimonial alliances which he had formed, raised him to the highest offices in the kingdom, and finally to that of secretary of state. His quick insight into the characters of men, enabled him to suit his conversation to persons and to circumstances; his prudence, reserve and command of temper, preserved him from those imprudences and indiscretions which, proceeding from weakness rather than vice, so often bar the way to promotion. Burleigh's situation, however, was such that no prudence on his part could prevent his fall. His patron soon fell from power by the intrigues and cabals of the duke of Northumberland, and he himself was thrown into prison, by that crafty and ambitious nobleman. He remained in the tower only a short time, being looked upon by Northumberland as a fit instrument to execute his purposes. More prudent than grateful, Burleigh took no measures to release his early patron from confinement; but coldly told him, that if he was innocent, he might trust to that, and if he were guilty, he could only pity him. Perhaps, he thought, that any interposition on his part, would be equally imprudent and unavailing; that if he attempted the preservation of Somerset, he would run an imminent hazard of sharing in his ruin, and that thus without benefiting his friend, he would probably lose his own property, liberty and life, and leave behind him only the praise of unsuccessful generosity.

For forty years, Burleigh was the prime minister of Elizabeth. That queen, possessed of penetration to perceive and judgment to appreciate his talents, reposed with the utmost confidence on his known fidelity and tried abilities. Her passions, her prejudices, and her caprices, though they often broke out in the severest invective and most violent abuse upon the rest of her favorites, always yielded to the cool, deliberate and weighty reasonings of the secretary of state. Elizabeth, though disposed to the protestant religion, still retained a fondness for many of the forms and ceremonies of the catholic church, and was not inclined to carry the reformation so far as public sentiment and the opinion of her counsellors seemed to demand. The protestants were divided into two parties; those

who adhered to the institutions of Elizabeth, and the nonconformists or puritans. An arbitrary government was appointed with full powers to bring offenders to punishment, and as any resistance to the injunctions of the queen—the supreme head of the church—was construed into sedition and treason, many persons of unquestioned loyalty were thrown into prison, their goods confiscated, and they themselves banished into foreign lands. Cecil was sometimes put to the ungrateful task of executing the queen's mandates against the puritans. He might, perhaps, have preferred his independence to his office. But he was too much of a statesman to pursue such a course. He knew, that out of office, he could be of benefit neither to himself nor his friends; and he seemed to think with Machiavel, that when great evils have grown up in the state, it is better to temporize with them, rather than resist them with violence. The inquisition which was thus virtually established, threatened to prove prejudicial to royal prerogative. The clergy, after the example of the church of Rome, began to give some hints of a divine right to the keys of St. Peter and the sword of St. Paul, which by a wonderful concatenation, had descended to them from the very days of the apostles. The puritans, exasperated against the church, began to expect some changes in government, as well as religion; and nothing but the remonstrances of Cecil, and the peculiar circumstances of the times, prevented these dispositions from leading to the most dangerous consequences.

In civil transactions, the cautious temper and prudent policy of Burleigh had a greater influence over Elizabeth. He was above all other men a safe politician, and his principles of government, excellent at any period, were peculiarly fortunate in the dangerous and delicate times in which he lived. Though a strenuous advocate of a pacific policy and strict frugality, his forbearance did not spring from timidity, or his parsimony from a contracted mind. His plans, with regard to religion and domestic policy, were remarkable for their uniformity; and were the result of a temper always cool and cautious, and a mind seldom blinded by prejudice and never precipitated by passion. Without doubt, his heart was in some respects as cool as his head, and many of his actions bring censure rather than praise on his memory. This, however, is certain, that the glory of Elizabeth's administration was owing almost entirely to his counsels; and the measures which she pursued in opposition to his sentiments, proved, in the end, unfortunate to the boasted prosperity and splendor of her reign. If she had rejected the wise counsels of Burleigh, and had listened to the

suggestions of her favorite Leicester, or seconded the violence and ungovernable passions of Essex, or followed the stern and aristocratic principles of Raleigh, one of the brightest epochs in English history would have been disfigured by mistakes, and perhaps blotted by crime.

It has long since been remarked, that the greatest statesmen are scarcely objects of envy. Their fame and reputation are purchased at the expense of peace and quiet; their motives are continually misconstrued, and their actions grossly misrepresented. This was particularly the case with lord Burleigh. The part which he took in the transactions between Elizabeth and the queen of Scots, subjected him to the implacable hatred of the catholics. The more bigoted of the clergy reviled him, because he did not second the virulence of their persecuting spirit. The puritans, on account of his moderation, suspected him to be a papist in disguise, and an enemy to the true religion. His prudence and pacific policy exposed him to the scorn and insults of the more violent courtiers, and made him, in an eminent degree, the object of popular hatred and resentment. From his supposed influence in public affairs, the enemies of government charged him with all the abuses of the times; and even Elizabeth, from a most unaccountable jealousy, suspected him of a fondness and attachment for the queen of Scots. Scarcely a day passed by, that he was not assailed by libels; and several attempts were even made to carry him off by assassination. The rest of the courtiers were his most bitter enemies, and had laid a plot to bring about his ruin; but Elizabeth, discovering their designs, rushed into the council room, and hurled upon them one of those terrible reprimands which were more distinguished for vigor than delicacy. But though he had great influence over the queen, Elizabeth was proverbial for her frugality, and more fortunes were spent than made in her service. The magnificent hospitality, which the historians attribute to Burleigh, he was enabled to keep up, not by the liberality of the queen, but by a fortune gained from the regular proceeds of his offices. He was a man of the most incessant application to business. There was a method and despatch in his way of transacting the affairs of the nation, which can be estimated only by the wonderful effects which they produced. For the period of forty years, he was never seen idle; and when not engaged in more important business, he devoted his time to reading, writing and conversation. Next to his unrivalled industry was his invincible reserve. He never attempted to deceive; but it was hopeless to try to ascertain his secret views and secret sentiments. He made no confidants, even of his most

intimate friends; and his unaltered countenance and unembarrassed motions never manifested the impressions which the most startling facts made upon his mind. 'Attempts,' he said, 'are most likely to succeed, when planned deliberately, carried on secretly, and executed speedily.' He never declared in favor of any one of the houses that had pretensions to the throne on the death of Elizabeth. That queen gave her commands only on her deathbed, and lord Burleigh carried his opinions along with him to the grave. He was calm, collected, and energetic, in the most trying circumstances. The most violent assaults of his enemies could never rouse him to revenge. It was a settled rule of policy with him, to extend kindness to an enemy in proportion to the injuries which he had done. Leicester, Essex, and sir Nicholas Throgmorton—all his most bitter enemies—were reconciled to him, when they perceived that their hostility was returned with friendship, and that his credit was too well established to be easily shaken. Burleigh possessed great discernment in selecting men for public employment. He first brought into notice sir Francis Walsingham, one of the ablest statesmen of the times. Indeed, by his attention to merit and neglect of interest, he incurred the odium of the nobles, who thought that offices which they could not execute, as well as honors which they had not gained, should be entailed upon them and their descendants forever. With Burleigh the poor received equal justice and redress with the rich; and though he would not obstruct the pretensions of a friend at court, yet he would listen to no application that might blind his judgment or blemish his integrity. Although we cannot approve the means which he used for obtaining intelligence, we cannot but admire the ease with which he detected conspiracies. His mind was disposed to piety. He was firm in his devotion to the protestant, and unalterable in his aversion to the catholic religion. In his celebrated maxims, which he left his son, (afterwards earl of Salisbury, and minister to James I.) and which he tells him next after the tables of Moses, should be impressed on his mind, he warns him not to cross the Alps, for he would learn at Rome nothing but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. These advices are so excellent and so admirable, that a few extracts from them may not be out of place.

I. 'When it shall please God to bring thee to a man's estate, use great prudence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. It is an action of thy life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. Let thy hospitality be moderate—rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly; for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. The needy

man can never live happily or contentedly; for every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell; and that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit.

2. 'Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly.

3. 'Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee; for he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of husbandry, is like him that keepeth water in a sieve.

4. 'Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and tables.

5. 'Beware of suretiship, for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debt, seeketh his own decay.* But if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money on good bonds, although thou borrow it. Neither borrow money of a neighbor or a friend, but of a stranger. In borrowing of money, be precious of thy word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment, is lord of another man's purse. Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles. Towards thy superiors be humble, towards thy equals affable and respective. Trust not any man with thy life, credit or estate. Be not scurrilous in conversation, or satirical in jests.'

Lord Burleigh died at an advanced age. His death excited regret and sorrow even among the unthinking multitude, who had always opposed him while alive; but, who now perceived that they had lost a guardian and protector. He does not seem to have possessed any shining talents of address, eloquence or imagination. He was distinguished chiefly by solidity of understanding, propriety of manners, and an indefatigable application to business. More prudent than grateful; sedate and dignified in public, but kind and condescending in private; successful in his ends, but not always justifiable in his means; too polite to be revengeful, too cautious to be adventurous, and too wary to give offence; more admired for the powers of his mind, than beloved for the qualities of his heart; profound in his knowledge of men, and deep in his reading of books; more anxious to conciliate his enemies, than solicitous to serve his friends; equally attentive to business and devoted to study, lord Burleigh is doubtless one of the ablest men that England has ever produced. A poor orator, but finished statesman; with a nature to follow rather than to lead; with

* Neither a borrower or a lender be,
For loan often loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

talents more useful than brilliant; cool in his temper, sound in his judgment, and honest indeed, but not inflexible in his principles, he possessed a mind not remarkable for moral or intellectual elevation, but admirably calculated to shine at the court and in the cabinet. Too shrewd to be generous, he served his friends after he had served himself, and was equally careful of the public welfare and his own advantage. He was not too honest to accommodate his opinions to those of the court, nor too scrupulous to execute the oppressive measures of the queen. He never deserted his friends, but when it was inconvenient to stand by them; and was an excellent protestant when it was not advantageous to be a papist.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR'S WIFE.

WHAT impels me to take up my pen, compose myself to the act of writing, and begin the record of feelings and events which will inevitably throw a shadow over the character which too partial and misjudging affection once beheld shining with reflected lustre? I know not—but it seems to me, as if a divine voice whispered from the boughs that wave by my window, occasionally intercepting the sun's rays that now fall obliquely on my paper, saying, that if I live for memory, I must not live in vain—and that, perchance, when I, too, lie beneath the willow that hangs over *his* grave, unconscious of its melancholy waving, a deep moral may be found in these pages, short and simple as they may be. Then be it so. It is humiliating to dwell on past errors—but I should rather welcome the humiliation, if it can be any expiation for my blindness, my folly—no! such expressions are too weak—I should say, my madness, my sin, my hardhearted guilt.

It is unnecessary to dwell on my juvenile years. Though dependent on the bounty of an uncle, who had a large family of his own to support, every wish which vanity could suggest, was indulged as soon as expressed. I never knew a kinder, more hospitable, uncalculating being, than my uncle. If his unsparing generosity had not experienced a counteracting influence in the vigilant economy of my aunt, he would long since have been a bankrupt. She was never unkind to me; for I believe she was conscientious, and she had loved my mother tenderly. I was the orphan legacy of that mother, and consequently a sacred trust. I was fed and clothed like my wealthier

cousins; educated at the same schools; ushered into the same fashionable society, where I learned that awkwardness was considered the only unpardonable offence, and that almost any thing might be said and done, provided it was said and done gracefully. From the time of our first introduction into what is called the world, I gradually lost ground in the affections of my aunt, for I unfortunately eclipsed my elder cousins in those outer gifts of nature and those acquired graces of manner, which, however valueless when unaccompanied by inward worth, have always exercised a prevailing, an irresistible influence in society. I never exactly knew why, but I was the favorite of my uncle, who seemed to love me better than even his own daughters, and he rejoiced at the admiration I excited, though often purchased at their expense. Perhaps the secret was this. They were of a cold temperament; mine was ardent, and whatever I loved, I loved without reserve, and expressed my affection with characteristic warmth and enthusiasm. I loved my indulgent uncle with all the fervor of which such a nature, made vain and selfish by education, is capable. Often, after returning from an evening party, my heart throbbing high with the delight of gratified vanity, when he would draw me towards him and tell me—with most injudicious fondness, it is true—that I was a thousand times prettier than the flowers I wore, more sparkling than the jewels, and that I ought to marry a prince or a nabob, I exulted more in his praise, than in the flatteries that were still tingling in my ears. Even my aunt's coolness was a grateful tribute to my self-love—for was it not occasioned by my transcendancy over her less gifted daughters?

But why do I linger on the threshold of events, which, simple in themselves, stamped my destiny—for time, yea, and for eternity.

It was during a homeward journey, with my uncle, I first met him, who afterwards became my husband. My whole head becomes sick and my whole heart faint, as I think what I might have been, and what I am. But I must forbear. If I am compelled at times to lay aside my pen, overcome with agony and remorse, let me pause till I can go on, with a steady hand, and a calmer brain.

Our carriage broke down—it was a common accident—a young gentleman on horseback, who seemed like ourselves a traveler, came up to our assistance. He dismounted, proffered every assistance in his power, and accompanied us to the inn, which fortunately was not far distant, for my uncle was severely injured, and walked with difficulty, though supported by the stranger's arm and my own. I cannot define the feeling, but

from the moment I beheld him, my spirit was troubled within me. I saw, at once, that he was of a different order of beings from those I had been accustomed to associate with; and there was something in the heavenly composure of his countenance and gentle dignity of manner, that rebuked my restless desire for admiration and love of display. I never heard any earthly sound so sweet as his voice. Invisible communion with angels could alone give such tones to the human voice. At first, I felt a strange awe in his presence, and forgot those artificial graces, for which I had been too much admired. Without meaning to play the part of a hypocrite, my real disposition was completely concealed. During the three days we were detained, he remained with us; and aloof from all temptation to folly, the best traits of my character were called into exercise. On the morning of our departure, as my uncle was expressing his gratitude for his kindness, and his hope of meeting him in town, he answered—and it was not without emotion—‘I fear our paths diverge too much, to allow that hope. Mine is a lowly one, but I trust I shall find it blest.’ I then, for the first time learned that he was a minister—the humble pastor of a country village. My heart died within me. That this graceful and uncommonly interesting young man should be nothing more than an obscure village preacher—it was too mortifying. All my bright visions of conquest faded away. ‘We can never be any thing to each other,’ thought I. Yet as I again turned towards him, and saw his usually calm eye fixed on me with an expression of deep anxiety, I felt a conviction that I might be all the world to him. He was watching the effect of his communication, and the glow of excited vanity that suffused my cheek was supposed to have its origin from a purer source. I was determined to enjoy the full glory of my conquest. When my uncle warmly urged him to accompany us home, and sojourn with us a few days, I backed the invitation, with all the eloquence my countenance was capable of expressing. Vain and selfish being that I was—I might have known that we differed from each other as much as the rays of the morning star from the artificial glare of the skyrocket. *He* drew his light from the fountain of living glory, *I* from the decaying fires of earth.

The invitation was accepted—and before that short visit was concluded, so great was the influence he acquired over me, while *I* was only seeking to gain the ascendancy over *his* affections, that I felt willing to give up the luxury and fashion that surrounded me, for the sweet and quiet hermitage he described, provided the sacrifice were required. I never once thought of the duties that would devolve upon me, the solemn responsi-

bilities of my new situation. It is one of the mysteries of Providence, how such a being as myself could ever have won a heart like his. He saw the sunbeam playing on the surface, and thought that all was fair beneath. I did love him; but my love was a passion, not a principle. I was captivated by the heavenly graces of his manner, but was incapable of comprehending the source whence those graces were derived.

My uncle would gladly have seen me established in a style more congenial to my prevailing taste, but gave his consent, as he said, on the score of his surpassing merit. My aunt was evidently more than willing to have me married, while my cousins rallied me, for falling in love with a country parson.

We were married. I accompanied him to the beautiful village of —: I became mistress of the parsonage. Never shall I forget the moment when I first entered this avenue, shaded by majestic elms; beheld these low, white walls, festooned with redolent vines; and heard the voice which was then the music of my life, welcome me here, as Heaven's best and loveliest gift. How happy—how blest I might have been! and I *was* happy for awhile. His benign glance and approving smile were, for a short time, an equivalent for the gaze of admiration and strains of flattery to which I had been accustomed. I even tried, in some measure, to conform to his habits and tastes, and to cultivate the goodwill of the plebeians and rustics who constituted a great portion of his parish. But the mind, unsupported by principle, is incapable of any steady exertion. Mine gradually wearied of the effort of assuming virtues, to which it had no legitimate claim. The fervor of feeling which had given a bluer tint to the sky and a fairer hue to the flower, insensibly faded. I began to perceive defects in every object, and to wonder at the blindness which formerly overlooked them. I still loved my husband; but the longer I lived with him, the more his character soared above the reach of mine. I could not comprehend, how one could be endowed with such brilliant talents and winning graces, and not wish for the admiration of the world. I was vexed with him for his meekness and humility, and would gladly have mingled, if I could, the base alloy of earthly ambition with his holy aspirations after heaven. I was even jealous—I almost tremble while I write it—of the God he worshipped. I could *not* bear the thought, that I held a second place in his affections—though second only to the great and glorious Creator. Continually called from my side to the chamber of the sick, the couch of the dying, the dwelling of the poor and ignorant, I in vain sought to fill up the widening vacuum left, by becoming interested in the duties of

my station. I could not do it. They became every day more irksome to me. The discontent I was cherishing, became more and more visible, till the mild and anxious eye of my husband vainly looked for the joyous smile that used to welcome his return.

It is true, there were many things I was obliged to tolerate, which must inevitably be distasteful to one, educated with such false refinement as I have been. But I never reflected they must be as opposed to my husband's tastes as my own, and that christian principle alone led him to the endurance of them. Instead of appreciating his angelic patience and forbearance, I blamed him for not lavishing more sympathy on me for trials which, though sometimes ludicrous in themselves, are painful from the strength of association.

The former minister of the village left a maiden sister as a kind of legacy to his congregation. My husband had been a protegee and pupil of the good man, who, on his deathbed, bequeathed his people to the charge of this son of his adoption, and *him*, with equal tenderness and solemnity, to the care of his venerable sister. She became a fixture in the parsonage, and to me a perpetual and increasing torment. The first month of our marriage, she was absent, visiting some of her seventh cousins in a neighboring town. I do not wish to exculpate myself from blame; but, if ever there was a thorn in human flesh, I believe I had found it in this inquisitive, gratuitously advising woman. I, who had always lived among roses, without thinking of briars, was doomed to feel this thorn, daily, hourly, goading me; and was constrained to conceal as much as possible the irritation she caused, because my husband treated her with as much respect as if she were an empress. I thought Mr. L—— was wrong in this. Owing to the deep placidity of his own disposition, he could not realize what a trial such a companion was to a mercurial, indulged, selfwilled being as myself. Nature has gifted me with an exquisite ear for music, and a discord always 'wakes the nerve where agony is born.' Poor aunt Debby had a perfect mania for singing, and she would sit and sing for hours together, old-fashioned ballads and hymns of surprising length—scarcely pausing to take breath. I have heard aged people sing the songs of Zion, when there was most touching melody in their tones; and some of the warmest feelings of devotion I ever experienced, were awakened by these solemn, trembling notes. But aunt Debby's voice was full of indescribable ramifications, each a separate discord—a sharp sour voice, indicative of the natural temper of the owner. One Sunday morning, after she had been screeching one of Dr. Watts' hymns, of about a hun-

dred verses, she left me to prepare for church. When we met, after finishing our separate toilettes, she began her animadversions on my dress, as being too gay for a minister's wife. I denied the charge; for though made in the redundancy of fashion, it was of unadorned white. 'But what,' said she, disfiguring the muslin folds with her awkward fingers, 'what is the use of all these fandangles of lace? They are nothing but Satan's devices to lead astray silly women, whose minds are running after finery.' All this I might have borne with silent contempt, for it came from aunt Debby; but when she brought the authority of a Mrs. Deacon and a Mrs. Doelan of the parish to prove that she was not the only one who found fault with the fashion of my attire, the indignant spirit broke its bounds; deference for age was forgotten in the excitement of the moment, and the concentrated irritation of weeks burst forth. I called her an impertinent, morose old maid, and declared that one or the other of us should leave the parsonage. In the midst of the paroxysm, my husband entered—the calm of heaven on his brow. He had just left his closet, where he had been to seek the divine manna for the pilgrims it was his task to guide through the wilderness of life. He looked from one to the other, in grief and amazement. Aunt Debby had seated herself on his entrance, and began to rock herself backward and forward, and to sigh and groan—saying it was a hard thing to be called such hard names at her time of life, &c. I stood, my cheeks glowing with anger, and my heart violently palpitating with the sudden effort at selfcontrol. He approached me, took my hand, and said, 'My dear Mary!' There was affection in his tone, but there was upbraiding, also; and drawing away my hand, I wept in bitterness of spirit. As soon as I could summon sufficient steadiness of voice, I told him the cause of my resentment, and declared, that I would never again enter a place, where I was exposed to ridicule and censure, and from those, too, so immeasurably my inferiors in birth and education. 'Dearest Mary!' exclaimed he, turning pale from agitation, 'you cannot mean what you say. Let not such trifles as these, mar the peace of this holy day. I grieve that your feelings should have been wounded; but what matters it what the world says of our outward apparel, if our souls are clothed with those robes of holiness, which make us lovely in our Maker's eyes? Let us go together to the temple of Him, whose last legacy to man was *peace*.' Though the bell was ringing its last notes, and though I saw him so painfully disturbed, I still resisted the appeal, and repeated my rash asseveration. The bell had pealed its latest summons, and was no

longer heard. 'Mary, must I go alone?' His hand was on the latch—there was a burning flush on his cheek, such as I had never seen before. My pride would have yielded—my conscience convicted me of wrong—I would have acknowledged my rashness, had not aunt Debby, whom I thought born to be my evil spirit, risen with a long-drawn sigh, and taken his arm, preparatory to accompany him. 'No,' said I, 'you will not be alone. You need not wait for me. In aunt Debby's company, you cannot regret mine.'

Surely my heart must have been steeled, like Pharaoh's, for some divine purpose, or I never could have resisted the mute anguish of his glance, as he closed the door on this cold and unmerited taunt. What hours of wretchedness I passed in the solitude of my chamber. I magnified my sufferings into those of martyrdom, and accused Mr. L—— of not preparing me for the trials of my new situation. Yet, even while I reproached him in my heart, I was conscious of my injustice, and felt that I did not suffer alone. It was the first time any other than words of love and kindness had passed between us, and it seemed to me, that a barrier was beginning to rise, that would separate us forever. When we again met, I tried to retain the same cold manner and averted countenance, but he came unaccompanied by my tormenter, and looked so dejected and pale, my petulance and pride yielded to the reign of better feelings. I had even the grace to make concessions, which were received with such gratitude and feeling, I was melted into goodness, transient, but sincere. Had aunt Debby remained from us, all might yet have been well; but after having visited awhile among the parish, she returned; and her presence choked the blossoms of my good resolutions. I thought she never forgave the offending epithet I had given her in the moment of passion. It is far from my intention, in delineating peculiarities like hers, to throw any opprobrium on that class of females, who from their isolated and often unprotected situation, are peculiarly susceptible to the shafts of unkindness or ridicule. I have known those, whose influence seemed as diffusive as the sunshine and gentle as the dew; at whose approach the ringlets of childhood would be tossed gaily back, and the wan cheek of the aged lighted up with joy; who had devoted the glow of their youth, and the strength of their prime, to acts of filial piety and love, watching the waning fires of life, as the vestal virgins the flame of the altar. Round such beings as these, the beatitudes cluster; and yet, the ban of unfeeling levity is passed upon the maiden sisterhood. But I wander from my path. It is not *her*

history I am writing, so much as my own; which, however deficient in incident, is not without its moral power.

I experienced one source of mortification, which I have not yet mentioned; it may even seem too insignificant to be noticed, and yet it was terribly grating to my aristocratic feelings. Some of our good parishioners were in the habit of lavishing attentions, so repugnant to me, that I did not hesitate to refuse them; which I afterwards learned, gave great mortification and displeasure. I would willingly accept a basket of fragrant strawberries, or any of the elegant bounties of nature; but, when they offered such plebeian gifts as a shoulder of pork or mutton, a sack of grain or potatoes, I invariably returned my cold thanks and declined the honor. Is it strange, that I should become to them an object of aversion, and that they should draw comparisons, humbling to me, between their idolized minister and his haughty bride?

My uncle and cousins made me a visit, not long after my rupture with aunt Debby, which only served to render me more unhappy. My uncle complained so much of my altered appearance, my faded bloom and languid spirits, I saw that it gave exquisite pain to Mr. L——, while my cousins, now in their day of power, amused themselves continually with the old-fashioned walls of the house, the obsolete style of the furniture, and my humdrum mode of existence. Had I possessed one spark of heavenly fire, I should have resented all this as an insult to him whom I had solemnly vowed to love and honor. These old-fashioned walls should have been sacred in my eyes. They were twice hallowed—hallowed by the recollections of departed excellence and the presence of living holiness. Every leaf of the magnificent elms that overshadowed them, should have been held sacred, for the breath of morning and evening prayer had been daily wasted over them, up to the mercy-seat of heaven.

I returned with my uncle to the metropolis. It is true, he protested that he would not, could not leave me behind—and that change of scene was absolutely necessary to the restoration of my bloom, and Mr. L—— gave his assent with apparent cheerfulness and composure. But I knew—I felt, that his heart bled at my willingness, my wish to be absent from him, so soon after our marriage. He told me to consult my own happiness, in the length of my visit, and that he would endeavor to find a joy in solitude, in thinking of mine. ‘Oh!’ said one of my cousins, with a loud laugh, ‘you can never feel solitary, when aunt Debby is’ —

Behold me once more ‘mid the scenes congenial to my soul—a gay flower, sporting over the waves of fashion, thoughtless of

the caverns of death beneath. Again the voice of flattery fell meltingly on my ear; and while listening to the siren, I forgot those mild, admonishing accents, which were always breathing of heaven—or if I remembered them at all, they came to my memory like the grave rebuke of Milton's cherub—severe in their beauty. Yes, I did remember them when I was alone; and there are hours when the gayest will feel desolately alone. I thought of him in his neglected home; him, from whom I was gradually alienating myself for his very perfections, and accusing conscience avenged his rights. Oh! how miserable, how poor we are, when unsupported by our own esteem! when we fear to commune with our own hearts, and doubly tremble to bare them to the allseeing eye of our Maker! My husband often wrote me most affectionately. He did not urge my return, but said, whenever I felt willing to exchange the pleasures of the metropolis for the seclusion of the hermitage, his arms and his heart were open to receive me. At length I received a letter, which touched those chords, that yet vibrated to the tones of nature and feeling. He seldom spoke of himself—but in this, he mentioned having been very ill, though then convalescent. 'Your presence, my Mary,' said he, 'would bring healing on its wings. I fear, greatly fear, I have doomed you to unhappiness, by rashly yielding to the influence of your beauty and winning manners, taking advantage of your simplicity and inexperience, without reflecting how unfitted you were, from natural disposition and early habits, to be a fellow-laborer in so humble a portion of our Master's vineyard. Think not, my beloved wife, I say this in reproach. No! 'tis in sorrow, in repentance, in humiliation of spirit. I have been too selfish. I have not shown sufficient sympathy for the trials and vexations to which, for me, you have been exposed. I have asked to receive too much. I have given back too little. Return then, my Mary; you were created for nobler purposes than the beings who surround you. Let us begin life anew. Let us take each other by the hand as companions for time—but pilgrims for eternity. Be it mine to guard, guide, and sustain—yours, to console, to gild and comfort.' In a postscript, he added:

'I am better now—a journey will restore me. I will soon be with you, when I trust we will not again be parted.'

My heart was not of rock. It was moved—melted. I should have been less than human, to have been untouched by a letter like this. All my romantic love, but so recently chilled, returned; and I thought of his image as that of an angel's. Ever impulsive, ever actuated by the passion of the moment, I made the most fervent resolutions of amendment, and panted

for the hour when we should start for, together, this immortal goal! Alas! how wavering were my purposes—how ineffective my holy resolutions. * * * *

There was a numerous congregation gathered on the Sabbath morn, not in the simple village church, but the vaulted walls of a city dome. A stranger ascended the pulpit. Every eye was turned on him and none wandered. He was pallid, as from recent indisposition; but there was a flitting glow on his cheek, the herald of coming inspiration. There was a divine simplicity, a sublime fervor, an abandonment of self, a lifting up of the soul to heaven, an indescribable and spiritual charm, pervading his manner, that was acknowledged by the breathless attention of a crowded audience, composed of the wealth and fashion of the metropolis. And I was there, the proudest, the happiest of the throng. That gifted being was my husband. I was indemnified for all past mortifications, and looked forward to bright years of felicity, not in the narrow path we had heretofore traveled, but a wider, more brilliant sphere. My imagination placed him at the head of that admiring congregation; and I saw the lowly flock he had been lately feeding, weeping, unpitied, between the porch and the altar.

Before we bade farewell to my uncle, I had abundant reason to believe my vision would soon be realized. The church was then without a pastor. No candidate had as yet appeared in whom their opinions or affections were united. They were enthusiastic in their admiration of Mr. L——, and protested against the obscurity of his location. With such hopes gilding the future, I left the metropolis with a cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits, which my husband hailed as a surety for long years of domestic felicity. I would gladly linger here awhile. I fear to go on. You have followed me so far with a kind of complaisant interest, as a poor, vain, weak young creature, whose native defects have been enhanced by education, and who has unfortunately been placed in a sphere she is incapable of adorning. The atmosphere is too pure, too rarified. Removed at once from the valley of sin to the mount of holiness, I breathe with difficulty the celestial air, and pant for more congenial regions. Must I proceed? Your compassion will turn to detestation: yet I cannot withdraw from the task I have imposed on myself. It is an expiatory one; and oh, may it be received as such!

It was scarcely more than a week after our return. All had been peace and sunshine: so resolved was I to be all that was lovely and amiable. I even listened with apparent patience to aunt Debby's interminable hymns, and heard some of her long

stories, the seventy-seventh time, without any manifest symptom of vexation. It was about sunset. We sat together in the study, my husband and myself, watching the clouds as they softly rolled towards the sinking sun, to dip their edges in his golden beams. The boughs of the elms waved across the window, giving us glimpses of the beautiful vale beyond, bounded by the blue outline of the distant hills. Whether it was the warm light reflected on his face, or the glow of the heart suffusing it, I know not, but I never saw his usually pale features more radiantly lighted up than at that moment. A letter was brought to him. I leaned over his shoulder while he opened it. From the first line I understood its import: it was the realization of my hopes. The offer was there made—more splendid, more liberal than I had dared to anticipate. I did not speak: but with cheeks burning and hands trembling with eagerness and joy, I waited till he had perused it. He still continued silent. Almost indignant at his calmness, I ejaculated his name in an impatient tone; when he raised his eyes from the paper and fixed them on me. I read there the deathblow of my hopes. They emitted no glance of triumph: there was sorrow, regret, humility, and love—but I looked in vain for more. ‘I am sorry for this,’ said he, ‘for your sake, my dear Mary. It may excite wishes, which can never be realized. No! let us be happy in the lowlier sphere, in which an allwise Being has marked my course. I cannot deviate from it.’ ‘Cannot!’ repeated I: ‘say, rather, you will not.’ I could not articulate more. The possibility of a refusal on his part had never occurred to me. I was thunderstruck. He saw my emotion—and, losing all his composure, rose and crushed the letter in his hand: ‘I could not if I would, accept this,’ he cried; ‘and, were my own wishes to be alone consulted, I would not, were I free to act. But it is not so. I am bound to this place, by a solemn promise, which cannot be broken. Here, in this very house it was made, by the dying bed of the righteous, who bequeathed the people he loved to *my* charge—*me*, the orphan he had protected and reared. “Never leave them, my son,” said the expiring saint—“never leave the lambs of my flock to be scattered on the mountains.” I pledged my word, surrounded by the solemnities of death: yea, even while his soul was taking its upward flight. It is recorded, and cannot be recalled.’

Did I feel the sacredness of the obligation he revealed? Did I venerate the sanctity of his motives, and admit their authority? No! Totally unprepared for such a bitter disappointment, when I seemed touching the summit of all my wishes, I was maddened—reckless. I upbraided him for having more

regard to a dead guardian, who could no longer be affected by his decision, than for a living wife. I threatened to leave him to the obscurity in which he was born, and return to the friends who loved me so much better than himself. Seeing him turn deadly pale at this, and suddenly put his hand on his heart, I thought I had discovered the spring to move his resolution, and determined that I would not let it go. I moved towards the door, thinking it best to leave him a short time to his own reflections, assured that love must be victorious over conscience. He made a motion as if to detain me, as I passed—then again pressed his hand on his heart. That silent motion—never, never, can I forget it! ‘Are you resolved on this?’ asked he, in a low, very hoarse tone of voice. ‘Yes, if you persist in your refusal. I leave you to decide.’ I went into the next room. I heard him walk a few moments, as if agitated and irresolute—then suddenly stop. I then heard a low, suppressed cough, but to this he was always subject, when excited, and it caused no emotion. Yet, after remaining alone for some time, I began to be alarmed at the perfect stillness. A strange feeling of horror came over me. I remembered the deadly paleness of his countenance, and the cold dew gathered fast and thick on my brow. I recollected, too, that he had told me of once having bled at the lungs, and of being admonished to shun every predisposing cause to such a malady. Strange, that after such an entire oblivion of every thing but self, these reflections should have pressed upon me, with such power, at that moment. I seemed suddenly gifted with second sight, and feared to move, lest I should see the vision of my conscience embodied. At length, aunt Debby opened the door, and for the first time, rejoicing in her sight, I entreated her to go into the library, with an earnestness that appalled her. She did go—and her first sharp scream drew me to her side. There, reclined upon the sofa, motionless, lifeless—his face, white as a snowdrift, lay my husband; his neckcloth and vest, saturated with the blood that still flowed from his lips. Yes, he lay there—lifeless, dead, dead! The wild shriek of agony and remorse pierced not his unconscious ear. He was dead, and I was his murderer. The physician who was summoned, pronounced my doom. From violent agitation of mind, a blood vessel had been broken, and instant death had ensued. Weeks of frenzy, months of despair, succeeded—of black despair. Nothing but an almighty arm thrown around my naked soul, held me back from the brink of suicide. Could I have believed in annihilation—and I wrestled with the powers of reason to convince myself that in the grave, at least, I should find rest. I prayed but for rest—I prayed for

oblivion. Night and day the image of that bleeding corse was before me. Night and day a voice was ringing in my ears, '*Thou hast murdered him!*' My sufferings were so fearful to witness, the at first compassionate neighbors deserted my pillow, justifying themselves by the conviction that I merited all that I endured.

My uncle and aunt came when they first heard the awful tidings, but unable to support my raving distress, left me—after providing every thing for my comfort—with the injunction that as soon as I should be able to be removed, to be carried to their household. And whose kind, unwearied hand smoothed my lonely pillow, and held my aching brow? Who, when wounded reason resumed her empire, applied the balm of Gilead and the oil of tenderness; led me to the feet of the divine Physician, prayed with me and for me, wept with me and over me, nor rested till she saw me clinging to the cross, in lowliness of spirit, with the seal of the children of God in my forehead, and the joy of salvation in my soul? It was aunt Debby. The harsh condemner of the fashions of this world, the stern reprover of vanity and pride, the uncompromising defender of godliness and truth; she who in my day of prosperity was the cloud, in the night of sorrow was my light and consolation. The rough bark was penetrated and the finer wood beneath gave forth its fragrance. Oh! how often, as I have heard her, seated by my bedside, explaining in a voice softened by kindness, the mysteries of holiness, and repeating the promises of mercy, have I wondered, that I, who had turned a deaf ear to the same truths, when urged upon me with all an angel's eloquence, should listen with reverence to accents from which I had heretofore turned in disgust. Yet, at times, there seemed a dignity in her tones; her harsh features would light up with an expression of devout ecstasy, and I marvelled at the transforming power of Christianity. Well may I marvel! I would not now, for the diadem of the east, exchange this sequestered hermitage for the halls of fashion—these hallowed shades for the canopies of wealth—or the society of the once despised and hated aunt Debby, for the companionship of flatterers. I see nothing but thorns where once roses blushed. The voice of the charmer has lost its power, though '*it charm never so wisely.*' My heart lies buried in the tomb on which the sunlight now solemnly glimmers—my hopes are fixed on those regions from whence those rays depart. Had he only lived to forgive me—to know my penitence and agony—but the last words that ever fell on his ear from my lips, were those of passion and rebellion—the last glance I ever cast on him, was proud and upbraiding.

The sketch is finished—memory overpowers me. C. L. H.

For the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE EMIGRANT BRIDE.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

SHE turned to go to the far-off West,
With joy, as a new-made bride,
When thoughts like these rushed o'er her breast,
In a heavy, whelming tide.

'My early home and friends, adieu!
For him, to whom I cleave
At God's command, I turn from you,
And the scenes long cherished, leave.

'Were I to stay, ye all might change;
And each familiar face
Be gone, for others new and strange
To come and fill their place.

'But, still, there's one calm spot of ground,
That long will be the same:
A snow-white marble marks the mound,
Inscribed with my mother's name.

'O! how can I go and leave that spot
So hallowed and so dear?
And, who will be there, when I am not,
To give it the secret tear?

'And, who will the beauteous rose behold,
That I have planted there,
When its leaves are spread, and its buds unfold
To the sun and the vernal air?

'My bridemaids, I will give it thee,
As a tender, sacred trust,
To guard the flower to my memory,
That springs o'er my mother's dust.

'And, while her daughter's absent foot,
On a distant turf may tread,
Her heart-strings, still, like the rose's root,
Will cling to that lowly bed.

'Our meeting-place, that spot shall be;
When there thy steps may lead,
I'll fly on the wings of thought, to thee,
With a spirit's matchless speed.

'If then a trembling tear should start,
And quit thy pensive eye;
A warm, pure drop of thy melting heart,
When thou think'st there's no one nigh—

'My mother's angel will descend,
A blessing from above,
To bring to thee, her daughter's friend,
Whom she loved with a mother's love.

'Bethink thee oft, that the rose was mine,
My cherished, hallowed flower!
And how, and why, I made it thine
For this, our parting hour.

'My dear New England, now I go,
With my dearer, chosen one,
Where the vales are bright with the streams that flow
From the hills of the setting sun.'

THE BLIND.

UPON a recent occasion we listened to an appeal in favor of the blind. The object of the appeal was to awaken in the public mind a sense of the duty of erecting, furnishing, and endowing, in or near the capital of our state, an institution for the instruction in letters and the mechanic arts, of this unfortunate portion of our population. We are glad to hear the truth and eloquence of that appeal so loudly and so widely echoed. We rejoice to know that the sympathies of the community for a neglected and afflicted class, are awakening. We trust that they will soon go forth into vigorous action. We trust that the sphere of our benevolence may soon be enlarged; that it may embrace not only the poor, the deaf, the ignorant, and the degraded, but likewise shed its benign influence upon the blind. As the subject is one of much importance, it may not be deemed uninteresting briefly to dwell upon it; to contemplate, for a moment, the mournful condition of the blind; to exhibit their capacities for improvement, with the means for improving them; and to present some of their claims upon the public justice, and the sympathies of the public heart.

According to the most authentic estimation, there are five hundred blind persons in the state of Ohio. Of many of these the blindness is congenital; but of far the greater number, it has been induced by the hazards of early infancy, or the misfortunes of after life. Notwithstanding the melancholy pictures which have so often been sketched of these unfortunates, we think their fate less unenviable than that of the few who live in perpetual silence; and although to them the grand and beautiful of the outward world may have but a shadowy existence, yet are there such avenues to enjoyment left open, that seldom do we find them repining after sight. But this consoling reflection can hardly be applied to the blind of Ohio, to whom no public sympathies have been extended; whose bodies are enfeebled by

inaction; whose hearts are uncheered and void, and whose intellects are uncultivated as a wilderness.

Without permitting our remarks on this topic to languish into plaintive sentiment, we may observe that it is not the physical inaction to which so many of their hours are doomed; which, destroying the tone of their constitution, denies to them the delights of healthful existence; which consigns their youth to a premature decay, or their age to a listless imbecility; it is not this, terrible as it is, which constitutes their great calamity. They have minds and hearts, filled with the germs of intellectual strength and of moral beauty. But the widest avenue to them is closed up. Wisdom from one great entrance is quite shut out. None of those mighty agents which, at this day, invigorate the powers of other men, descend into the mind of the blind, and arouse its slumbering energies. Reason, imagination, judgment, memory—all those mental faculties, which, when stirred into worthy action are the glory of man, are doomed to perpetual sleep. The delights which flow from their constant and generous exercise are unknown. The pleasure of their free action for selfsupport, or the good of others, is unfelt. The intellect of the uneducated blind is a land of shadows and silence. Likewise his heart is doomed to perpetual infancy. Those sensibilities and affections which shed over life its charm, never bloom up from his sterile bosom. They are not quickened, and purified, and ennobled by whatsoever is fair and sublime in the outward world. The firmament, fretted with golden fires; the goodly prospects of the earth; the beauty of the varying seasons; the wonders of the chisel and the pencil; the human countenance, the human form: these, and a thousand other fountains of moral influence, have no existence in the world of the blind. Hope, gratitude, love, benevolence, wonder—all are imprisoned in the cell of the senses. What to the blind is social life with its delightful impulses? From conversation they are almost entirely cut off. The themes which kindle others do not stir them. Friendship, ambition, patriotism, religion, are but hollow words; quickening neither enthusiasm nor devotion. Touching no chord of sympathy, they fall upon the ear of the untaught blind and die away, like a sound upon the bleak waste. But more than negative suffering is their lot. A sense of worthlessness and of dependence bows them down. They hang as burdens upon the community, or upon their friends, and they know it. There is no chance for wealth or dignity. They feel how unworthy is their place in the world's eye. Would you see the blind? You may find them asking alms at the street's corner; or immured within your poor-houses; or idling away a wretched

life beneath the roof of a parent or a friend. The spirit of malevolence itself could hardly imprecate upon its dearest foe a severer fortune than this. 'What can you do to me?' said a blind man to a magistrate, before whom for his misdemeanors he had been arraigned. 'I will cast you into a dungeon,' replied the magistrate. 'What then?' replied the unfortunate: 'I have been living in one all my lifetime.' Let the spirit of benevolence descend into this dungeon, and lead forth the prisoners into moral and intellectual light.

They have capacities for improvement. Of this the proofs are abundant and conclusive. Their physical powers may be brought out. Their intellects and affections may be developed. 'When we are of one sense bereft, it but retires into the rest.' The loss of sight tends to sharpen the other senses, and consequently, we find the smell, and touch, and hearing of the blind, astonishingly acute. Nicholas Saunderson, blind from infancy, detected spurious medals which the eyes of the connoisseurs had declared to be genuine antiques. A very excellent likeness of the Austrian emperor was chiseled by a blind man. Peter Hureng repaired all kinds of watches, discovering their defects by the sense of feeling. The touch of the blind enables them to distinguish different colors. By the great delicacy of this sense, they perceive when a cloud is passing across the sun. A blind man was wont to pass over the Rochester aqueduct upon the side unprotected by a railing, and when asked if he was not afraid to venture in so dangerous a place, replied in the negative; and added, as he slipped one foot over the side, 'that it was a somewhat pokerish-looking place.' Others determine the breadth of streets, and the height of buildings, by the sound of their footsteps as they walk between them. John Metcalf, of Scotland, was a projector and surveyor. With the aid of a staff, he traveled roads, ascended precipices, explored valleys, and ascertained their form and extent. He always walked fearlessly, seeming to see with his ears, and to have 'landmarks in the air.' The blind assign to individuals their age and size, by attending to the sound of their voices. They hear the rumbling of carriage wheels, long before it is audible to others. When their senses are thus educated, they become masters in the mechanic arts; in weaving, spinning, bookbinding, shoemaking, joinery and rope-twisting; as well as in the manufacture of baskets, rugs, mattresses, and a thousand other useful articles. Here may a world be opened to their industry and their skill, wherein they may gain a livelihood, and render themselves effective members of the community.

In intellectual cultivation, their progress is most remarkable. It is manifest that, whatever knowledge can be gained from books or from conversation is within their reach. Here wide doors may at once be thrown open. All the treasured wisdom of the past is accessible to them. In their studies, no outward things meet the eye, distracting or confusing. Hence is the memory wonderfully perfected. Knowledge is acquired with facility, and retained for a long time. The history of Japan is chronicled in the memory of the blind—of whom Jeddo alone contains thirty-six thousand—and transmitted from age to age through these moving and speaking libraries. A youth, recently from the Edinburgh school, has the entire Bible fixed in his memory. A blind judge of the police court of London, remembered the voices of more than three thousand of the lightfingered gentry of that city, and instantly recognized them when brought before him. In geography, the blind have attained great excellence. Weissebourg of Manheim, was a remarkable geographer, and constructed maps that were in high estimation at his time. In the sciences are Saunderson and Moyes; of whom the former discharged the duties of professor of mathematics, in the University of Cambridge, with great applause, while the latter lectured successfully upon the laws of optics and the phenomena of light and colors. At one of the examinations in the Edinburgh school, a young girl was asked, ‘what star is at this moment over Calcutta?’ The answer was accurately given in a short time. In natural history, the blind may boast of M. Huber, of Geneva, who is author of one of the best works extant, upon the history of bees and ants. In languages, they have Schoënberger, who learned and successfully taught the French, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic. In politics, they have A. Rodenbach, blind from infancy, at this time a member of the Belgian chamber of deputies, which he is said often to make ring with his original and eloquent speeches. In poetry, they have illustrious names. Not to speak of the Ionian Bards, we may observe, that the sublimest achievement of inspiration which the modern world has seen—*Paradise Lost*—came from the soul of the poet, when he was

‘From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank.’

We have with much interest read the poems of Dr. Blacklock, who was born blind, and have been surprised at their graphic pictures of natural scenery. For the gratification of curiosity, we transcribe the following:

'Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
 The violet languish and the roses glow;
 In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
 Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
 Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
 And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.'

In the department of music, the blind have been preeminent; a result that might have been anticipated from the great susceptibility of their auditory nerves. In some countries of the old world, blindness and minstrelsy are invariably associated. Without entering into details, we may remark, that Paganini, upon hearing the pupils of the institution for the blind at Paris perform some musical pieces, declared he never before had a conception of what harmony was. Music is one of the most profitable vocations of the blind. Thousands are now obtaining wealth and fame by the teaching and practice of this delightful art. We will not adduce other illustrations of their capacity for improvement. The evidence is ample. We think there is no room for scepticism. With the exception of painting, and perhaps of anatomy, there seems to be no art or science wherein they may not excel. Of their dexterity in the inferior mechanical pursuits, the thousands, who, in the course of the last fifty years, have issued from the European institutions, furnish the amplest proof.

The first of these institutions was established in Paris, about the year 1783, by Valentine Haüy, brother of the celebrated abbé. Before that time, the blind of France had been in the most degraded condition; in illustration of which it is related that, at the annual fair of St. Ovide, an innkeeper had collected ten poor blind persons, attired in a ridiculous manner, and decorated with asses' ears, peacocks' tails, and spectacles without glasses, to perform a burlesque concert. It was at one of these scenes of amusement, that Haüy conceived the idea of their amelioration. If, thought he, their voices may be trained to such a degree of excellence, why may they not be taught to read and write. It was one of those accidental and happy thoughts, which have been expanded into blessings for the world. The progress of the pupils in the institution of Haüy, produced a great sensation, not only in Paris, but throughout all Europe. Similar schools were commenced, and have been continued with eminent success, in Russia, Germany, Austria, and England. In this country are like institutions, at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

With regard to the existing methods for educating the blind, we may say, that there are none to which strong objections are not urged. The spirit of reform has, during the present cen-

tury, been continually in action. Old instruments have been laid aside, and new ones have taken their places. The change has been uniformly for the better. It is still going on. The latest reports by the eastern institutions, abound with new and useful suggestions. We are astonished at the results which a benevolent ingenuity has already achieved. They prove the time to be not far distant, when the system shall in all its departments be complete, and the facilities for educating the blind shall be wonderfully increased. We will merely add, that the books, the music, the maps, and the mathematical diagrams for the blind, are constructed by stamping paper, and producing the letters, notes, and lines, in relief upon the opposite side. The works thus executed, are, by a sort of manual reading, made intelligible through the fingers. Writing and the arithmetical processes are more complex. We shall not at this time give a description of them.

The progress of the eastern institutions, under legislative patronage and the munificence of individuals, has surpassed all expectation. Although in operation but two or three years, the advancement of their pupils has been such as to astonish even those who have visited the European schools. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography are taught. Much attention is given to music. Preparations are making for their instruction in the higher branches of knowledge, and in the languages. To the Boston institution a workshop is attached, where the pupils weave and make baskets. The education is conducted partly by blind instructors from Europe. The novelty is presented of the blind leading the blind in safety. The confidence of the public in these institutions is, as it has ever been, unshaken. Their sympathies are quickened into healthy and invigorating action. Their admiration is awakened by the almost miraculous results which are every year unfolded. We are almost prone to pause for a moment here, and reflect upon these wonderful achievements of mind, under the guidance of the noblest feelings of the heart. We are cheered and encouraged, when we see the calamities of this life disarmed of so many of their terrors, by the ingenuity of man. We rejoice to see, as it were, their eyes unsealed, and light let in upon the dark chambers of the blind. It seems almost a miracle wrought by human power. We rejoice to see the enlightened benevolence of the age, everywhere creating, if I may so speak, pools of Siloam, whereunto the blind may go and wash and receive their sight. We rejoice, that amidst the storms and whirlwinds of political strife, the still small voice of philanthropy is not altogether unheard. But not the blind

alone have been made happier and better. We trust that the giver, as well as the receiver of the gift, has been blessed. The tendencies of all benevolent action are to make more tender, to purify, to ennoble the public heart. We see the signs of this moral influence in those numerous and ever-multiplying enterprises of patriotism and philanthropy, which have given so much glory to the present age.

In this country, the action of the benevolent principle has thus far been wide, liberal, and efficient. The cause of religion, of morality, of education; the cause of foreign and home missions, of slavery, of temperance, of the poor, the insane, and the deaf and dumb, has been espoused with zeal and intrepidity. Much, however, yet remains to be accomplished. There are great evils among us, for which no remedy has been provided. There are afflicted classes in the very bosom of this society, over whom the broad sympathies of the public have not at all, or but partially, been extended. One of these classes comprehends the blind. That they have been so long neglected is a result of their misfortune, which removes them far from the world's eye, and as it were entombs them in solitude and silence. But hence are their claims upon the community not less numerous, or less irresistible. They rest upon the double foundations of justice and humanity. Their satisfaction may be demanded as a right, or requested as a duty.

We will not go into the reasoning by which is established the truth, that society is bound to support those of its members whom nature has disabled from supporting themselves. In the constitution of Ohio, it is declared, that 'religion, morality and knowledge, being essentially necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, *schools and the means of instruction, shall forever be encouraged by legislative provision.*' In accordance with this declaration, the legislature have created a common-school fund, 'belonging in common to the people of this state;' and have also provided for educating the 'white youth of every class and grade, without distinction, in reading, writing and arithmetic, and other necessary branches of education,' by fines, and by taxes on the taxable property in each county. We cannot perceive why the blind have not a right to be included within the comprehensive beneficence of these constitutional and of similar legislative provisions. If such a right do not exist, we cannot understand how the property of the parents of blind children, and of the blind themselves, can be taxed for the support of those means of education which they cannot, by any possibility, enjoy. The right certainly exists, unaffected by the expense and peculiarity of the methods of

instructing them. By a clause in the constitution, it is, as we have seen, made imperative upon the legislature 'to encourage forever the means of instruction.' To a certain extent, they have carried into operation the principle embodied in this clause. They have created a system of common schools for the instruction of a part of our population. They have established a deaf and dumb asylum for the instruction of another portion. Why have they not organized a school for the education of the portion whose claims we are considering? We have placed their claims to public instruction upon the same basis whereon rest those of other citizens—the basis of *right* created by the constitution. Are they not entitled to this place? What citizen of Ohio can approve of our common-school system—can approve of the asylum for the deaf and dumb, and not approve of the establishment of an asylum for the education of the blind? Let us, then, hasten to do that justice which we have so long delayed. Let us no longer deny to five hundred of our fellow-citizens their unquestionable rights. Let not the consciousness of their inability to enforce their claims, prevent us from voluntarily allowing them. Let us not by injustice aggravate their present sorrows. We have no fear that these appeals to the honor and integrity of Ohio will be in vain.

But the blind have other claims, founded in humanity: claims that touch not merely our interest, but speak to the noblest principles of our nature: claims, which address us as men, as christians, as patriots. When we remember that the blind are beings of intelligence like ourselves, and members of the same society; when we reflect that they are almost entirely excluded from the benign sphere of moral and religious influence; when we contemplate their great numbers, and their capacities for physical and mental improvement; these claims, we think, come home to our bosoms with a force which cannot be resisted. Were there no such system as christianity—were there no such sentiment as patriotism—still would the common sympathies with which we are born, the apprehension that we ourselves, or our children, might be blasted by calamity, impel us to act for the relief of any suffering, and surely of that affliction, which if unrelieved, imposes upon its victim a deeper dependence than any other. But christianity has descended to the earth. Its precepts bear a heavenly sanction: they quicken these natural sympathies, and breathe into them a celestial energy. They are voices from above, commanding man to go forth on visits of charity. Do we recognize their authority? Can we refuse to obey them? If then the gospel be with us a verity, let us not stamp it with falsehood by neglecting to carry out into vigorous,

expanded action, one of its holiest principles. Not only as men and christians, but as patriots, are we called upon to act in behalf of the blind. Patriotism desires the highest happiness of every citizen. Therein consists the highest glory of the state. Patriotism desires the full development and ceaseless activity of all the energies in the state. These are the instruments of that happiness and of that glory. Shall not this patriotism act? Shall it not strive to promote the wellbeing of the blind—of that portion of our fellow-citizens, who are enshrouded not only in physical but in intellectual gloom? Shall it not lead them forth from their chill and unillumined caves to the warmth and sunlight of the hills? Shall it not remove from them that dependence, more galling to a freeman than chains? Shall it not open wide to them the doors of action and of selfsupport? They have powers of mind and body. Is it the pleasure of our patriotism that these shall remain in eternal torpidity? Is it our wish that so much available capital shall remain idle? that so much strength shall remain entombed in the very bosom of an active community? Let the facilities created for the deaf only be extended to the blind, and a new class of intelligent beings will immediately be brought into action. The blind will not only be enabled to surround themselves with comfort and independence, but will contribute to the strength and dignity of the state. The noblest exercise of patriotism is not to be beheld in the development of a country's physical resources. However grateful may be the sight of thrifty agriculture; of prosperous manufactures and commerce; of fields teeming with harvests; of cities all alive with enterprise; of rivers and lakes everywhere whitened with canvass: there are other spectacles more grateful to the eye of true patriotism—there are other sources of higher and more enduring glory to a state. These are the institutions of education, of religion, of benevolence—those central suns, that shed their mild, invigorating radiance abroad over the hearts and minds of millions. These are the mighty agents that call into life the intellect of a people; that give a clear and lofty tone to their opinions and feelings; that seem to set at defiance those fearful calamities, with which it is ever the lot of humankind to be assailed. As of individuals so of states, that development is most beautiful and harmonious, which unfolds all its elements—the high as well as the subordinate; the intellectual and moral as well as the physical. Indeed, this is the only development, symmetrical and complete. If, then, the patriot would see his country truly great, let him not stop at those institutions which supply man's lower wants, or even with those which administer to his higher capacities: let him go on

and open sources of new life and consolation to all the wretched; and while the fountain of his benevolence pours its freshness into the bosoms of the poor, the insane, and the deaf, let not the only channel leading to the blind be forever closed up. We think that whether justice, or philanthropy, or christianity, or patriotism—whatever be the tribunal before whom the claims of the blind are presented, judgment must be in their favor.

And what do the blind ask? Not the exercise of our unremunerated charity; of our benevolence, never to be requited; of our generosity, never to be repaid. They do not ask us to fling away our sympathies upon them in vain. They do not ignobly beseech us to support them in idleness and ease. Nothing like this. The appeal that comes to us from them is of a noble character. They demand of us their rights; they ask of us a loan to be repaid with interest. They ask us to help them to help themselves. They ask us to enable them to work, and to become active and useful members of the community. Can there be an appeal more reasonable, more honorable, more irresistible? We know that in the wide circle of philanthropic action, which now embraces the world, there can be no worthier objects of our interest and our munificence. Surely that wide-ranging spirit which, traversing continents and seas, lights up the moral darkness of the heathen in distant lands, will not refuse to cast a ray upon the blind who are clothed in darkness and sorrowing at its own door. Let us then go forward and act in their behalf. Amidst the stormy agitations of political controversy, their voice falls upon the ear like the faint echo of the lost traveler's bugle in the intermitted thunders of the Alps. Shall we close our ears? Shall we hold back our aid? We fear not the answer to these questions? There is every encouragement to proceed. We know that our benevolent exertions will not be as water wasted in the sands—rather like the sun and summer's rain, creating everywhere fertility and beauty. We are not hemmed in by doubts and fears. We are not about to engage in any new scheme. We are to try no experiments. The experiment upon the blind has been already tried. They have been found capable of improvement. The instruments for their instruction are already invented. We stand upon a vantage ground. The history of the past abounds in the most certain and satisfactory results. These are all within our reach, and may guide us in our enterprise. The future is clear before us. We cannot apprehend opposition. No party spirit, no unworthy prejudices, can stalk forth to frown down the motives that impel to the alleviation of calamity. We doubt not that all hearts and hands will join in this noble work—not prompted

by the unsteady impulses of a romantic sensibility, but conceived and sustained by a deliberate and rational regard for an unfortunate portion of our fellow-citizens.

Our reward shall be the spectacle of thousands raised up to competence and respectability; their hands, and hearts, and minds fitted for usefulness here, and their souls prepared for happiness in the world to come. We shall see them grateful and attached to that government which has conferred upon them independence—the dearest gift of a freeman. We shall see in the centre of our state another noble monument of philanthropy, whose light will not shine alone upon the blind of this generation, but of many coming ages and generations. Our children's children will rise up and call us blessed. A great and patriotic duty will be performed. By bequeathing this legacy of benevolence to after times, we may hope to discharge a part of the deep and delightful obligations imposed upon us by the toil, and courage, and noble selfsacrifice of our ancestors. In danger and bloodshed they laid the foundation of that happiness we now enjoy. Theirs was the labor of war: on us devolve the more tranquil duties of peace. Such are some of the gratifications that shall attend us here; and if from the mansions of just men made perfect, the soul may deign to look down upon this earthly scene, its eye will not rest upon the rise and fall of dynasties, the triumphs of mad ambition, or the achievements of conquerors and their inglorious fame. These shall fade away into dim obscurity. Its delight will rather be to witness the trophies of philanthropy; to see benevolence everywhere extending the landmarks of its empire; to see charitable hands raising up the sons and daughters of calamity; and to behold all mankind made more christian, more intelligent, more happy.

Our remarks have extended to a length which we did not anticipate. The propriety of *immediate* action; the simplicity and trifling cost of the means, when compared with the magnitude of the ends: these, and other kindred topics, we shall not now enlarge upon. In recapitulation, we will merely subjoin, that if we would do justice to the blind by extending to them the privileges which we have created for every other citizen of the state; if we would prove true to human nature, which prompts us to relieve suffering, and warns us to provide for ills that may befall our own children; if we would prove ourselves true to christianity, by carrying out into action some of its noblest principles, and by rescuing the blind from the atheism and infidelity to which they are universally inclined; if we would be true to patriotism, by calling out every latent energy of the state; by

enabling the blind to maintain themselves, and to profit the community; if we would have the moral and intellectual strength of Ohio in harmony with her physical power; if we would impart a higher and clearer tone to her philanthropy; if we would establish centres around which her benevolent feelings may rally; if, in short, we would discharge a duty to which we are impelled by every worthy motive, and by which so wide and lasting a good shall be extended to others, let us go forward and act through the legitimate and efficient organ. We think that *one* of these ends, prompted by a single motive, would authorize us to proceed. Certainly no less can be said, where there are so many and various ends, prompted by so many and various motives.

J. J. J.

NATHAN HALE.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Captain Nathan Hale, of the American army of the revolution—executed by the British as a spy, at Long Island, in 1776.

He sleeps—but hath no monument:

His is an unknown name:

Yet with his memory is blent

A deed of deathless fame.

He sleeps—yet hath no epitaph

For him, been traced by pen—

Though ye might vainly seek his peer

'Mong thousands of brave men.

He sleeps—but on our history's page

No eulogy hath he;

Yet braver blood was never shed

To win our liberty.

He sleeps—but Fame hath never given

His virtues to the wind;

Yet worthier ones 'twere hard among

His country's best to find.

He sleeps—but e'en his countrymen

Scarce know his name—alas!

Yet of their fathers' daring deeds,

Not many his surpass.

He sleeps, neglected!—He hath not

Or simple slab or stone;

His dying words are seldom tongued—*

His grave is hardly known!

My country! well may brave hearts burn,

And manly eyes grow dim!

O shame! that such neglect as this,

Should visit such as him!

* The dying words of this gallant youth were worthy of his brave and noble spirit. 'I only regret,' said he, when upon the scaffold, 'that I have but one life to lose for my country.'—*Niles' Register*, 1819.

A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SOME months after my *debut* among the young damsels of F—, I found myself in the Highlands of the Hudson. My Greek testament had given place to Xenophon, and Virgil to Horace. I had gone with the apostle of the gentiles to the isles of the Mediterranean; but I now marched with the 'ten thousand' on the plains of Persia, and watched with curiosity the education of Cyrus, the child of prophecy, and the minister of almighty Power. I had wandered, with the immortal Virgil, over green fields and battle plains; but now, listened, with equal delight, to the soft odes of that brilliant voluptuary, the no less immortal flatterer of Cæsar Augustus. In fact, the scene and the thoughts were changed. Not only had the eccentricities of deacon H. —, but even the goodhumored smiles, the laughter-making wit, and the bright eyes of the young maidens—so evanescent are youthful impressions—been almost numbered with 'the things that were.' The present scene was widely different. The flowery meads were gone—but, in their stead, arose those huge battlements, which nature has there scattered around her with wild and bold disorder, as if to defy the destructiveness of time and decay. The gentle, sparkling, dancing, stream of the meadows was not there, but the dark and deep waters of the Hudson reflected cloud and mountain, as it ebbed and flowed through its channel in the rocks.

The village of W—, where I was located, was built on a plain, which projected from the mountain side into the stream, and was, on all sides, surrounded by lofty and almost insurmountable heights—yet, secluded as it was, it had many and peculiar pleasures. If F— and its pleasant neighborhood was rural and social, W— was a spot on which to cultivate the sublime and noble emotions of the soul. Some philosopher has said that our minds derive strength and elevation from association with the grand and wild of natural scenery. In some respects this is true. Who can go out into the vast prairies of the west, and wander for years over those uncultivated plains and by those mighty rivers, and fail to acquire a freedom and independence, not the growth of cities and civilization? Who can ascend these mountain tops, and see cedar, pine, and shrub disappear, till the last rock is reached, and he stands alone in the solitude of the skies, without feeling his soul elevated by its close communion with the great and glorious of creation? And ah, how true is the reverse! How many of us have frequented the busy haunts of men, till our souls have become narrowed,

cold, and selfish, by association with the little ways and little thoughts of the multitude!

In the scene where I was now placed, there was much to cultivate that *poetic temperament*, so eloquently described by Dr. D—; a temperament, which, however, in a contemplative mind needs more restraint than encouragement. It was my custom, at the close of the day, to wander forth through the various bypaths, which led through the gorges and over the summits of the mountains, that I might reflect in solitude upon the beauty and magnificence of the scenery. One afternoon, in the heat of summer, I had ascended a commanding cliff, upon whose rocky base still stood a mouldering ruin—once a fortress of the revolution. The river rolled its broad and massy tide around the green plain at my feet; above, for many a mile, it was hemmed in between frowning precipices, whose heads stretched far into the sky. The sun was just upon the horizon, while his last rays cast their yellow light upon a few scattered lingering clouds. It required but little imagination to suppose myself among those lakes and hills so sweetly sung by the Wizard of the North.

‘Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length, far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay
And islands, that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.’

Such was the scene; but it had another feature, scarcely less interesting than the light skiff of the gentle Ellen. Here and there a sloop moved smoothly and gracefully through the water, with her white sails, just filled by the freshening breeze. Under the dark shadow of a lofty cliff was seen a large periauger, as the flatbottomed craft are called, with all her sails set, to hasten her progress. Her deck was crowded with passengers, and among them women and children were distinctly visible, enjoying the grandeur of the scene, and the coolness of the evening breeze.

In the Highlands, storms frequently arise with great rapidity, and sweep over the river with dangerous violence. Hence, the navigation requires some caution, and fatal accidents are not uncommon. The clouds had been for some time rapidly gathering in the north; and as the sun went down in glorious splendor, the winds came sighing through the cedars of the valley, and the roar of the distant storm was heard upon the mountain top. The sloops took in their sails, and one by one dropped quickly into the little bays: but the periauger still kept on her course. Her sails were yet untouched—but, in the

distance, the eye could perceive the curling water breaking in white tops under the strength of the tempest. Still the vessel bore on her way, and was evidently ignorant of the dangers around her. My heart beat rapidly. The wind filled her sails, and she moved swiftly through the water. What—will they not take in sail! The squall struck them—all was confusion on her decks. Now the mast bent—now she righted—again she bent—she is over! Is there no boat to save? The storm swept darkly and furiously on. Where is the vessel? where her crew? Not a fragment floats on the wave. The rushing stream bears their bodies to the ocean tide. The clouds have broken away—and the face of the clear pale moon alone shines on the water where the vessel went down!

REMINISCENT.

For the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE PIONEERS.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

THY waves, proud OHIO, in majesty roll,
 Through banks with rich verdure and flowers fitly dressed,
 Like the deep tide of mind—like the broad flow of soul,
 That heaves nobly on, to the fair, blooming WEST?

Thy music is set to the motion of years,
 That bear down, like thee, to a fathomless flood,
 But ours, to the march of the bold PIONEERS,
 Who purchased thy borders with peril and blood.

They fearless went forth, where the red heathen foe,
 With tomahawk raised, as in ambush he lay,
 And poison-tipped arrows to send from his bow,
 Concealed like a serpent, infested the way.

They saw the tall flame, when the council-fire glared,
 Along the deep gloom through the wilderness spread;
 And heard the loud whoop, when the knife was prepared
 Its trophy to take from the white victim's head.

The apple-tree, then, 'mid the trees of the wood,
 They reared among savages, human and brute,
 And felled the dark forest around it that stood,
 To let in the sun-beams, and ripen the fruit.

Their foot-steps are traced by the lilly and vine;
 Where they lopped the boughs, stands the full-headed sheaf;
 And, here, from the pillow, the oil and the wine,
 The weary find rest, and the wounded, relief.

Where all was in nature's first wildness and night,
 Till they ventured forth, an invincible band,
 The SUN of eternity pours down his light—
The beauty of holiness spreads o'er the land!

Roll on, proud OHIO! and long as the voice
 That sounds from thy waters, posterity hears,
 'Twill come in bold numbers to hearts that rejoice,
 In chorus responding, 'The brave PIONEERS.'

CONDITION OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

THE genius of this peaceful generation lies in the improvement of education. It is impossible not to see that, the *soul*—whether it is referred to the intellect or the affections—is now contemplating its own powers, and seeking its own improvement. *Knowledge is increased*; and the means by which it is increased, and the discipline by which it is acquired and made useful, are the objects of desire and study by all intelligent minds—from the humble missionary of the Cross to the royal monarch of Prussia.

In our country, the first step in civil government—the formation of a written constitution, and the admission of the representative principle—presupposed the existence of an educated, intelligent, virtuous *people*. For an individual to *govern himself*, requires intelligence to comprehend right principles, and virtue to act upon them. How much more is this the case with a *nation*, who, if it govern itself *wisely*, must be versed in all its own institutions, both fundamental and relative—in all the principles of political economy and international law. Hence it is admitted by the enlightened and the patriotic, that the *people must be educated*. It is admitted, also, that education is a *public duty*. Yet, notwithstanding the *necessity* and *admission* of it, American education is still far behind the *wants* of the people, and even behind that of nations, who are held in contempt for their forms of government, and the imperfection of their institutions. In some portions of the union, not more than *half* the children of a proper age ever attend school, at all; and those who do, had better have been at work—so wretched is the mode of instruction. But under the arbitrary government of Prussia, every child is *compelled* to attend school, and when there, he is taught useful branches of knowledge. Nor is this all. There are *Normal schools*, for teachers—and there are *universities* besides—so that, every *capacity*, and every *want* of mind may be supplied with what suits their condition and circumstances. But, independent of the *number* of schools and *pupils*, there are two other *necessities* of education furnished, which we seem to have overlooked, viz: a *high standard* of acquisition and a proper *mode* of *teaching*.

With reference to the *standard* of education, what does the common-school laws require of the *teachers*? In Ohio, they *require* only that, he be acquainted with reading, writing, and arithmetic! It is true, they admit, by implication, the right of the *examiners* to demand more: but this is the official *standard* set up by the *laws*, not merely for the taught, but, also, for the

teacher! Now, what is the practical consequence? Not *one-fourth* part of the common school teachers can pass an analytical examination upon the *principles* of arithmetic; not *one-sixth* know any thing of geography; and not one in *ten* ever heard of philosophical grammar. A teacher informed the writer of this article, that of forty scholars in his school, but one had ever *reached* the *rule of three*! This, we know, is not the fact in many parts of this state; but, we apprehend, there are some where it is still worse. To appreciate this state of things properly, we must consider that, the common schools are the only places of education for the *mass* of the people. They contain all the *learning*, which the majority can ever acquire; all which is to fit the *voter*—with whom the power lies—to be the intelligent governor of a great nation. And what is it? Does it contain one particle of the constitution, and radical laws, under which he lives, and upon which he is continually called upon to decide? Does it contain a line of that long history of nations, the embodied *experience* of mankind, from which he may judge the future, by the past? Does it contain the analytical and illustrated study of the Scriptures—the law-book of that religion, which is to guide his conduct here, and bless it hereafter? No—it seems to have been thought—that the people needed none of these things.

Now, to us it seems the strongest of all anomalies, that it should ever have been thought *possible*, that a free people should *remain* free, without a knowledge of their own government and laws! Yet, this is unquestionably the case, with the majority of the American people: and were it not for the annual recurrence of elections, the stump oratory which they excite, the partizan newspaper discussions, and other *incidental* means of instruction—the mass of the people would be as ignorant of their own government as of that of Cochin China. The evil of this preposterous and delusive condition of education is manifested in more than one way. It not only makes and continues a state of general *ignorance*, but it utterly destroys that *equality* of blessings, which is supposed, by *the many*, to be the great law of republican government. The *many* may learn *reading, writing, and arithmetic*; but suppose they want to know something of constitutional government, something about the history of other governments, and something about the natural world around them, where shall they acquire it? The wealthy can send their children to high schools and colleges; but very few are wealthy enough for that; and the mass must be obliged to abandon the blessings of a useful education, or compel the government to raise the standard of common-school instruction.

As the public schools receive children at the very *alphabet*, it may be said, they do not require the higher branches of learning. To this we answer, that if they take them at the *beginning*, they also carry them to the *end*. All the branches of a useful education are, or *should be*, sound judiciously taught in the public schools. Before that can be accomplished, however, many errors have to be corrected. 1st. The *standard* of acquisition by the *teachers* must be raised much higher. 2dly. The *number* of pupils to a teacher must be greatly *reduced*; and 3dly. The *salary* of the teacher must be *increased*. But there is still another difficulty in the common schools, for which we have no remedy now proposed: the want of practical *knowledge in the art of teaching*. Teaching is an art, in which there is found a great variety in qualification, and for which some persons are wholly disqualified; yet, it seems to be thought, by the multitude, that if a man can pass an examination of the elements of education, it is no matter whether he have any facility in communicating knowledge—any patience of temper, or any command of approved methods, or not. Teaching is, perhaps, of all avocations, that in which the public require least skill, and which itself requires the most.

To qualify teachers properly, then, there should be academies of instruction and model schools. In the former, he who intends to become a professional teacher, should be taught the *rationale* of the subjects he is to teach, and the art of instructing: in the latter, he should become an assistant, and practically engage in the conducting of a model school. In this manner, we might hope to have, not only well conducted schools, but a stable and permanent system of instruction. Now, it is the very reverse. The teachers have no regular mode of instructing. They have entered upon the profession, generally, without any reference to qualification—except the apology for it required by law. They are constantly changing their places, their modes of instruction, and the books they teach. In fact, the system of public instruction is yet without any of the method, scientific principles, or professional skill, which can alone make it what the nation wished, and the wise and good anticipated. It is consolatory, however, to know, that the spirit which founded it, is yet dominant among the people, and that no public institution is regarded with more favor than the common school.

AN EXAMINER.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF OHIO

THE first emigrants to Ohio reached it on the 7th of April, 1788. They were from New England, few in number, and landed at Marietta. Not quite forty-seven years have elapsed, and the state of Ohio has now a population of a million of inhabitants! What quarter of the globe can furnish a parallel to this wonderful phenomenon in the rise and progress of an empire? It is in vain to look for it. The first settlement of such a state should not be forgotten, and in the present case, it is not likely to be. Arrangements are now making by the natives of the Miami valley for commemorating the approaching anniversary of the first arrival of the pioneer fathers in Ohio. The motive for this celebration is twofold: to do honor to the memory of those who encountered the perils and privations incident to the first settlement of the west, and to collect and preserve a history of the many interesting events connected with it. The principle on which this celebration is to be conducted, appears to be unexceptionable. The orator, poets, and officers of the day are all to be natives of Ohio. Emigrants, as well as natives, may unite in the festivities incident thereto. The occasion will be one well calculated to bring together many persons of taste and intelligence; and may be made, as we doubt not it will be, creditable to our backwoods' literature. We sincerely hope, the example set at the public commemoration of the landing at Cincinnati, which was held in this city, in December, 1833, will be followed. On that occasion, the physical was held in subjection by the intellectual man. There was, literally, the feast of reason and flow of soul, without excess or debauchery. Consequent upon a celebration thus conducted, was the publication of a pamphlet—racy and original—which has been read and admired, in almost every part of the union. Let the approaching festival produce similar fruits, and the Miami country will have set an example, in reference to public anniversaries, of which she may well be proud.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By the Author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' 'England and the English,' &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS seems to be a book written by the way. Mr. Bulwer, in his travels, visits the site of ancient Pompeii, and the view of the remains of departed centuries, suggests to him the idea of causing this 'city of the dead' again to stand in the broad light of day—with her magnificent temples, her crowded streets, and her degrading sensuality. We step back, by the power of imagination, over the lapse of eighteen centuries, and stand again in the busy streets of this ancient city. We meet the slave, the beggar—the aristocracy of purse, or fame—the sanctimonious priest—the gay debauchee—human life here as everywhere, the same. We go forth upon the shores of the broad and beautiful sea. It spreads out in calmness before us: its bright surface glittering in the rays of the sun. Here and there, on its tranquil bosom is seen the gay gondolier and the slow plodding mercantile craft, dotting with their dark forms its otherwise unbroken stillness. The calm and clear skies of Italy bend over us—every thing is tinged with the gold of her glorious sunlight; and the air we breathe is delicious and soulinspiring, making the mere sense of existence a delight. In the distance, Vesuvius, with her barren and blackened sides, towers to the heavens, standing like the evil genius of the scene and the place. Below lies the city, with its business, its gaiety, and its souldestroying pleasures. All forms a scene like enchantment. In a few days, how altered is the picture! The vice and sensuality of the inhabitants seem to have awakened the wrath of the earth itself—and she pours forth her hidden fire, to cover and hide from the eyes of her children, this blot upon her surface.

Pompeii, the gay and beautiful Pompeii, has found her grave! The stranger now stands in her subterranean streets, and sees the relics of that gay scene which was stayed in its full pulsation of life, by the destroying hand of Heaven. The convivialist, over the wine cup—the beggar at the corner of the street—the priest at the altar—all stand as they stood near two thousand years ago, when all was life and joy. The same sea still mirrors the bright sun—the same balmy air still breathes around—the same Vesuvius still towers in the distance. The beautiful sky of Italy still bends over all—but the place which once gave life to the scene, is no more: the stranger looks upon all this beauty, standing on the tomb of this city of the dead!

Such are the materials which Mr. Bulwer had for his story, and it seems to us, he has not done them justice. We cannot give him the praise even, which the countryman gave the player, that he did it as we should have done ourselves; for we think much more might be made of it. Whether Mr. Fairfield is right in saying, that Mr. B. has very kindly acknowledged his courtesy in sending him his poem, by stealing the plot of it for his novel, we know not; but whether it be true or not, Mr. B. might have done better. We do not mean to say, that the story is wanting in interest; because Mr. Bulwer's genius and his fine style must throw some interest round whatever he touches; but we do mean, that the interest is not that, which such materials, and such a man to work with them, should have created. The characters, with the exception of one or two, are so perfectly uninteresting, that you go from book to book, entirely indifferent whether you find them dead or alive. In Arbaces, the Egyptian,

you feel that interest you would feel in a devil of the worst kind. You desire a punishment for him, accompanied with more than ordinary torments. Mere death to him, would be entirely too tame for your feelings. Jone, you feel some interest in, but it is that created by her situation in the story, rather than herself. Although the author describes her, as being beautiful and enchanting, he fails to inspire the remotest degree of that admiration for this lone beauty, which fires the breast of the hero of the story. You feel there is a want of that life, individuality, and independence in her thoughts and feelings, which serves to awaken a strong interest. Concerning the circumstance of her being in a strange city, living alone, with no relative near her, but a cracked brother, devoted to the priesthood of Isis, the most abandoned and degraded that the imagination can conceive of—concerning her putting herself under the protection of this and that man, without knowing what their characters were, or seeming to care particularly, we shall say nothing; as this may have been in perfect conformity with the customs of the time and place. Nydia, the blind girl, is the real heroine of the story, and is vastly more interesting than Jone, with all her beauty and attractions. The early suffering of the poor girl—her love for Glaucus, her preserver and benefactor—her sensitiveness—her struggles with her feelings—the agony of her suffering—the selfsacrificing and selfdevotion of her active and grateful spirit—serve to keep up a painful interest in her, which finds a relief, even in her unhappy end. Glaucus, the hero of the story, is a young man, capable in every way of the highest and noblest action, doing nothing—rusting out his soul in sensuality and sloth. ‘He is a glorious fellow, but unfortunately he drinks,’ is sometimes said in modern times; so of Glaucus, he was a glorious fellow, but unfortunately worthless, and good for nothing.

The early christians are introduced, and no justice done them. They are uninteresting, unimportant, and so completely thrown in the shade, that if they had been left entirely out, they would hardly have been missed from the story. The description given of St. Paul, we have heard highly spoken of; but it is, in our opinion, entirely unworthy that great apostle. The description in the New Testament, of the scene on Mars’ Hill, with its perfect plainness and simplicity, was, to our mind, a far higher degree of sublimity and grandeur, than the same idea diluted, though it is in the beautiful language of Mr. Bulwer. The rest of the characters are mere beasts, and masters of beasts. The slaves, and the gladiators are treated as so many animals; while their masters treat themselves worse than cattle, lying down, as they do in the sink of their vile sensuality. There is something disgusting in the detail of animal indulgence, pampered appetites, and gross debauchery, which you meet in some parts of the book. Every faculty of the mind seems to have been strained, to find some new method to excite their morbid and diseased palates and senses—and you turn with disgust from the ferocious thirst for blood and slaughter, exhibited in that shambles of human life—the amphitheatre. But these are facts, say you, which serve to show the character of the people. So it is a fact, that more than one hundred thousand hogs are butchered in Cincinnati, every year. Is not the bare statement of the fact sufficient, without carrying us through all the disgusting detail of a slaughter-house? If the character of a people cannot be sufficiently well known, without having all the revolting scenes, where their vilest passions are exhibited, painted to the mind’s eye, it seems to us, every man of taste, would be content to remain in ignorance.

In conclusion, we will say, that we rose from the perusal of this book, disappointed; and, that though there is interest in it, it is unworthy of the materials and the artificer who has put them together.

JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL CONVENTION OF OHIO, held in Columbus, January 5, 1835. Cincinnati: Printed by A. Pugh.

THERE is a decided moving of the waters—medicinal of course—among the profession, in the state of Ohio. The convention, the proceedings of which are contained in this pamphlet, is quite a novelty. We are not aware of any similar movement in the United States. The spontaneous assemblage of the physicians of an entire state, at an inclement season of the year, for the sole purpose of elevating the profession, of which they are members, and promoting works of beneficence, deserves unqualified approbation. We hope to see the example followed in the other states of the Mississippi Valley. Such conventions, cannot fail to exert the most kindly influence upon the members, as well as society at large. This personal intercourse breaks down prejudices, excites emulation in the science and literature of their profession, and by concerted action in favor of public charities, produces results far exceeding the aggregate of individual and isolated efforts.

The convention made reports upon Western Commercial Hospitals—upon a school for the education of the blind, for the state of Ohio—upon the passage of a law authorizing anatomical dissections—upon the formation of medical societies—upon medical education in Ohio—upon the removal of the Lunatic Assylum of Ohio, from Cincinnati to Columbus—and upon medical ethics.

The first of these subjects is one of general interest throughout the West. The necessity and importance of public hospitals on the navigable waters of the Valley of the Mississippi, for the benefit of those engaged in commerce, are so obvious, and our claim upon the general government to establish and support them, so just and palpable, that the only wonder is, the subject has been suffered to rest so long. There is now, however, quite a general movement in this matter, throughout the West, and as at least one-half the states of the union, are more or less interested in it, the call upon congress for aid in this great national work, will come with such authority, as to make it heard. It is estimated in the report of the convention, that there is an aggregate of seven thousand miles of navigable waters, upon the lakes and rivers of this Valley, and that about forty-three thousand persons are annually employed in navigating them, being about equal to two-thirds the whole number of seamen employed in the foreign and coasting trade of the United States. Million upon million of dollars have been expended upon the seacoast, in aid of that trade, while the commerce of the West, is as entirely neglected, as if our Valley was an appendage to the domains of the grand mogul.

The report indicates the following places, as suitable ones for the establishment of these public hospitals: New Orleans, Natchez, Memphis, Chico, Trinity, St. Louis, Evansville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Guyandotte, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleaveland, and Detroit; and concludes by commending the subject to our legislature, as one

which they ought to present to congress. This is a good suggestion, and it is hoped the legislatures of our sister states, will unite in pressing upon the general government, the high importance and perfect justice, of this call for the relief of suffering humanity.

THE WESTERN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCES. Edited by DANIEL DRAKE, M. D. No. XXXI. January, 1835.

It speaks well for the advancement of medicine in the West, that this quarterly, now at the close of its eighth year, has been liberally patronized, and that its subscription list is steadily increasing.

The two leading articles in the present number, are 'Synopsis of the Flora of the Western States, by John L. Riddle,' and 'Thoughts on the Moral and Intellectual Energies of Man, in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, by Dr. James Lakey.' Mr. Riddle is considered an accurate botanist, and quite an enthusiast in this flowery department of science. Through his labors, and those of professor Short, of Lexington—who is preparing a very splendid work upon the botany of Kentucky—we may anticipate, that at no distant time, the catalogue of western plants will be as perfect as that of any other portion of the United States. Dr. Lakey's article evinces much research, and is 'prodigal of facts.' The subject is one of considerable interest. His proposition is, that the men, and land animals of the northern hemisphere, are superior in physical, moral, and intellectual energy, to those of the southern. For this apparent phenomenon, he assigns a physical cause. We have not space to give the author's reasoning, or the facts by which he sustains it, but refer our readers to the article itself, which will well repay a perusal.

THE WESTERN MEDICAL GAZETTE: a Monthly Journal, devoted to Medicine and the Collateral Sciences. Edited by DR. SILAS REED.

THE tenth number of the second volume of the Western Medical Gazette lies before us. This is the second medical periodical published in our city, and has, we understand, a respectable subscription list. It was lately edited by a part of the faculty of the Medical College of Ohio. Dr. Reed, a respectable and aspiring member of the profession, is now the sole editor. It is respectfully suggested to the proprietors of these two medical periodicals, whether it would not be sound policy to unite them. It is questionable whether they can both be sustained in that liberal manner which they should be. If merged, the patronage would be such as to give our city one of the ablest and most widely circulated medical journals of the United States.

It is with much pride that we have noticed these indications of a better and improving state of things among the medical men of Ohio. They belong to a profession closely associated with the dearest interests of their race, and one which enables them, while engaged in alleviating the afflictions of their fellow men, to exert a powerful influence upon their moral and social condition. It is a profession, however, in which a pure morality, untiring industry, patient investigation, and concerted action among its members, are imperiously demanded. With these requisites, medical men become the ornaments and benefactors of their race.

A CHARGE TO THE CLERGY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE STATE OF OHIO; delivered before the Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Diocese at Chillicothe, September 5th, 1834: by CHARLES P. MOLLVAINE, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Ohio. (Second edition.) Gambier, 1834.

WE opened this discourse with the interest that we read every thing which comes from the pure heart and enlightened head of the author; and have not been disappointed. It is practical, impressive, and able. We quote a single paragraph.

‘There be some, who seem to hope for but little effect from the plain, faithful preaching of the cross, except in proportion as it is mixed up with certain artificial expedients of arresting attention, and exciting emotion. There is an appetite for excitement, and a novelty in the mode of awakening and converting sinners, which seems to be rapidly increasing in some quarters of the church of Christ, as well in an insatiate thirst for more stimulants, as in the number of its subjects. It is lamentably discarding the simplicity of the gospel, and substituting a kind of preaching, which with a special pretence of faithfulness and much redundancy, and painful irreverence in the use of divine names, is sadly wanting in divine things and spirit; laying almost an exclusive stress upon a few disjointed members of gospel truth, and producing most deformed examples of gospel efficacy. There is something too tame and sober in the old path of inspired preachers, for the taste of some in these days. To *teach* as well as *preach*, to go the round of christian truth, instead of being confined to one or two of its most striking parts, has become the “strange work” of many. To excite the sensibilities by swollen representations, rather than to enlighten the conscience by sober and practical exposition of scripture; to produce effect by drawing lines of visible separation among the people, by bringing the incipient anxieties of the heart into dangerous and unbecoming publicity, and by the hurrying forward of those, whose minds are yet unsettled and unexamined to an open profession of religion, and perhaps a forward lead in devotional exercises, has become the mournful characteristic of much of the ministry that is called evangelical. It may boast many converts, but time will show, that it boasts “the lame, the halt, and the blind.” It is but another road, though a very short one, to all formality, coldness and spiritual death. There is such a thing as a zealous formality—a stimulated coldness—an excited corpse.’

THE SCHOOLMASTER’S FRIEND, with the Committee’s Guide: containing Suggestions on common Education, Modes of Teaching and Governing, arranged for ready Reference. By THEODORE DWIGHT, jr. New York: published by Roe Lockwood. pp. 360. 12mo.

WE have received this little work, which is intended as an every-day guide and manual, for the *teachers of common schools*. We deem the plan and the whole arrangement of it excellent, and have no doubt of its great utility, if properly used by those whom it is intended to benefit. Indeed, we cannot have too much written and said to raise the *standard* of common-school education, and give the *teachers* an interest with the people, and fit them to become the instructors of the people. We are aware, that much is said about *education*—that some are tired of the word—and that others think the passage of a *law*, enjoining

common schools, allsufficient to insure the object in view. Now, if any citizen of Ohio holds such opinions, and really feels a christian or philanthropic desire to benefit his species, let him go among the common schools and inquire how many of the people's children ever *attend*? and then, how much they *learn*? and next, how many are taught by one teacher? and finally, what are the teacher's character and attainments? Then let him compare the results with what he deems necessary to the education and character of a good and faithful citizen of the republic; and if he then thinks the people's money well expended, and the people's children well taught, we shall be content, that henceforth the threatening flood of ignorance and corruption should roll undisturbed and unchecked, as it assuredly will do, over the land of our affection. To illustrate some points connected with this subject, we shall make extracts from the work above cited, with our own comments.

In the preface, we find that the French minister of instruction, in 1832, stated, that

'Citizens are called to the oversight of schools, who have had no special studies to prepare them for the duty. It is a great sacrifice on their part to take time from their own concerns and business to devote to such an object: it is therefore the duty of the government to furnish them precise instructions, that the oversight of schools may be more easy for them, and of real benefit to education.'

In conformity with this suggestion, the French king established a Journal of Primary Education, published monthly. But this is not enough; the government should publish a synopsis of *thorough, practical*, instruction, and require every common-school teacher to be well versed in it; and above all, they should ordain that the *fundamental law* of their country should be studied in every school; the Bible, without comment, but with illustration, be made a part of all education. Nothing short of this can qualify the people to be their own legislators.

'Schoolmasters are highly valued in Prussia, Holland, Switzerland and France, and in other countries of Europe are held in esteem in proportion to the regard in which common education is respected. In Prussia, where late improvements in schools first began, the teachers, sixty years ago, were poor, despised, and half paid. Many of them were men who had failed in other kinds of business, through ignorance or bad conduct, and could not obtain employment in any thing else: and the people were so careless about the education of their children, that some of them were willing to leave them under the care of persons with whom they would not have trusted a flock of sheep, or perhaps a single pig.'

Now, this is the precise condition of the public schoolmaster among the larger part of our agricultural population. They are *poor*—not unfrequently *despised*—because ignorant, while professing to teach—*half paid*; for what are two hundred and fifty dollars per annum for one who has the care of from fifty to one hundred pupils, and is supposed to be intelligent and educated? Yet this is the simple fact, in respect to the majority. They are worse paid than *day laborers*; and if parents will not consent to *pay* for education, how can they expect to receive it? The truth is, the proper *qualifications* requisite to teach require years of *time*, and thousands of *money*—both are capital, and must be paid for, or it will take another channel.

'The government of France, having seen the importance of elevating schoolmasters in the respect of the people, and in selfrespect, have made them public officers, so far that they cannot be appointed or removed without the approbation and signature of the minister of public instruction. Schools have been established for their

education, a monthly magazine and a weekly paper are published for the benefit of them and of local committeemen, arrangements are made for occasional public meetings in small and large districts of the kingdom, money is paid for libraries, essays and books, calculated to promote education.'

In the state of Ohio, each township is divided into districts, from six to twelve, generally; and each district elects a school directory, who transact the business of the school district. They appoint the teacher, but he cannot teach without a certificate of qualification from the board of examiners. That consists of five members, appointed by the county court, for the whole county. They may grant certificates for any period not exceeding two years, and the school directors engage the teacher for what time they choose. These regulations impose sufficient restrictions upon the *appointment* of teachers; but unfortunately, the law is not equally rigid in the *qualifications* required. It however leaves an *implied* power with the examiners to demand *higher* qualifications; but the exercise of such an authority must ever be slow, and in some measure inefficient.

Public meetings upon the subject of education—like those upon great political interests—we should deem of the highest importance. All men, who desire to influence the public mind upon specific subjects, must, to be successful, bring themselves before the *public vision*.

In respect to *public libraries*, they are among the most necessary and most efficient means of public instruction. Wherever a school district is laid off, there should be a district library; and it may very easily be formed. Let every person in the district contribute one book to the common library; and they may easily find one about the house, which they do not much regard; and they will soon be astonished at the result. We were much struck with this when a boy. We were in a select school, where all the boys agreed, in this manner, upon the formation of a school library. Each one contributed a work, and the result was the formation of a library, which amused and instructed our leisure hours for many months. When a library has thus been formed, it may be greatly increased by a small contribution, vested in such works as the Penny Magazine, the Family Library, and the Library of Useful Knowledge.

With respect to *essays* and *books* adapted for improvement and instruction in education, it is the business and duty of government to encourage them, by suitable *premiums*, as much as it is to provide the schools themselves. We are glad to notice the liberal premiums offered by the superintendent of common schools in New York for essays in particular branches of science, and we wish that our legislature, so patriotic on most subjects, would exhibit a similar liberality upon that most important of all objects—the *elevation of the public mind*.

The author of the Schoolmaster's Friend considers, and very properly, that every school should be opened with *prayer*, and he has given several excellent forms for that purpose. If religion be not taught *young*, and in the *school*, by precept and example, we should despair of ever evangelizing the people by any thing short of divine interposition. If it be said, the child cannot understand such things, we answer, that it is a great thing to form *religious habits* and a feeling of *reverence* towards the divine Author of the universe.

'Many teachers have probably adopted the practice of giving rewards, without reflecting on their nature and tendency, because they have found them approved by others, and established by custom, within the sphere of their observation. Let us

spend a moment in considering the tendency of rewards. And here it may be remarked, that whether we speak of medals, certificates, badges, or any thing else, which may come under the name of rewards, they all may be classed together, because they all appeal to one principle—the desire of distinction, emulation.

‘*Emulation*. In the first place, this principle is defective, because the foremost member of a class, when he has reached the highest place and feels secure of holding it with ease, relaxes all exertions to make progress beyond that which is necessary to insure his station. In preparing for recitation, examination, or exhibition, also, a scholar who is excited by no other spirit, often proves its insufficiency to insure the object it pretends to accomplish, viz. his most rapid improvement. For he may fancy that he has learnt more than his fellows; and then will be satisfied. Or he may think it impossible to excel or to equal any of them; and then will be discouraged and neglect his task. Whoever has been treated in his early years on the emulation system will probably remember that he was sometimes operated upon by such views. Nothing can be more variable than the estimation in which some youths hold themselves in comparison with their fellows, under changing circumstances or feelings, when, under the habitual influence of emulation in study, they refer to the standard which that system holds out.’

We have made the above extract, for the purpose of exhibiting in precise terms, an opinion, now somewhat prevalent, among religious persons,—that *emulation* should not be encouraged, and the whole system of temporal rewards and punishments, which tend to create it, abolished. In our estimation, this is heresy against the laws of nature, and not sustained by revealed institutions. We shall say nothing of the *inefficient efforts* of emulation, alluded to in this paragraph, upon *mental cultivation*, for the *experience* of mankind has been too uniform, and too universal to admit of a rational doubt. We shall reply only to the *ipse dixit*, that the *scriptures* do not sanction *emulation*. Now if emulation be considered synonymous with either *strife* or *envy*, we will concede the proposition; for no doubt these are the objects of reprobation in the divine law. But we suppose no one will contend for such a meaning of the term. In fact, it is the *desire of superiority*—but, not of itself, either a good, or a bad principle. The rewards of heaven are placed before us, as objects of desire, and the places in heaven are of various *degrees*. There are angels, and archangels; the *highest* and the *least* in degree, for so our Savior informed his disciples should be the position of those, who followed in different degrees, his precepts; and ‘one star differeth from another star in glory.’ Having established, then, a difference in the *degree of the reward*, it will be conceded, we suppose, that the *highest* is the proper object of desire. Now, we ask, how can the *highest* be desired, without an equal desire to be *above the lowest*? They are *identical*, and cannot be separated. The desire of *superiority* then is, both a principle of human moral structure, and an incentive in the divine government. The *fallacy*—for there is one—consists in this: that, it is supposed, that one cannot feel the desire of superiority, *without a sentiment of envy and strife, towards those above or below*. This is not the fact, and we fear that the mind which cannot do so, is wrongly directed.

Having said thus much, it will be curious to observe how the *practice* of those, who maintain the doctrine of *no emulation*, contradicts their *theory*.

‘*The Scriptures*, which insist so much on the duty of improving both the mind, the heart, and the manners, hold up no such motive as that of mere emulation, as it

is presented by many teachers. And in the whole course of instruction practically developed in that book, which we regard as a complete system of the written instructions of God to mankind, it is believed that no case can be found in which such emulation is resorted to.'

'The habit of doing right cannot be established by the teacher's exertions alone: the pupil must co-operate constantly and actively, and indeed must perform the whole. It is therefore highly important to adopt *some system* in school, which shall lead the pupils to *attend to their conduct*, to feel themselves responsible for it, and to pursue a systematic course of self-control and self-improvement.

He notes at the close of each day the conduct and performances of each in a convenient manner: thus—a figure showing the number of lessons and exercises, one after it showing how many of them were well done, a round dot for every *good mark* deserved, and a comma for every bad one. *Good marks* are given for punctual attendance and general good behavior, and *bad marks* for disobedience, idleness, &c. 5 2· then would signify that five exercises had been performed, and three of them well, and that one good mark had been merited.

A little before the close of school, he calls over the names with the record before him, marking each reply thus—'Present, three lessons, two perfect, one good mark.' The teacher compares this with his own record.'

Sure it will be seen, that there is recognized the fact, that *some system must be adopted to make the pupil attend to his conduct*; and what is the system adopted? Surely it must be nothing more than impressing the child with the love of knowledge, and the whole law of God: this is all which the theory sanctions. But,—no,—here comes the whole array of *good marks*, and *bad marks*, *perfect marks*, and *imperfect marks*, &c. &c. And is there no emulation in all this? Is it not the strongest system of emulation?

At the United States Military Academy, emulation is carried to the highest degree, upon precisely the same system marked out here,—with this only superadded, that the marks are summed up, and the standing fixed accordingly. And will not the children perform this addition for themselves? And will it not be known to the whole school, who are the best, and worst scholars in it? In truth this is the case, wherever this system is practised. We shall therefore dismiss this part of the subject, with the remark, that the desire of superiority has existed wherever superiority itself has existed. It is inseparable from human action, so long as human nature shall remain mingled with 'the beggarly elements' of this world; but when *this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality*, we can easily imagine, that no superiority will be claimed to the honor of partaking in the rewards of just men made perfect.

In conclusion, we think this little work calculated to be very beneficial, by pointing out a vastly better method of teaching, than is now adopted; and if there should be here and there an erroneous precept, it will weigh but little against the general merits of the work. It is every thing to make the people adopt any *system* of instruction, and to make them *think*, the only means which can relieve our country from the dull, as well as morbid elements of ignorance and vice.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, devoted to every Department of Literature and the Fine Arts. No. V. Printed in Richmond, Virginia, for T. W. WHITE, Proprietor. Subscription, \$5, payable in advance.

It is not, we know, the custom of periodicals to notice each other; but we cannot withhold our testimony of approbation to this beautifully-executed, and, so far, well-conducted publication. The truth is, Virginia, as well as all the south, contain fine *materials* for the production of literary works. The same causes, which render them inferior to the strength and accuracy of their northern brethren, in forensic debate and business habits, render them also acutely sensible to the pleasures of taste, and the beauties of art. Their vigorous imagination and ardent feelings enter every corner where nature may have thrown aught of the sublime or beautiful, and appreciate, with deep emotion, the treasures of a world full of the attractive, the bright, and the charming. Hence, we think it not unlikely that posterity may recognize in the productions of the south, the richest and most original literature of America.

The present number of the Messenger contains sixteen original articles in prose, and nineteen of original poetry, besides ten selections. Most of these articles would rank high among the literature of the day.

MONTHLY JOURNAL OF EDUCATION. By E. C. WINES, Princeton, New Jersey.

We have already said so much, directly and indirectly, in this number, upon the subject of *education*, that we almost fear that we should fatigue the attention of our readers. What follows, however, being chiefly statistical, will furnish some data for correct calculations.

The work above named, from which we make these extracts, was established on the 1st of January, 1835, to forward the just claims of education upon the public attention, and especially to *elevate the standard of instruction*. The latter point is that in which the United States fail.

Reference has already been made to the establishment, in Prussia and France, of schools for the education of *teachers*: we extract the table below, to show the number, and history of these schools in Prussia.

‘The experiment of founding seminaries for the education of schoolmasters for the lower schools, was commenced on a small scale, in order to test the practicability and utility of the system; and its salutary effects were felt to such a degree that, in 1816, the number of these institutions had increased to sixteen. Their beneficent tendency had then been established beyond all controversy; and since that time they have been increasing in number with a constantly accelerated rapidity.

‘The following statistical table, taken from a recent number of the London Quarterly Journal of Education, a work by the way which we cannot too earnestly commend to the attention of all persons engaged in teaching, and setting forth the number and condition of these seminaries in the year 1826 and 1831, will not be without interest to our readers.

No.	Names of the places where Seminaries are established.	1826.		1831.	
		Teachers.	No. of Pupils.	Teachers.	No. of Pupils.
I. IN THE KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA.					
1	Königsberg, for Protestants,	4	30	5	42
2	Karlsruhe, for Protestants in Lithuania,	6	30	6	60
3	Klein Döben, for Protestants,	3	44	4	50
4	Braunsberg, for Roman Catholics,	3	22	4	36
5	Jenkau, near Danzig, for Protestants and Roman Catholics,	7	31	3	25
6	Marienberg, for Protestants and Roman Catholics,	6	56	7	44
7	Graudenz, for Roman Catholics,	4	60	4	80
8	Angerburg, for the Protestant Poles,	did not	ot ex	ist 3	30
9	Baldenburg, for Protestants and Roman Catholics, a private institution,	did not	ot ex	ist 1	53
II. IN THE PROVINCE OF BRANDENBURG.					
10	Neuzelle, for Protestants,	7	90	9	90
11	Potsdam, for Protestants,	6	63	8	81
12	Alt Döbern, for Protestants,	did not	ot ex	ist 7	36
13	Berge, near Nauen, for Protestants, a private institution,	did not	ot ex	ist 3	15
14	Berlin, for Protestants,	did not	ot ex	ist 2	50
III. IN THE PROVINCE OF POMERANIA.					
15	Alt Stettin, for Protestants,	5	32	6	40
16	Coslin, for Protestants,	4	34	4	46
17	Greifswald, for Protestants,	2	5	3	16
18	Pyritz, for Protestants,	did not	ot ex	ist 3	12
IV. IN THE PROVINCE OF SILESIA.					
19	Breslau, for Protestants,	6	80	6	90
20	Bunzlau, for Protestants,	15	75	11	127
21	Breslau, for Roman Catholics,	6	83	9	131
22	Ober Glogau, for Roman Catholics,	4	67	4	54
23	Schlegel, in the county of Glatz, for Roman Catholics,	did not	ot ex	ist 2	12
V. IN THE PROVINCE OF POSEN.					
24	Bromberg, for Protestants,	4	51	4	25
25	Posen, for Roman Catholics,	5	40	8	63
26	Fraustadt, for Protestants,	did not	ot ex	ist 2	15
27	Fordon, for Roman Catholics,	did not	ot ex	ist 2	18
28	Treżemeszno, for Roman Catholics,	did not	ot ex	ist 4	13
VI. IN THE PROVINCE OF SAXONY.					
29	Magdeburg, for Protestants,	12	70	13	61
30	Halberstadt, for Protestants,	4	43	11	40
31	Weissenfels, for Protestants,	6	61	6	65
32	Erfurt, for Protestants,	13	113	13	74
33	Gardelegen, for Protestants,	did not	ot ex	ist 5	24
34	Eisleben, for Protestants,	did not	ot ex	ist 3	14
VII. IN THE PROVINCE OF WESTPHALIA.					
35	Soest, for Protestants,	5	57	6	70
36	Büren, for Roman Catholics,	3	50	5	82
37	Petershagen, for Roman Catholics,	did not	ot ex	ist 3	30
38	Langenhorst, for Roman Catholics,	did not	ot ex	ist 3	32
VIII. IN THE RHENISH PROVINCES.					
39	Neuwied, for Protestants,	4	38	3	38
40	Meurs, for Protestants,	3	30	4	30
41	Bruhl, for Roman Catholics,	5	100	5	100
42	St. Matthias, near Treves, for Roman Catholics,	3	45	2	45
		155	1510	219	2071

From this table it appears that the proportion of teachers to seminarists, was about the same at each period, being one teacher to every nine pupils and a fraction; that the increase of seminaries was much greater between the years 1826 and 1831, than between those of 1816 and 1826, being during the former of those periods only at the rate of a small fraction over one seminary, and during the latter, at the rate of three seminaries, per annum; that the annual increase of seminarists between the dates embraced in the table was one hundred and twelve; that the average number of pupils at each seminary at the last of these dates was about fifty-eight; and that the whole number of these institutions at that time amounted to forty-three. Taking these data as the basis of our estimate, it will not be thought unreasonable to suppose that the annual ratio of increase in the number of seminaries since that time has been five, and of seminarists one hundred and fifty-one; consequently that the aggregate of institutions in 1834 is fifty-eight, and of pupils in them two thousand five hundred and fifty-two.'

Let the reader here note the fact, that the number of *pupils to a teacher*, in these seminaries, is but nine and a fraction. We also commend to his notice the following just and forcible remarks.

'If our admiration is excited by the number of these seminaries, it will be greatly augmented by a view of the general outlines of their organization. Indeed the whole system, both in its conception and execution, displays a wisdom and a regard for the people above all praise; and if its locality were on the western shores of the Atlantic instead of the southern shores of the Baltic, it would be trumpeted forth on the four winds as indubitable and most illustrious proof of the beauties and blessings of republicanism. It would be held up exultingly to the view of every crowned head and every royal cabinet of Europe, and they would be told to behold and admire the fruits which the generous soil of freedom yields—the more than parental solitudes of republican governments for the happiness of their citizens. But it happens that the Prussian government is, both in name and reality, a despotism, and hence the existence of such a system of education within its dominions is probably unknown to nine tenths of the free people of the United States. If, on the other hand, instead of these noble efforts for the promotion of intelligence and virtue among its subjects, it had issued an edict for the abolishment of schools throughout its territories, we should never have heard the last of it; the whole country would have rung again, and justly too, with denunciations of the blighting spirit and bitter fruits of despotic power. But why should we take more pleasure in holding up the dark than the bright side of the picture of foreign governments? Let us act upon the just and sound principle of rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and of learning wisdom even from an enemy, and we shall then be neither slow to commend what we behold worthy of commendation, nor averse to imitate what we cannot but regard as wise and good, even though it emanate from the seraglio at Constantinople, or the imperial palace at Canton.'

To state the reverse of the Prussian system, as exhibited in the United States, we make the following extract, illustrative of the state of education in New Jersey. We should have selected our own state—in no way behind this retrograde *march of intellect*—but the materials are not at hand.

'It appears, by the report of a committee appointed at a public meeting of the

friends of education in 1828, that out of a population of about three hundred thousand, there were *fifteen thousand* adults who were unable to read, and *twelve thousand* children who were entirely destitute of the means of education. In the counties of Sussex and Warren alone, there were *forty-nine* districts in which there was not a single school. In the county of Essex, the richest and most flourishing in the state, *twelve hundred* children were found growing up in ignorance, and entirely cut off from all the blessings of education. In *three* of the townships of Cape May, comprising a population of about *four thousand*, there were *two hundred* persons above the age of *fifteen* who could not read; *eighteen families*, not a *single member* of which could read; *twenty*, in which *neither of the parents* could read; and *forty-five*, in which only *one* of the parents could read. Where schools existed, their condition was deplorable in the extreme. Nothing taught, save the merest rudiments of education, and those, most imperfectly. The teachers, for the most part, wholly unqualified; frequently immoral; in some cases, habitually intemperate; and in one instance, '*an avowed infidel and scoffer at religion.*'

It is proper here to remark, that the legislature of New Jersey, alarmed at this appalling condition of the public mind, in 1829 passed an act instituting common schools, and appropriating \$20,000 per annum, to their support. Their act of legislation had, however, many and striking defects, which are pointed out in the Journal of Education.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

THE Board of Equalization of the taxable property for the state of Ohio, have just closed their session at Columbus, and made their report. A few facts are taken from it, which are not without interest. The grand aggregate value of real and personal property, as equalized by the board, is \$94,649,086. Total value of the real estate as equalized, is \$73,932,892. The lowest average value of the land in any one county, is that of Meigs, which is 61 cents and 8 mills. The highest average value is that of Hamilton, which is \$10.07 cents and 5 mills, per acre. The total value of the taxable personal property of the state, is \$20,716,184. Number of pleasure carriages 2678. The amount of merchant's capital and money at interest, is \$7,066,796. Number of cattle, 443,020: of horses, 247,920. The value of the land in the county of Hamilton, is \$2,469,177. The value of town lots and buildings, in the county of Hamilton, is \$4,827,563. Total value of the real property in the county of Hamilton, is \$7,390,365.

In respect to the standard of *private sale*, or what may be regarded, as real value between man and man, neither the assessment of this state, nor that of any other, is *correct*. It, however, answers the purpose for which it is made, an *equalized basis* for taxation.

Bearing this in mind, we state the increase of valuation since 1825,—10 years,—so that the relative progress of the state, in substantial wealth, may be known.

In 1825, the total *equalized valuation* of the state, was \$59,527,336, and the total value of real estate, \$46,595,144. Total increase of valuation, \$35,121,350. Increase of real estate, \$27,347,748. In 1825, the canals and other public

works of Ohio, had not gone into operation. What influence they had upon this increase, cannot be precisely ascertained. But we may reasonably suppose it to be much. Increased capital, increased labor, and increased skill in improving the soil, have also contributed to this result.

An increase of \$27,000,000, in the real estate of a single state, during ten years, or 50 per cent. upon the whole amount, is unexampled, we believe, in the history of nations. During the same period she received an accession of 400,000 to her population, and is still aggregating from all the tribes of men!

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

THURSDAY the 26th of February, was the day appointed for simultaneous meeting of the Temperance Societies, throughout the world. In this county, it was observed by several societies, of which we know the following. The society in Columbia township held a meeting at Madison. The society of Springfield, at Mount Pleasant. The society in Delhi, near the meetinghouse; and the Young Men's Temperance society of Cincinnati, at the Second Presbyterian church, in that city. The latter meeting was well attended, and unusually interesting. The meeting was addressed by several gentlemen, among whom were the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet of Hartford, C. J. Wright, and S. P. Chase, Esq., and also by several of the Youth's Temperance society, who joined in the exercises of the evening with great credit to themselves, and we trust with benefit to the community. This society consists wholly of *boys*, from the various schools of the city, who have united to resist the ruin and corruptions produced by this worst vice of their forefathers.

During the evening, some fine music was performed, and the following original ode, written for the occasion, and sung by the choir.

Song for the Youth's Temperance Society of Cincinnati.

BY MISS C. E. BEECHER.

Shall the dread fiery scourge,
 Our young hopes sever?
 Say, shall vice wreath her chain
 Round us for ever?
 Our blood with fever boil,
 Our breath pollution spoil,
 Our cheek the canker soil?
 Never, no never!

From our home's happiness,
 Say, shall we sever?
 Over us parents weep,
 Ruined for ever?
 Life prove but shame and care,
 Hope find no comfort there,
 Death but fill up despair?
 Never, oh never!

Here our vows then we bring,
 Vows to stand ever,
 Hear us now heavenly King,
 Hold them forever;
 Ne'er shall the guilty bowl,
 O'er us its poison roll,
 Destroying life and soul,
 Never, no never!

Mighty God, friend of youth,
 Bless our endeavor,
 Strengthen each high resolve,
 Now and for ever;
 Till past all earthly woes,
 Our toils shall find repose,
 Our songs of joy ne'er close,
 Never, no never!

We observe, that in New York, a large meeting has been held, without reference to sect or party, and a city society formed to promote temperance, and suppress the retail of ardent spirits. In that city, there are said to be 3000 tippling shops, licensed by the corporation, at \$10 each,—producing a revenue of \$30,000, raised by means which destroy the peace of families,—promote the corruption, and insure the degradation of the people.

In Cincinnati, there are about 220 tippling shops of various descriptions, licensed at an average of \$30 a piece, and producing to the city treasury, in round numbers, about \$6000. If the *standard* of morals, be the *price of the license*, Cincinnati morals should be much purer than those of New York. But in our estimation, the regulation of *tippling* houses, by the price of licenses, is very much like the Saxons regulating the *price of life*. They, who believe a thing *wrong* cannot be made to think it *right*, by the *reception* of a *bribe*.

WE trust our patrons will excuse the delay, which has occurred in sending out the present number of the Magazine. It has been caused by unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances: according to Major Downing's theory, our thermometers were too long, and consequently the river closed, and consequently the Magazine has been delayed a few days. The paper is not such as we could wish; but we were obliged to use it, or none. Our next number will show a decided improvement in this respect. Agreeably to our promise, we have commenced, with this number, adding the sixteen pages proposed; and we trust, our efforts to improve the Magazine, will be seconded by a prompt and liberal patronage.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of JANUARY 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. JAN. 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer.	Course	Char't'r	Rain	Char't'r	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.	mean height in's.	Wind. AM--PM	of Wind.		Weath er.	
1	22.5	48.0	37.4	29.296	SE-SE	lt.bre.		fair.	
2	27.0	41.0	33.1	29.416	W-NW	lt.bre.		vari.	
3	11.5	23.0	15.6	29.676	N-N	str.bre.		clear.	
4	7.5	22.5	13.6	29.703	NE-NE	str.bre.		clear.	
5	3.0	29.0	16.7	29.636	NE-NE	str.bre.		clear.	remarkably fine
6	4.0	36.0	20.5	29.710	NE-NE	str.bre.		clear.	atmosphere.
7	23.5	33.8	22.8	29.673	NE-NE	lt.bre.		vari.	moon in apogee.
8	17.0	35.0	25.8	29.573	NE-NE	lt.bre.		fair.	
9	11.0	37.0	24.8	29.561	NE-NE	lt.bre.		clear.	
10	7.0	39.0	22.2	29.573	NE-NE	lt.bre.		clear.	
11	14.0	47.0	34.2	29.436	NE-NE	lt.bre.		fair.	
12	35.0	49.0	41.4	29.260	SE-SE	lt.bre.	0.09	cloudy.	rain at 6 a. m.
13	38.0	45.0	41.0	29.016	E-SW	lt.bre.	0.37	cloudy.	rain 7½ a. m.
14	35.6	43.0	38.2	29.101	W-E	lt.bre.	0.14	cloudy.	rainy day.
15	37.5	47.5	41.4	28.809	SE-SW	hi.wd.		cloudy.	stormy day and
16	31.0	36.5	32.6	29.375	SW-W	lt.wd.		vari.	night.
17	19.0	41.0	31.7	29.513	SE-SE	lt.bre.		cloudy.	
18	21.5	38.5	31.5	29.495	N-N	lt.bre.		clear.	
19	21.0	50.0	38.7	29.356	N-W	lt.bre.		fair.	well water 49°.
20	45.0	54.0	49.0	29.336	SW-SW	lt.bre.	0.85	cloudy.	rain 9½ p. m.
21	40.0	54.5	44.5	28.815	S-SW	str.bre.	0.86	cloudy.	rainy day.
22	24.0	48.0	37.0	29.229	W-W	lt.bre.		clear.	
23	32.0	45.0	37.2	29.486	NW-NW	lt.bre.		vari.	
24	24.3	55.0	44.1	29.360	E-E	lt.bre.	0.19	vari.	rainy night.
25	49.5	66.0	55.1	28.973	S-SW	hi.wd.	0.03	vari.	stormy day.
26	35.0	51.0	43.2	29.006	NE-NW	hi.wd.	0.06	vari.	hower 2 p. m.
27	33.0	63.0	48.2	28.941	NE-SW	str.wd.		vari.	
28	38.0	49.0	42.0	29.333	NW-NW	str. wd.		fair.	clear night.
29	35.0	49.0	44.2	29.133	NE-NE	str. wd.	1.15	cloudy.	rain 12 med.
30	33.0	47.5	40.1	28.833	SW-SW	hi.wd.	0.06	cloudy.	slight snow 8p.m.
31	24.0	27.0	25.5	28.996	W-W	str.wd.	0.02	cloudy.	slight snow a. m.

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 34° 62

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 66°

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 3°

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 63°

Warmest day, January 25th.

Coldest day, January 4th.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - 29.3102

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.74

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 28.73

Range of barometer, - - - - - 1.01

Perpendicular depth of rain, (English inches) - - - - 3.82

Perpendicular depth of rain alone, - - - - - 3.74

Direction of Wind: N. 2½ days—NE. 9½ days—E. 2 days—SE. 3½ days—S.
1½ days—SW. 5 days—W. 4 days—NW. 3 days.

Weather: Clear and fair, 13 days—variable, 8 days—cloudy, 10 days.

The mean temperature of this month exceeded that of the same month, 1834,
5°.84.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1835.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

BY C. S. STEWART, M. A., U. S. NAVY.

WE are happy to meet our distinguished countryman, C. S. Stewart, again in the character of an author. And especially since time has not brushed away his literary charms. It is painful to read a second production of many, whose first deservedly secured a large tribute of praise. When an author has been highly commended, he is apt to consider himself capable of giving laws to the literary world, without an effort. Secure of renown, his next production is not unfrequently hurried into the world, in a half-finished state, followed by a succession of others, whose regular degeneracy would seem to indicate that the 'art of sinking' had been successfully studied at every step.

Before the recent work of Mr. Stewart fell into our hands, we were led, by some remarks from a responsible source, to apprehend that he had become so infected with the book-making mania, as to forget that a permanent impression can be made on the public, only through the medium of intelligence and correct taste. But our forebodings vanished, on perceiving in the 'Sketches,' finely-selected incidents, graphic delineations of scenery, and living portraits of character, enriched by the same fertile imagination, which threw such a charm over the 'Visit to the South Seas.'

The last-named work, is entitled to a rank among the most highly finished productions of polite literary travelers. Mr. Stewart being obliged, in consequence of his wife's health, to return to the United States, from the Sandwich Islands, where he had successfully prosecuted a mission among the natives, embarked as chaplain in the frigate *Guerrier*, 1829, bound for the Pacific, with the privilege of a transfer to the corvette *Vincennes* which was to visit the Sandwich Islands, and return to America by the Cape of Good Hope. For this, as well as the former office, Mr. Stewart was eminently qualified. In him were blended ardent piety, extensive literary acquirements, suavity of manners, accurate knowledge of human nature, and a facility of accommodating himself to every variety of character and circumstance, incident to his mode of life. During his residence at the 'Islands,' he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the christian public, and secured the permanent regard of foreign travelers, who occasionally visited him. Among these, was the present lord Byron, then commander of H. B. M. ship *Blonde*, and who, on Mr. Stewart's recent visit to England, reciprocated the kindness received in a foreign land, at his own splendid mansion.

During his voyage around the world, Mr. Stewart kept a journal, in the form of letters addressed to his wife, which was published soon after his return. The perusal of this work introduces us to an almost familiar acquaintance with scenes and characters in countries elevated to the different degrees of refinement, from absolute barbarism to the splendors of a Brazilian court. Mr. Stewart has in his possession, that rarest article in the cabinet of fine writing—the magic wand of painting. With his playful touch, every character that can interest or amuse, and every incident, from the grave to the ludicrous, are summoned up at pleasure in their native aspect.

Deeply as the friends of christianity regretted the removal of this useful individual from his first station, his pen has since enriched our stores of knowledge, and thrown a bulwark around the cause of missions which scepticism will assail to no purpose. And perhaps it will ultimately appear, that he has done as much to promote the cause of piety, as if he had devoted his life to the personal instruction of natives in the western isles. It is highly desirable, that all our missionaries should be men of intellectual, as well as moral excellence. We are inclined to suspect, that no inconsiderable part of the odium that attaches to this noblest feature of philanthropy—foreign missionary service—has its origin in an injudicious selection of persons to diffuse the benign influence of christi-

anity among pagan nations. In this age of intelligence, every missionary should not only be fitted for his immediate duties to those among whom he labors, but like Ellis and Stewart and Buchanan, be capable of enriching the literature and extending the boundaries of knowledge at home, by spreading before the public the results of his enlightened observations. They would then be hailed as pioneers in those two departments, which should never be disjoined—religion and letters—and would be sustained by an enlightened public, as the benefactors of man. The paucity of suitable persons to despatch in this noble embassy, has led to the evil just noticed; but the times are changing, and the brightest talents, and the richest acquisitions are not unfrequently, of late, consecrated to the missionary service.

Our readers will pardon this digression, prompted by a desire to bring *as much* of our author before them as possible, and to show that the cause in which he was once engaged—that of foreign missions—so far from being the ignoble work which some affirm, when prosecuted aright, demands our attention from literary as well as religious considerations.

When Mr. Stewart officiated on board the *Vincennes*, she was commanded by captain W. C. Bolton Finch, whose intelligence and amiable manners greatly endeared him to our author. This gentleman who, for certain reasons, was induced by an act of congress, to drop the surname Finch, and resume his ancestral one, Bolton, accompanied Mr. Stewart in his tour through Great Britain and Ireland. Such an arrangement, introduced them to a more extended circle than would have been open to either, and to this circumstance are we, in part, indebted for that interesting variety with which these volumes are filled. Solitary travelers, or a party of the same grade in life, are generally compelled to view society in one aspect, and of course, are seldom capable of presenting a complete picture of manners, customs, &c. Two professional gentlemen of reputation, and whose pursuits are perfect *antipodes*—a naval officer and a clergyman—by traveling in company, must have an opportunity of seeing the world under circumstances peculiarly favorable to the formation of a correct opinion. It is a source of instruction and pleasure, to peruse the details of such persons, especially when written with the sprightliness and candor with which the work before us is executed. The ‘Sketches’ breathe a spirit widely different from that in the works of our many transatlantic visitors, whose envy or ignorance, has given rise to those caricatures, or more properly fabrications, of American society, which are so eagerly received as genuine, by

those who look with a malicious eye on our free institutions. Mr. Stewart discovered not a few traits of British character, and peculiar features in society, which, had his magnanimity allowed him to place in bold relief, to the exclusion of all that was beautiful and noble, would have represented the nation of our *censors* as falling at least a few degrees below that perfection for whose absence we, poor demi-savages, are so severely censured. But we are persuaded, that no candid, intelligent, Briton, will complain of want of fidelity in the 'Sketches.'

The presentation to the king was less formal than would have been expected; not differing, with the exception of shaking hands, from an introduction at a levee of the president at Washington. His majesty, attended by several nobles, stood on one side the presence chamber, near a window, and not in front of the throne. The 'gracious reception' consisted in asking a few questions concerning the part of the United States from which Mr. Stewart and his companion came; their intended stay in England, course of travel, &c. Even in monarchical governments, the amount of ceremony is graduated by the intelligence possessed; a profuse display of pageantry being the usual concomitant of intellectual inferiority. The contrast between an introduction to the sovereign of England, and one to a Brazilian monarch, is strikingly illustrative of the last remark. We shall copy Mr. Stewart's description from his 'Visit to the South Seas.' Vol. i. p. 77.

Amidst much display, for an interesting account of which we refer the reader to the work itself, Mr. Stewart, accompanied by the late lamented William Tudor, our distinguished ambassador, made his first bow to royalty at the door of the audience chamber. Then advancing two or three yards farther, 'on making a second reverence, I, in my turn, received the full imperial bow, Mr. Tudor having repeated the usual form, "I have the honor of presenting to your imperial majesty," &c. &c. in connexion with the name of the individual. My next movement was to the medallion in the centre, immediately in front of the throne, where a third *congé* was made, though the emperor was bowing to those coming after me. Two more were still to be accomplished—the exchange being five to one in the imperial favor—and those backwards; as the face must be kept towards the throne in completing the semicircular line by which you pass from the door of the entrance at one corner of the room to that on the same side, by which you retire. The courtiers approached the throne in single procession, as we had done; and kneeling, kissed the extended hand of the emperor, and each of

the children. Five hundred hurried rapidly, in this manner, through the room.'

The real nobility in England, Mr. Stewart generally found comparatively simple in their deportment and costume; whilst those of a lower rank, who strove to emulate their superiors, talked, dressed, and acted, 'affectedly genteel.' He was often entertained with a warmth of hospitality which we are accustomed to think the phlegmatic Englishman incapable of exercising. But the first reception was generally precise; a period of formality being a necessary preliminary to that more grateful intercourse which was sure to follow. It would seem that our author did not blush for his country, even when surrounded by dukes and princes of the blood and the beauty of the realm. 'The exterior movements and address of individuals of the higher circles, differ as variously here, as on the other side of the Atlantic, from the most polished and graceful, to the most unbecoming and awkward; but if called upon to make any general comparison in the manners of the same classes, in the two countries, I would unhesitatingly say, that there is less of the *suaviter in modo*—something more abrupt and blunt—in the address and manner of the English gentlemen, not unfrequently blended with a decided awkwardness of movement, and in the ladies, a manifestly greater precision and formality, than in those of the same standing in America.' Vol. ii. p. 68.

In order to pay a just tribute of respect to English ladies, notwithstanding this disparaging remark in point of graceful appearance, he observes, 'there is a propriety of attitude and action which is never in fault, and which more than counterbalances any disadvantages arising from the former. Whatever else may be said of the English ladies, those we have seen have exhibited the clearest proof in their manners, that they believe, with Hannah More, that "propriety is the first, the second, and the third highest quality of the sex."' p. 69.

Many of the villages in England are far inferior to ours, whilst the roads and carriages are generally superior, as well as the accommodations of the hotels. The cottages in England, Scotland, and Ireland, fall far below the conceptions that we usually form of them, and their inmates are distinguished by every variety of character. Degraded as multitudes are, many possess a degree of intelligence and sprightliness which, considering their situation, is truly astonishing. We select one instance in a rough-looking Irish stable-boy of Dixlip, about sixteen years of age. After introducing himself rather abruptly, but very humorously, by running to the coach as it was leaving the inn, and extending to captain Bolton a dirty old saddle, with

the exclamation, 'An' plase your honor, an' will you lay hold on this just a bit and help it up, while I just keep the balance of the coach, your honor, by getting up on the other side,' he deposited himself with our travelers, and instantly became no less a personage than either of them. 'Perceiving us to be strangers to the route we were pursuing, from the inquiries made in reference to the principal objects of attraction by the way, he soon made himself of service by the local information communicated, but chiefly in the jocular manner in which he had first introduced himself. As we approached the town of Maynooth, a lofty structure in the vicinity led to a question of its design, to which he replied, "Indeed, your honor, I cannot exactly say. We poor people call it *lady Connelly's pillar*; but Mr. Moore, in his poetical way, calls it *the obelisk of Maynooth*." And shortly afterwards, in *ruse* upon our search of the picturesque and wonderful, exclaimed, "And do your honors see that round, tower-like, stone building yonder, just beside the hill a bit—that old-looking thing there, *slated* with *turf*, your honors?" Yes, yes—what of it? The remains of a round tower, I suppose. "Why"—with an arch smile—"I can't exactly say it is, your honor; for I am thinking it looks too much like what we call a *lime-kiln* in this country, covered with turf to keep it from catching on fire from the rain!" which indeed it was: and so on, till he left us, still cracking his jokes on all around.' Vol. ii. p. 249, 250.

Mr. Stewart has not only made us more familiarly acquainted with the present aspect of Great Britain and Ireland, but has furnished no inconsiderable *data* by which we may infer what they were in 'days of yore.' With a commendable desire to know the history of every pile of ruins or antiquated castle that came under his observation, he possessed himself of much valuable information, which he has spread before his readers without that disgusting pedantry or dry detail, so common to similar narrations. Every place of historic or classic interest had peculiar charms for him, and his readers are sure to be inspired with the same enthusiasm. It is to be regretted that he had not spent two or three years, instead of five months, in traversing the same districts and collecting facts, from which to form a faithful and entertaining history of Great Britain.

Such a work from his pen would be a valuable acquisition to our literature, and would reflect no small degree of honor on its talented author. It would also save his readers from that painful, and in some instances agonizing desire, to know more of certain places and characters which the *magic* 'Sketches' have caused to flit before us in such fascinating forms, and van-

ish so soon as almost to make us wish we had not seen them. A history of this character would show, in a striking manner, the gradations of improvement in refinement, letters, and morals, from barbarism to the height of civilization. Luxury and pomp were none of the appendages of a corpse 'lying in state' six or eight centuries ago. The habiliments of the tomb, then corresponded with the character of the age, as they do now; but those ages, how different! Our readers are familiar with the profuse display of pageantry at an English funeral, and the princely expenditure in arraying the remains of departed 'nobility' for its abode in dust; and Mr. Stewart has informed us of the custom of their ancestors, on similar occasions. The former monastery at Chester, is an 'old gothic structure of the twelfth century, beneath which the body of Hugh Lupus, nephew of William the Conqueror, and first earl of Chester, was discovered about a hundred years since, *wrapped in an ox hide*, within a coffin of stone, now exhibited in a corner of the apartment.' Vol. i. p. 30.

This account forcibly reminds us of Pollok's description of the resurrection:

The family tomb, to whose devouring mouth
Descended sire and son, age after age,
In long, unbroken, hereditary line,
Poured forth, at once, the *ancient father rude*,
And all his offspring of a thousand years.

It is deeply to be regretted, that the English, with all their commendable zeal, in preserving memorials of past ages, are censurable for suffering places of peculiar interest to sink into oblivion. Every scholar, whatever may be his opinion of Sheridan's employment, cannot but be pained on learning the present use of this distinguished orator's recitation room. It is thus described as one of the apartments of the Piazza coffeehouse in London: 'Its coffee-room is a magnificent saloon, of noble extent and height, the walls covered with crimson velvet paper with gilt mouldings, and having a vaulted ceiling, beautifully painted in allegory. It is quite classical, too, in its history and associations, having been built by Sheridan, with studied care, while manager of Covent Garden, for a private recitation room, when at the height of his oratorical glory. As a public eating hall, however, it has now long echoed to more ignoble sounds, in the jingling of knives, plate and glass, than were then returned, from above and around, to the bursts of his impassioned eloquence.' Vol. i. p. 137.

We were extremely delighted with the instances of piety in high life noticed by our author. Many families, whose number,

including domestics, amounts to forty or fifty, have a devoted chaplain, who regularly attends morning and evening service with the household, and on Sabbath, preaches to them and the tenants, composing a congregation of a hundred or upwards. The tribute of praise to the piety of the duchess of Gordon, is such that we cannot forbear transcribing a part of it: 'Such is the rank of the duke of Gordon, that he is styled in familiar phraseology, the "*king of the north*;" his influence in point of birth, rank, and property, being more extensive and powerful than that of any other nobleman in Scotland.' Though surrounded by a profusion of wealth, and numerous dependents, his lady is not unmindful of her relations to the author of her enjoyments. 'At all times, when the duchess is at home, there are prayers at nine o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon—previous to the preparations for dinner, when the household and guests can most conveniently be assembled in the greatest number. When the chaplain is not at the castle, the duchess herself reads the scriptures, and leads the worship of the chapel. On the Sabbath, the family and servants attend the parish church in Fochabers in the morning; but there is preaching in the castle in the afternoon, and the duchess invariably reads a sermon aloud in the drawingroom on that evening, whatever may be the number or character of her guests.' Vol. ii. p. 192.

The literary merits of the 'Sketches' would have been increased, had they been written more leisurely, or at least revised with care previous to their publication. Although Mr. Stewart deserves the commendation bestowed on him in the former part of this article, he is evidently in danger of having his 'laurels changed to willows,' by writing too hastily. In a work of this kind, issued under the circumstances named in the preface, perhaps he is pardonable, and especially since it abounds with such excellencies. It deserves to be extensively perused.

L. W.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE OF NATIONS.

HAPPINESS, such as is consequent upon a conformity to his relations, should be the aim of man's exertions, as it is the design of his existence. To obtain it, the mental and moral part of his creation is beautifully adapted. Every element of his immaterial being has a tendency, if not perverted, to true happiness. And so complete, so accurate, and so nice, is the work-

manship of his whole mental machinery for this grand effect, that it may be said of it, as of a watch, but with tenfold propriety, that its very perfections subject it to numberless and ruinous derangements. Among its strongest tendencies to this end, and one which cannot be perverted or subdued, is that which prompts him to mix and have intercourse with his fellow-man. This truth is visibly shown in the course he has taken. If he lives estranged from his fellows; if the cold touch of adversity has frozen his finer feelings, and in bitterness of soul he cherishes hatred for his whole race, he is unhappy—he is miserable. And man is not only endowed with social feelings to unite him to his race, but his situation in the world is such that he is compelled by absolute and uncompromising wants to link himself inseparably to his fellow-men.

These two, then, are the great and requisite causes of the formation of civil society. The one, interest—the other, instinctive, natural love. From them, communities are necessarily formed, all the different parts of which are connected with and dependent upon each other; and it may be said that the quantity of their dependence is the measure of their civilization. The merchant depends upon the people for the sale of his goods, and the people upon him for a necessary supply, and so throughout all the occupations of life, there is a mutual dependence between them and between the people. This prevails, not only among the inhabitants of a particular community; but the whole mass, as one man upon his fellow, is dependent upon the neighboring mass. The town cannot flourish without the country: engaged in different occupations, they supply each other's wants.

These remarks obtain, in an equal degree, when applied to vast sections of country. The prosperity of the west is closely united with that of the east and south: they are the markets of her staples—she of theirs: and if the day shall ever come, which is so eagerly foretold, when the little villages in her vast range of wilderness shall become shining cities of gold, let the happy change be ascribed to her connections and dependencies. In the same manner, this mutual dependence extends itself to nations. They trade with each other as inland sections, only on a more extended scale.

The soil of nations, in different latitudes, is characterized by different productions, and in the present sensual refinements of society, the luxuries of the old world have become the wants of the new. As a necessary consequence, their mutual dependence, in this view, has been greatly increased, and they are compelled to engage in commerce with each other to meet the

needful demands of their people. Were we to enter into a specification on this point, we might instance nearly all the nations in the world. The cold and barren regions of the north partake largely of the bountiful productions of the tropical climes. The African, as he treads upon deserts glittering with gold, would be poor indeed, if he could not exchange it with another people: and oceans are at all times thronged with vessels bearing homeward the riches of foreign countries.

Nations are not only dependent on each other, in a great degree, for the wants and comforts of life; but also for their wealth, power and prosperity. To illustrate the position, we would point to Tyre, to Athens, and to Carthage. What was it that filled the coffers of the Tyrian? that lifted Athens to a proud eminence above the neighboring nations? that subjected so vast a territory to the dominion of Carthage, and nerved her arms to battle for sovereignty with the mighty warriors of Rome? It was extensive foreign intercourse. This same intercourse has given the crown of national superiority to a small island in the ocean, and planted the standard of England in the most distant parts of the globe. Examine history—the biography of nations—and you will find, with few exceptions, that all that have ever become vast and strong, or that have wielded a wide and effective influence, are characterized by numerous connections with other governments. Growing nations are dependent upon older ones for the introduction and perfection of the mechanic arts, and for their refinement and literature. Our own country, in her present advanced state, is dependent upon the continent and England for many of the arts and sciences, and articles, which the infancy of our manufactures are incompetent to produce. On the other hand, England, who by her great intercourse, has acquired for herself the title ‘queen of nations’—who, feeding upon the trophies of time, and growing stronger and stronger, has careered on firmly and steadily, amid the fluctuations around her, is the most dependent government on the globe. Suppose, for a moment her connections with other countries were cut off. Possessing but a small territory and a thickly settled population, she would be unable to procure the indispensable necessities of life. Depending upon foreign climes for the raw material, her extensive manufactures, whose products fill the markets of every nation, would be suddenly stopped, and all her exertions would be immediately ended. Nerveless and paralyzed, a stillness, boding desolation and ruin, would gather over the land, which for so many centuries has been lively with the sounds of industry, and the greatness and glory of Britain would pass away for ever. Her dependencies are the sources of *all* her strength.

Nations are dependent upon each other, in a measure, for their safety and perpetuity, even while in a state of peace. War is the favorite occupation of rulers; by it they gratify their ambition, and subdue and sway other governments. Kings, like beasts of prey, are ever watching for a victim. Monarch greets his fellow-monarch with the smile of peace, and at the same time nourishes a feeling, which would prostrate him on the first opportunity. While such principles are cherished by the rulers of the land, nations must look to each other for protection. It becomes their policy to assist mutually, that the equilibrium may be preserved. For if one power subdues another, it becomes more powerful thereby, weakens a third comparatively, and exposes it to much more danger than was to be apprehended before. A nation should therefore never remain idle, while one kingdom is subjecting others: it is allowing the mass to gather a mightier magnitude, which may one day come upon it with a momentum it cannot withstand. The above principle is conclusively illustrated by the war between Poland and Russia. To say nothing of the duty, it was the policy of the southern nations of Europe to assist the Poles. By so doing, they would have checked the career of the antagonist power, and secured themselves. But by denying this assistance in following the suggestions of a mistaken selfishness, they foolishly permitted Russia to bind another arm to her giant frame, which same arm, it is believed, will one day wield its strength to strike the deathblow to their freedom and sovereignty. In the example we have just given, France and the neighboring powers were as much dependent upon Poland, even while Russia was chaining her at her feet, as Poland upon them. For, from the fall of the latter, we may predict their fall. Poland was as a wall, to keep off the Russian: and were she at this day a prosperous and powerful kingdom, their condition would be doubly secure.

Nations are dependent upon each other for greatness and refinement, both intellectual and moral.

The nature of mind is such that, unaided, it is incompetent to any thing that is great or grand. True, after it has been once started into action; after it has experienced its first sensation, and acquired thereby that ceaseless motion, which continues through all eternity, it may be able, by its powers of suggestion, to build thought upon thought, and feel emotion after emotion, without end. True, as it looks up into the heavens and around it, it may read in the language of works, there is a God; as it listens to the midnight roar of the ocean, it may feel the painful heaving thought, there is a mysterious and hidden

power dwelling about it. Still, these emotions, sublime as they are, may be felt by every being in the human family; and instead of being the evidences of a great intellect, do but declare the wisdom of God in creating the commonest capacity with a power by which it is enabled to attain to a sufficient conception of his greatness, and grandeur, and glory. But to become strong and vast in thought, and bold and chaste in imagination—to become great among the great, and sway the countless mass of common men, no matter how superior may be its natural endowments—it is necessary that the mind should have close and continued connection with its fellow-mind. There is a mutual dependence. By communion and contact, they develop each other. Who can calculate the vast amount of material, that is furnished to every individual mind from others; the thoughts and emotions that may grow out of and be immediately consequent upon the impressions which have been made upon it by foreign thought, and thought, too, which very probably it would never have originated itself. A single idea, thus operating, may be the means of producing an endless chain of ideas: the first cause of the most extensive knowledge. Newton's attention to the fall of an apple, awakened that feeling, excited that motion of mind, which resulted in the discovery and perfection of his science of astronomy. The one conclusion that he formed from it, gave rise to all the sublime and comprehensive thoughts in his system. And the same results would have been achieved, had the observation been made by another and communicated to him, as the immediate effects of it on his intellect must necessarily have been the same. Thus it is that one mind may and does assist another—thus it is that it may contribute greatly to its development and strength, by producing in it a ceaseless activity, which causes it to move on in an unbroken series of thoughts to the most splendid conclusion.

The statesman who, standing upon his eminence, in the majesty of a mighty and comprehensive intellect, presides over the movements of nations; who holds in his hands the temporary destinies of the many millions who gather round and gaze upon him with feelings of awe and adoration, as if he were an earthly god—a superior something, to which they may never aspire—is dependent upon those very beings for the elevation that he occupies: not only as the means by which he ascended to it, but the time was when he was one among them; when his thoughts were as contracted and bounded by as small an horizon as those of many of them. Then it was that he gained knowledge from their knowledge, and, as it were, bestowing mutually their mental light, that which he received assisted him

in seeking for those immaterial treasures, that are hidden from the common view, and enabled him, thereby, to rise above the common walks. The warrior, whose career has been a series of splendid victories, made haughty by his conquests over his fellow-men and the trembling homage that is paid him, is indebted to his inferiors, in a great measure, for his success; and, 'though all the fame and praise be his, yet not the deeds that gained them.' His plans and undertakings are the results of the combined wisdom of himself and those immediately beneath him. They constitute his council. From their understandings, strengthened and matured by exercise and age, he derives advice and instruction: advice, that animates and invigorates—instruction, that, presenting before him the means of success, nerves his soul with energy of purpose, and awakens in it that courage and determination consequent upon satisfactory and promising prospects. Without them, he is impotent: with them, he is overpowering. Upon them he is wholly dependent.

The poet, who portrays upon his pages the beautiful creations of his refined and highwrought mind, is equally dependent. It is necessary, that in youth, he should have communion, as it were, with other poets—that he should derive knowledge from having seen and read the workings of a thousand minds—that his imagination should be strengthened, chastened, and properly improved, by intimate acquaintance with the productions of a thousand imaginations. That he should feel their sublimities, and catch the fire of inspiration. It may be, that to this connection with other minds, he owes his first feelings of poetry; that by it, he is enabled to attain to superiority and excellence. But the principle of his dependence is more clearly seen, by inquiring into the nature of his works. Their charm and effect consist, chiefly, in the display of the creations of the imagination; that is, in new and striking combinations of old facts and thoughts*—thoughts that have been originated long before, and probably by other minds than those of the poets. 'Milton is but the great museum, where are to be found the intellectual curiosities of all ages and nations, arranged with skill and powerful effect.' 'Byron's *Darkness*, is but a choice collection and happy combination of the horrible sayings of other men.'

If, then, the position be established, that mind is dependent upon mind, for its development and greatness—that it is absolutely necessary that it should have intercourse with others

* Upham, in his *Mental Philosophy*, defines imagination to be a complex exercise of the mind, by means of which, various conceptions previously existing, are combined together, so as to form new wholes.

before it can become strong and polished; it is not only so in individual cases, but may be applied with equal appropriateness to the greatest collections. Masses are dependent upon masses, otherwise nations upon nations, to a considerable degree, for their mental strength. Moreover, this fact is established by observation. If one be great in literature and all other criterions by which we may test its advancement, it presents the means by which another, less elevated in its condition, may become equally so. If there be many such—many that have progressed far in the ways of civilization, the facilities for still greater improvement are thereby proportionately increased; because the materials for action multiply, and their mutual influence grows stronger and stronger. Their great men become more numerous, and of consequence, their operation more extended and effective. Who can calculate the results that are produced by the higher orders of intellect in different nations, as their earthquake influence jars through the great mass of common mind, and rouses it from its lethargies? Millions are thus quickened into activity—gather new and fresh impulses, and strengthen and develop. A single Byron or Milton may thus communicate the fire of poetry to a thousand others, as they discover to them in mental vision the eden fields of fiction—as they unfold before them their beautiful creations. A single orator, of extended fame, may impart impressions to a thousand hearts, that shall thrill through them, and open the outlet for the gush of youthful eloquence. A single Newton may produce as many philosophers, who, had he never lived, would have made but little progress up his splendid pathway through the heavens. They are, as it were, great mental suns, which darting their rays to the most distant nations, exert upon the mind their healthful influence, and cause it, like the plant, to spring up, develop itself, and expand into the bloom and fulness of maturity. The conclusion, to which the foregoing remarks lead is, that nations are mutually dependent—dependent for their mental greatness.

The idea has been somewhere advanced, that a nation in its infancy, if it would have a literature chaste and highly beneficial, should acknowledge no connection with another, or others whose mind, though cultivated, does not exhibit in its productions a sound, healthy morality: that the consequences of such a connection must necessarily be, that in the end it will be vitiated by the corruptions of the latter, and thereby lose its literary, and eventually its national virtue. True, the conception is a pleasing one, that presents a young and moral nation, in its eagerness to perpetuate its character in its primitive

purity, and build its greatness on the undecaying foundations of virtue, cutting off all such connections of an evil tendency, and casting itself upon its own resources and individual strength. Still the idea is visionary and absurd. Admit that it could thus shut out all literary intercourse, and avoid thereby the introduction of the vices and immoralities that it must unavoidably disseminate, yet the end would not be secured. There still remain other influences, other sources, whence the condition of its morals and character may be affected—as commerce, political institutions, and regulations, which must exist and cannot wholly be controlled. The undertaking, therefore, would be impracticable, as sacrificing great advantages to avert an evil that may be introduced through other and different mediums. If a nation would have a good literature, that would disseminate virtuous and useful knowledge, it must look to other means than the cutting off of national intercourse, and trusting to its own exertions. The former is impossible; and though the latter may suffice, though with united wisdom and undying zeal it may be able, after a long course of years, to moralize the mind of its people, if the corrupting influence of a foreign literature be continually pouring in upon it, like the rushing of many streams, spreading everywhere its immoral and poisonous waters—it is possible it may not be counteracted. A contest is manifestly generated, ‘and the battle will be to the strong.’ How inestimable are the advantages accruing to a nation, when those around it are enlightened and virtuous! How closely is their peace, and happiness, and true greatness interwoven!

It is not only impossible to keep out foreign literature, but absolutely necessary, for their intellectual eminence, that it should be introduced and have free access everywhere. Greece, the object of universal praise, first in all things, who moved in brightness and beauty to her high place among the nations of the earth, has often been adduced, as an example to illustrate the truth of the position, that a nation can attain to the highest elevation, with no aid but in its own inward resources. Admitting, for a moment, that such was her peculiar destiny, she presents in herself but a solitary and illustrious exception to an otherwise universal rule. Among the vast assemblage, the history of whose existence has been transmitted to us, there is not another one, that was not greatly indebted for her advancement to an extensive foreign intercourse: and it may be doubted whether the same may not be said, in a great degree, of Greece also. Whence came her mythology—the basis upon which she reared her splendid superstructure? It was the creation of other minds than hers; it had its origin in

another people than the Grecian people. Whence came her philosophy, her political wisdom, and her happy legislation? He who has read her history, must acknowledge her dependence. It was introduced from foreign sources. Her youth, in their aspirations after great wisdom, and taught that it could not be found amid the barrenness of infant Greece, left her shores and became wanderers among distant countries. They listened to the priests and wise men of the Egyptians, and going wherever they could gain instruction, after years of traveling, returned to their own land, enriched with the intellectual treasures of the nations they had visited. These, of course, were distributed in great abundance throughout Greece, and assisted in no small degree in enabling her to purchase her after immortality. Such was Pythagoras, and many others we might instance, who, after completing their education, of which this tour composed a part, established their academies, which were the means of raising up in Greece many master-minds, that advanced the standard of morals and other sciences, and exercised a healthy influence on the people at large. Cut off the advantages that England and other countries have derived from ancient literature and other extraneous influences, and you cast them back into the first stages of civilization. To perceive the important consequences of national intercourse, suppose a people in a savage state, destined to live until, by their own exertions, they were to rise to the full splendor of civilization. How many successive ages must roll by before they can ascend to such height? The history of the aborigines of our own country, and others, entitle us to say, that the flight of a thousand years would find them scarcely emerged from the darkness of barbarism.

Nations are not only dependent upon each other for refinement in literature, and full development of mind; but also for a sound and healthy morality. This will immediately appear from some of the foregoing remarks. They operate powerfully upon each other through the medium of the press and commerce. If one be corrupt, she must affect by her literature the other: and the greater the corruption, the more numerous the dangers. The opposite principle obtains equally within proper bounds: namely, that their mutual safety is increased as foreign competition diminishes. The influence of commerce on the character of the people who engage in it, must appear upon the least observation. Under its touch, as if by enchantment, populous cities rise out of the earth, and the wilderness becomes the seat of a proud and wealthy nation. Its rude and roving inhabitants become active and enterprising. Their ancient manners

and customs are laid aside, and they are soon assimilated in character and all things to the people who produced the change. Older nations, likewise, experience national alterations in the habits and feelings of their citizens, from this source. It is needless to go into any farther detail on this point. Suffice it to say, the enlightened and christian country must educate and moralize that which is in a state of barbarism. Africa is dependent on the justice and honor of nations. The Asiatic governments, many of which are groping their way amid the darkness of their minds, are utterly dependent. The Hindoo depends upon the christian to be taught that the immolation of his child is no atonement for his crimes: the idolater, that his lifeless god is insensible to his prayers. In fine, this whole portion of the globe is dependent for its worldly and eternal happiness.

The world is but one nation. The kings are the aristocracy, governing it in a mass. Each one has his own district, which is entrusted particularly into his hands. The different portions of this great nation are separated; but like the divisions in this country, they are intimately connected—indissolubly bound together by all their real and true interests. If the different individuals, who preside over its parts, quarrel, they injure each other, and injure the nation. If they work together harmoniously, the whole mass is benefited. Its people are one and the same race. The grand object of the life of every one of them is the same—his temporal and eternal happiness. To obtain it then, let them one and all conform to their relations: let them acknowledge and practise upon their dependencies, not only as individuals, but as composing communities. Then shall their lives be visited with true prosperity, and all portions of the earth shall flourish and be in peace.

W. S.

BRITISH STATESMEN.

No. III.

BY CHARLES BRANDON.

But who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mixed,
 Raleigh! the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burned.
 Nor sunk his vigor, when a cruel reign
 The warrior fettered, and at last resigned,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrained, his mind
 Explored the vast extent of ages past,

And with his prison hours enriched the world—
Yet found no time in all the long research
So glorious or so base, as those he proved—
In which he conquered, and in which he bled.

THOMPSON.

THAT species of biography which by describing the progress of the intellect, is most interesting and most encouraging to the young and aspiring, seems to have been little understood and still less enjoyed by our English ancestors. They thought it very important to give the ancestry, and the name of the college, at which distinguished men received their education; but the incidents of their earlier life and the first buddings of their character, are passed over, even by the most faithful and accurate annalists. If, however, we have a minute account of the progress of the understanding in developing and maturing its powers—if every feeling and every sentiment of the man were faithfully laid down upon a map, incredible additions would be made to our present acquaintance with the philosophy of the human mind. But as the larger number of great men that we read of in history, were either obscure or unknown in their youth; scarcely any thing is known to posterity except the events of their maturer life. And thus while we behold the warrior at the head of his army and on the field of battle, we are not permitted to see him as he buckles on his armor and prepares for the conflict.

It was the fortunate lot of sir Walter Raleigh, not only to possess an enterprising and resolute spirit, but to be connected with those, who had the will and the power to encourage his rising genius. He lived in an age, when not only wise ministers and brave warriors flourished, but when bold seamen and navigators astonished the world by their dangerous, and at that time, incredible enterprises. The splendid success of Columbus, and the meritorious though less fortunate exertions of Magellan, had given rise to a spirit of daring adventure. Nations vied with each other in promoting a thirst for maritime glory. Avarice and ambition—the wealth of India and colonial superiority—soon bred an emulous contention, not only among private subjects, but between sovereigns themselves. Raleigh, following the bent of his genius and the spirit of the times, encountered dangers upon the sea that would have discouraged a man less sanguine in his temperament. The situation of England with respect to the neighboring countries, afforded to her young, half-civilized, warlike nobles, a constant and yet varied school of military science—the favorite study as well of a barbarous as a corrupt age. The English commanders regarded the Irish as a race of noxious animals, that ought to

be exterminated, and not as human beings, entitled to the rights of war, subjects of the same monarch, children of the same Heavenly Father, and capable of being restrained from vice and turbulence, by mild, just, and vigilant measures. Raleigh assisted in quelling the insurrection of Munster. The conduct of the young soldier, although commendable for valor, was disgraced by barbarity. The disposition which he evinced towards this wretched people, proves how frequent scenes of bloodshed obliterate for a time virtuous dispositions and the convictions of philosophical reasoning. Adversity alone exposed to him the folly, the shame, and the guilt of those, who build their fame upon human misery. In old age, he stripped away all the false colors in which the prejudices of education and the ardor of youth had arrayed the mighty conquerors of the earth; and he has left his testimony to this great truth, that we shall one day cast off our notions of glory, separated from virtue, as pernicious and groveling delusions. When, in confinement, old age, and sorrow, he awoke to the feelings of nature and the dictates of reason, he could not but admit, that, as fame is often dangerous to the living so it is often to the dead of no use at all, because separate from knowledge; that it is better to steal out of the world without noise, than to be eternally put in mind that we have purchased the report of our actions in the world, by rapine, oppression, and cruelty; by giving in spoil the innocent and laboring to the idle and indolent, and by having emptied cities of their inhabitants, and filled them again with so many sorrows.

Few men have entered upon public life, with advantages of mind and person equal to those which Raleigh possessed. Few sovereigns more highly prized both mental and external attributes than the vain but discerning Elizabeth. Graceful, dignified, and commanding in his person, with features moulded in the most perfect symmetry—a high and expanded forehead, an eye beaming with intelligence and softened by profound thought, a countenance that was the sure index of his mind, and an outline of manly beauty that pervaded his whole face; to the attractions of a noble figure, adding those of a graceful and splendid attire, sir Walter Raleigh was admirably fitted to rise to the highest favor with Elizabeth; since she selected the objects of her regard from trivial motives, but retained them in favor only as she found their talents to justify her choice. He was assisted in his progress to fame by the generous and disinterested friendship of sir Philip Sidney. With talents rather elegant than powerful, and with character of mind rather that of generous enthusiasm than determined perseverance—formed rather for the idol and ornament than for

the benefit of society, more the hero of romance than the benefactor of his country—sir Philip Sidney was endowed with enough of Raleigh's spirit and attainments to comprehend and appreciate them, and displayed a disinterestedness and an exemption from meaner passions, that rendered him in a moral point of view far superior to his friend. Thus recommended by his own personal abilities and the protection of powerful friends, Raleigh soon arose to such a height of favor with the queen, that it became the subject of general remark, and was even noticed on the stage in such plain and offensive terms, that one of the actors, pointing to Raleigh, said, 'See how the knave commands the queen!'

Raleigh thus raised himself principally by individual merit, to the highest rank and distinction under a sovereign, who always disposed of royal favors with proverbial economy and discernment. More causes than one, however, combined to overcast the prospects that was opening upon him; and although the information, which we have upon this subject, is unfortunately incomplete, yet there are sufficient grounds for concluding, that the envy of rivals was the principal instrument that brought about his fall. In the cabinet he shone with a more benignant lustre than in the field. As a politician, his leading principles were religious toleration, enmity to Spain, and determined opposition to her encroachments. For the display of these opinions, he incurred odium, persecution, and death. In a court, where it is difficult to hold fast to one's integrity, it is quite probable that he sometimes forgot the great ends which he had determined to pursue, and mingled with elevated designs, motives of envy and jealousy. On the whole, however, he proved himself a loyal subject to Elizabeth, and yet a bold defender of the rights of the people. He was ever adverse to the established church; and by his encroachments upon its temporalities, his protection of nonconformists, the liberality of his opinions, and the freedom with which he expressed them, he made himself obnoxious in the highest degree to the whole body of the clergy. Indeed, so much did he become the object of invective, that the cry of atheist, that established watchword of calumny—was raised against him. He was even charged with establishing a school of atheism, in which the doctrines of the Old and New Testament were derided, and the most dangerous principles infused into the minds of his pupils. But I am inclined to think that the enemies of Raleigh had a deeper source of hatred than mere party rancor. He had been the avowed patron of every measure, which conduced to diffuse information and support tolerance and free inquiry.

It adds rather than subtracts from his fame, that his principles and conduct were disliked and discountenanced by no body of men so much as the jesuits, a learned and designing sect indeed, but whose power was strengthened and whose superstitions were extended only by the weakness and ignorance of others. From a spirit of investigation and incredulity which has been observed in learned men in more enlightened days, it has been inferred that he was a deist. He diligently endeavored, however, to instil the principles of christianity into the wild natives of Virginia; and it is far more common for those who profess religious principles to swerve from the practice of their tenets, than for those who broach sentiments of infidelity to perform actions worthy of christian motives. His advice to his son, his splendid conclusion to his history of the world, indeed innumerable passages which might be quoted from his works, prove that his mind was chastened and elevated by devotional feelings. The charge against Raleigh of propagating atheism, originated in the spleen of father Parsons, on account of the knight's public instrumentality in framing Elizabeth's proclamation against popish seminaries abroad; but the character of that prelate is so well known, that little credit can be attached to his assertions, especially in a case where his bigotry was so likely to prevail. Ill fame is, however, too adhesive in its nature to allow such an opinion once started to be readily forgotten. No misfortune can be greater than his whose opinions are distorted by the prejudices and fashions of the times into the very reverse of what they really are. A man who thinks and judges for himself, who is unswayed by aged follies and reverend errors, is an atheist. The man who hates idle noise and empty professions, or preserves a pure religion in his breast, is a silent, dumb, dissembling atheist.

But I will witness for my Raleigh's faith:
 Yes, I have seen him when the tempest raged,
 When from the precipice of mountain waves
 All hearts have trembled at the gulf below,
 He, with a steady supplicating look,
 Displayed his trust in that tremendous Power,
 Who curbs the billows and cuts short the waves
 Of the rude whirlwind in its midway course,
 And bids the madness of the waves to cease.

But sir Walter Raleigh was a man too ardent in his passions and too sanguine in his temperament to withstand great temptations. There existed between him and the beautiful daughter of sir Nicholas Throgmorton an intimacy which, if it had happened at the present time, would have blasted the reputation of the lady, but not *perhaps injured the fair fame of*

the gallant knight! The sound and energetic mind of the father had descended to his daughter; and but for the error of her early days, brought about less by her own weakness than the seducing caresses of an accomplished, (in some respects, may I not add, unprincipled courtier,) few female characters have appeared with more uncommon attributes than Elizabeth Throgmorton. She possessed personal attractions in a most eminent degree; she was capable of a devotion to the object of her affections beyond the power of absence, persecution, and even death, to diminish. She had a resolution, and a high-born and disinterested spirit, that well became the wife of a hero. Sir N. Throgmorton was dead, and yet Raleigh did not scruple to seduce a young lady, thus left without a father's care, and to leave her name another instance of the contagion of that court, in which she had shone with such a pure and chaste lustre. But while we execrate the seducer, we cannot but admire the husband. Although during the first years of their marriage the young lady was banished from court, and their mutual attachment seemed only to bring separation and sorrow, yet their union, although preeminently marked by vicissitudes, was yet cheered by uninterrupted affection. On every important occurrence of his life, Raleigh addressed her as the confidential repository of his joys and affections; sometimes in the language of affectionate consolation in their common bereavement, and always in that of regard and implicit respect.

To the advocates of Raleigh, his account of his progress through Guiana has always appeared to be written in good faith, as the genuine narration of a correct but lively writer. Others, less credulous, have thought that his imagination was heightened by a sanguine temperament; and that it was his object as well as interest to give false and exaggerated descriptions of the country which he had visited. Respecting these accounts the veracity of Raleigh was most mercilessly weighed during the latter part of his life, and posterity has been scarcely more favorable to him than his cotemporaries. The statements are rash and unqualified; the assertions and promises are of the most dazzling and alluring kind. The descriptions are calculated in the highest degree to ensnare the fancy of the young and adventurous. Every circumstance, that he relates, is touched with the colorings of fancy or of artifice; every stone is said to promise gold by its complexion, and the common soldier shall there fight for precious metals instead of pence. But whether his narrative was intended as a work of fiction or a true account of his travels, Raleigh soon felt on his return to England those inconveniences and annoyances, which

a sanguine disposition experiences from the incredulous or perhaps, slanderous portion of the community.

But when Essex was condemned for treason, the trial of Raleigh's forbearance and elevation of mind began. It was generally said that he might get himself eternal honor and love, more than he could otherwise, if he would procure her majesty's warrant to free the imprisoned lord, which he might compass by undertaking it in person. Essex was the idol of the people and the rival of Raleigh. Though he was a dangerous, he was not an irreclaimable subject. Elizabeth's reluctance to sign the warrant for his execution was natural and well known. But Raleigh made no attempt to obtain the royal mercy—an attempt, that would not only have freed him from the popular charges of malignity against Essex, but would have made him both the favorite of the queen and the idol of the people, as well as the friend of his foe. If he actually had the moderation to preserve a decent neutrality in his conduct towards Essex, it was more than the world believed. The spirit of the age permitted, on public occasions, a grossness of invective and a violence of proceedings that would now be regarded with disgust, and repaid with shame. If Raleigh aggravated in the slightest degree, the misfortunes of his fallen rival, he was severely but justly punished in the subsequent events of his own ruin. It is even affirmed by Hume, that he attended the execution of Essex *on purpose* to glut his vengeance with a sight of his sufferings. But as he was by his office of master of the guard, obliged to be present, he must be absolved from so heinous and diabolical an offence. Surely, nothing is more calculated to elevate and dignify a man, both in his own and the public estimation, as freedom from *envy* and other meaner passions. Talents may acquire fame, and be useful in their proper place, but only *elevation of mind* constitutes *true nobility*. In nothing is the great man so clearly seen as in giving to his rivals their just character and just fame, and even in decking them with borrowed plumes. It is this trait that we admire in Washington, and Shakspeare's Henry V.

But even those men, who are at once wise and *mean*, have melancholy forebodings at the downfall of those who have been their competitors for present power or future fame. They cannot but be led to moralize, not only upon the general uncertainty of human affairs, but upon the slippery nature of the paths which they themselves tread, and the unsafe foundations upon which they place both their hopes of happiness and fame. They cannot but wonder at the *frivolous* forgetfulness of princes, and the equally frivolous inconstancy of the people. They

cannot but compare the fallen felon and abject criminal with the gallant courtier and wise statesman.

Such doubtless were some of the sentiments which agitated the troubled mind of Raleigh, on the melancholy occasion of which we have just spoken. 'There was a report spread,' says he, 'that I should rejoice at the death of my lord Essex, and that I should take tobacco in his presence; when I protest I shed tears at his death, though I was one of the contrary faction; and at the time of his death I was all the while in the armory at the *farther* end, where I could but see him. I was sorry that I was not with him; for I heard he had a desire to see me, and be reconciled to me: so that I protest I lamented his death; and good cause had I, for it was the worse for me as it proved; for after he was gone, I was little beloved.'

The qualities which sir Walter Raleigh had evinced, were calculated to insure the approbation of an enlightened monarch like Elizabeth, conscious of her own power, possessed of the confidence and affection of the people, and endowed with penetration and discernment to employ in their appropriate channels the busy ambition and active talents with which her court abounded. But James I. devoted to peace more from timidity than principle, and who seems to have been the *wisest* fool in christendom, saw in the military genius of Raleigh nothing but a fruitful source of disturbances; and in his acknowledged fame he dreaded an eclipse of that reputation for learning, which he had sent before him, and which he desired to shine unrivalled in the English court. James' inclination to make peace with Spain also alienated him from Raleigh, who had written a memorial to point out the disadvantages of a treaty with that country. It is difficult to enter into the motives which actuated the wary and disingenuous Cecil in his immediate desertion of Raleigh; but it is certain, that in his intrigues he endeavored to effect the ruin of his former friend. But had the king been ever so alive to the rare qualities of Raleigh's mind, and more sensible of the benefits of his example, one circumstance alone would have obliterated the result of all these considerations. This was the suggestion which he made in conjunction with lord Cobham and sir John Fortescue, that James, before his coronation, should be obliged to subscribe certain articles, and that the number of his countrymen in office should be restrained within due bounds. The corruption of the English court, the weakness of the king, the influence of the Scots, and the deep duplicity of Cecil, were obvious to all men of experience and discernment. Suspicion and jealousy pervaded the higher classes of the community, and

divided the responsible advisers of the king into factions. But besides the principal parties, there was a subordinate cabal composed of persons who mingled in affairs without having any connection with government; and who had little in common, except a resolution not to join any other faction. These were all Englishmen; they breathed nothing but a spirit of discontent, and were ready to attempt any thing for the sake of a change, even against the king himself. It may be readily conceived, that the contending interests of these two parties, the weakness of James, and the skilful manœuvres of Cecil, who veered with each prevailing faction, as it suited his interests, presented too seductive an occasion for the rash and the discontented to join in rebellion against a government, which, to say the least, was begun in error and continued with weakness. If Raleigh had bent beneath the tempest, it might perhaps have passed over him; or, if he had retired from court and public offices, he might have regained his former power and credit. A combination was formed so singular in its nature, and so mysterious in its intention, that it has justly been called a '*riddle of state.*' Though no one could find any method of connected enterprise, it appeared that furious and ambitious spirits, meeting frequently together and thinking all the world as discontented as themselves, had entertained very criminal projects, and had even entered into a correspondence with the Flemish ambassador to give disturbance to the new government. Among the active, and enthusiastic, and malignant spirits, that were thus mingled together in this strange association, the name of Raleigh, unhappily for him, appears. The imputed object of the plot was to change the succession, to surprise the king, and to fix on the throne Arabella Stuart, a near relation of the king, by the family of Lenox, and descended equally from Henry VII.

Under the impressions of cowardice and the excitement of rage, lord Cobham, with all the inconsistency of falsehood, and with alternate resolution and remorse, gave in his deposition, interspersed with many oaths and exclamations, that at the instigation of Raleigh only, had he entered upon these treasonable designs. On reading passages of his iniquitous testimony, the wretched nobleman, conscious of his own nefarious dealings, and seized with a sudden impulse almost diabolical in its nature, exclaimed 'Oh traitor! Oh villain! now will I confess the whole truth.' This burst of passion was followed by an avowal, or rather fabrication, of circumstances that was but too eagerly received by the assembled enemies of the unfortunate Raleigh. Thus, as it were, prejudged and condemned by anticipation, Ra-

leigh was arrested on the 21st September 1603, and shortly afterwards committed to the tower. It is melancholy to learn, that the fortitude of this great man deserted him in this trying period of his life. Adversity was new to him, and his haughty and impetuous spirit was little calculated to bear unexpected, and it may be, unmerited disgrace. It is certain, that his mind was wrought to the highest pitch of agony and despair, and that he attempted, though unsuccessfully, to put an end to his troubles, by suicide. It was reserved for him in a future period, to retrieve the errors of a useful but not faultless career, and to rise from degradation to glory, by the christian virtues of meekness, forbearance, and submission. On the 17th of November, he was arraigned at Winchester on his trial for high treason. He was charged with conspiring to deprive the king of his government, to raise sedition in the realm, to alter religion, to bring in the Roman superstition, and to procure foreign enemies to invade the kingdom. He was accused of holding conferences with lord Cobham to advance Arabella Stuart to the crown and royal throne, and with endeavoring to obtain from the ambassador of the Archduke of Austria, six hundred thousand crowns, to bring to pass his intended treasons. The farther to effect his traitorous designs, it was alleged, that he had written and published a book against the most just and royal title of the king. The prosecution was opened by the king's serjeant at law. Sir Edward Coke followed, and divided his argument into three parts—*imitation*, *supportation*, and *defence*. The treasons of the prisoner, he likened to Sampson's foxes, which were joined in their tails although their heads were severed. Three things, he said, were observable in them: 1st. They had a watchword; their pretence was *bonum in se*, their intent was *malum in se*: 2d. They avouched scripture: 3d. They avouched the common law to prove that he was no king till he was crowned. Then he defined treason: there was treason in the heart, in the hand, in the mouth, and in consummation; comparing that *in corde*, to the root of a tree; *in ore*, to the bud; *in manu*, to the blossom; and that which is in consummation to the fruit. He called sir Walter a most notorious traitor and monster; and said that he had an English face but a Spanish heart. This policy he termed Machiavelian and devilish; and his practices, he declared, were the most horrible that ever came out of the bottomless pit of hell. After a long trial, in which the prisoner defended himself with an ability equal to the scurrility with which he was attacked, the jury retired, and in a few minutes brought in a verdict of guilty.

Before his judges, sir Walter was humble, but not abject; dutiful, but not dejected. To the jury he was affable, but not fawning; hoping but not trusting in them; carefully persuading them with reason, but not troubling them with intemperate importunities: upon the whole, showing a love of life rather than a fear of death. The hearing of his cause changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greater number present into commiseration. He was left to the mercy of the king, who probably thought that he was too great a malecontent to live, and possibly too innocent to die. He was committed to the tower, and he converted his prison into a study. Since his majesty had buried and, as it were, banished him from the world, he thought it no treason to disturb the ashes of former times, and bring to view the actions of former heroes. It was at this time and in this place that he commenced his *History of the World*—a work, which, for the exactness of its chronology, the singularity of its contexture, and the wonderful extent of its learning, would seem to be the labor of an age. It still remains a dispute whether the age he lived in, was more indebted to his sword or his pen—the one being so busy in conquering the new world, and the other so eloquent in describing the old. Beginning with the creation of the world, sir Walter has, in this work, given us the flower of recorded history to the end of the second Macedonian war; and having reviewed the three first monarchies of the world, he leaves Rome triumphant about a century and a half before the birth of our Savior—comprehending a period of nearly four thousand years. Ranking with that class of historians who prefer the exercise of judgment in selecting, to that of genius in adorning, his industry and penetration are highly conspicuous, and his manner is the best model of that species of style which some authors have affected to revive in the present age. His superior mode of treating Greek and Roman story has justly excited regret that he should have devoted so many pages to Jewish and rabbinical learning, and has not allowed himself greater latitude on those more fascinating parts of ancient history. It has truly been said of this stupendous production, that its greatest defect is, that one half of it is wanting. Never, perhaps, in any language was a work of such varied and profound learning, composed with so little apparent difficulty to the author. Whilst the learned have been moved with admiration at the vast stores of erudition, which its pages unfold, the less enlightened reader cannot fail to rise from its perusal, without having his knowledge of human nature improved, and his desire of virtuous distinction stimulated. It adds greatly to the interest of

the composition, that the writer has identified himself with many of the most striking passages in the course of his ponderous dissertations and minute details. We refer continually to the historian, whose opinions, experience, and personal observation are continually called into active requisition in the compilation of its pages. In relating the actions of the warlike, and the exertions of the wise, he writes with the spirit of an enthusiast and the discernment of a veteran in the field of fame. This generous ardor was not smothered by those sceptical views which, under the name of philosophical moderation, have cooled down the expression of every noble sentiment. For the enviable state of mind which he possessed—for that elevation of character which proceeds from the prostration of the soul before God—for that strength which proceeds from weakness—*Raleigh* was indebted to adversity, which furnished him the opportunity, and impressed him with the proper spirit to execute this great work. He was one of those men who are wounded, to be cured—and broken, to be made straight; or, as my lord *Verulam* expresses it, made acquainted with their own imperfections, that they may be perfected.

On the 29th October, 1618, nearly fifteen years after his trial at Winchester, he was conveyed by the sheriffs of London to a scaffold in Old Palace yard, at Westminster, where he was executed about nine o'clock of the same day. He appeared with a smiling countenance, and after saluting the lords and gentlemen present, he defended himself before God and man of the crimes which he was condemned to expiate on the scaffold. Finding his fate inevitable, he now collected all his courage, and met death with the most heroic indifference. Feeling the edge of the ax with which he was to be beheaded, 'Tis a sharp remedy,' said he; 'but a sure one for all ills:' then calmly laid his head on the block and received the fatal blow.

Of all the transactions of a reign distinguished by public discontent, this was, perhaps, the most odious. Men of every condition were filled with indignation against the court. Even such as acknowledged the justice of the punishment, blamed the measure. They thought it cruel to execute a sentence, originally severe, and tacitly pardoned, which had been so long suspended; and they considered it mean and impolitic to sacrifice to a concealed enemy of England, the only man in the kingdom whose reputation was high for valor and military experience.

Thus lived and thus died sir Walter Raleigh. Too ambitious to be quiet, too rash to be successful—with an imagination superior to his judgment, and passions that frequently got the better

of his reason. A man of the world—infinite in his learning, and constant in his intercourse with polite and intellectual society, he is yet said to have spoken broad Devonshire to his dying day. Though almost always engaged in expeditions either on land or at sea, he was in the closet profound and erudite—in society gay, frolicsome, and loquacious. He possessed an imagination that was rendered not sickly by indulgence, but invigorated by the aid of exercise and cultivation. The scope which he proposed to himself in his literary undertakings, was so extensive, that it could be compassed only by a mind of the most powerful and elevated character. He was an experimentalist rather than a dreamer. He planned more than many men have ever ventured to think on, and executed what few have had the boldness to plan. An excess of imagination however, while it gave the charm, produced also the danger of Raleigh's career. Although it was the source of his glorious enterprises, it was also the cause of his ambition, and his acts of imprudence and inconsistency. His faults belonged to the period in which he lived; his virtues a more civilized age would have viewed with admiration, and repaid with gratitude. Though accused, perhaps with justice, of ambition and avarice, he was not time-serving, like Cecil, nor despicably subservient, like Bacon. He neither villified Cobham, nor deigned to ask of Gondemar the boon of existence. As a public man, earnest, liberal, enlightened, and for the most part independent, his faults but seldom settled into vices. Though tempted in the ardor of military fame to acts of cruelty, he became mild, lenient and compassionate. Even with respect to his veracity, we much doubt whether he believed or feigned to believe in the riches of Guiana; and we incline rather to censure him for folly than charge him with deception. Spain's scourge, and Gondemar's victim, the whole nation pitied him, and princes interceded for his safety. He was a person of great interest, but much greater worth. The favorite of Elizabeth, and her successor's sacrifice. The envy of Leicester, the rival of Cecil, and the superior of Essex, he had a mind that would play the first part on any stage. A statesman, a seaman, a soldier, a chemist, and a historian, we know not in which character most suitably to describe him; and we regard him as one of those rare and extraordinary men, who seem to be born for that very thing which they undertake.

NORAH CONNELL, OR THE MAID OF WEXFORD.

THE twenty-third of July, 1803, will long be memorable in the annals of the city of Dublin. It was on the evening of that day, five years after the rebellion in which his elder brother had been so conspicuous, that Robert Emmet, aided by a few hundred of the populace, armed chiefly with miserable pikes, made his ill-judged and insane attempt to gain possession of the capital of Ireland, then garrisoned with regular troops and well-disciplined volunteers, to the number of at least ten thousand; with the still more extravagant design, also, of revolutionizing the kingdom. Amongst the very few of his infatuated adherents, who possessed any property whatever, was a youth, named Stedman, a native of the county of Wexford, who had resided about six years in the city, in the employment of a respectable draper, near the royal exchange. After the disastrous issue of the insurrection—which extended little further than desultory attacks upon individual yeomanry returning from parade, the cruel assassination of Lord Kilwardin and his nephew, and a skirmish of half an hour's duration with a party of the twenty-first fusiliers, quartered in a street called the Coombe—young Stedman, wandering in the shades of night through the northern suburbs of the city, continued his flight, from hedge to hedge, and from grove to grove, until he found himself at length in a small fishing village, called Rostrevor, in the neighborhood of Henry; whence, it is probable, he hoped to obtain a passage on board some vessel bound for the United States.

It was difficult, however, at that period of agitation and alarm, to remain long concealed. A letter, written incautiously to a relative in Dublin, discovered his retreat; and in a few days afterwards he was secured within the walls of Newgate, and notified to prepare for trial.

The writer of this little sketch had become a member of one of the city corps, immediately after the breach of the peace of Amiens, a few months before the abortive enterprise of the lamented Emmett; who, taking advantage of the renewal of hostilities between France and England, departed from the valley of Montmorenci, in the former kingdom, where he had been residing with his deservedly eminent and revered elder brother, the late Thomas Addis Emmett, of the New-York bar; and, by a circuitous route through the neutral territories of the north, was enabled to reach the capital of his native country. At that period, the liberal and enlightened nobleman, the earl of Hardwicke, held the vice-royalty of Ireland; the rebellion

of '98, owing to the humane policy of his immediate predecessor, lord Cornwallis, had been almost forgotten; and persons of every religious persuasion, who had been attached to the opposite political parties, which in that rebellion had desolated some of the fairest portions of their native island with fire and sword, were now seen carrying their muskets in the same ranks;—the former members of the united Irish party seeking to obtain a redress of grievances only by repeated and firm remonstrances to the imperial parliament; and both parties determined to support the existing government, in preventing a foreign enemy from putting his foot upon their shores. Stedman had been introduced at my brother's counting-house, by a mutual acquaintance, as a young man of industry and integrity, who was in want of a clerkship; and, in conformity with the comprehensive hospitality which distinguishes the capital of Ireland, had several times been invited to our table.

At the period of the insurrection, I had scarcely reached the age of manhood; but a person clothed in the royal uniform, though a son of one of the commanders of the old volunteer association, who had been a conspicuous member of the far-famed Dungannon convention, was not to be rejected as a witness, on account of his youth. Having been subpœnaed by the unhappy prisoner, to testify on his behalf, I waited upon his counsel, the celebrated Leonard McNally, to ascertain the nature of my expected examination, which I learned was to be confined to moral character—for I dreaded to be questioned in relation to his political opinions—and attended the sessions-house in Green street day after day, until the period of his trial arrived.

The court was opened with the usual proclamation; intense solicitude was evinced in the countenances of the assembled crowd; when, after a few minutes, the jailer entered the hall, and, with the aid of the military, made his way to the solicitor-general, who, with the other counsel, was seated in front of the bench. But Stedman did not accompany him; and the breathless anxiety of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment and horror, when the presiding judge, baron George, in a becoming, and no doubt, sincere tone of solemnity and feeling, announced that the unhappy young man had added to the offence, for which he was to have been arraigned, the crime of voluntary death!

The jailer returned in haste to the adjoining prison. Accompanied by a fellow-member of the corps to which I was attached, I quickly ascended the steps of Newgate, and the massive doors had scarcely ceased to resound upon their hinges, when, having crossed a small area, or court yard, and ascended another flight

of steps, we found ourselves in the chamber which contained the prisoner of state. Horrible, indeed, was the sight which we then beheld! On the floor, directly in front of the entrance, lay the colossal figure of Stedman, a pistol by his side, the blood streaming from a wound above his right ear, and the gore diffused around his head and body, to a depth and extent, indicating that little of the vital fluid had been left within his veins. He was stretched at length; his arms rested parallel with his sides; not a muscle was seen to vibrate, nor a breath to heave. 'Ill-fated youth!' thought I, as I looked down upon the tragic scene, you have chosen your mode of exit from the world:—your relatives will be spared the agony of knowing that you are to end your days, viewed by your fellow-citizens, upon the scaffold; where, after your body has been allowed to fall upon the pavement, the common hangman, having severed your head with his blood-stained knife, shall expose it to the gaze of the surrounding multitude, with the thrice uttered exclamation, '*This is the head of a traitor!*'

Scarcely had I ended this brief reflection, when Mr. Lake, the state surgeon, entered the chamber, and inserting his forefinger into the wound, 'The ball,' said he, 'has not penetrated the brain; the skull is only roughened; the lead, I think, has rebounded from the parietal bone; and he is only stunned by the contusion.'

My companion immediately commenced a search, and the bullet was found under the dressing-table, on the floor. The surgeon then made a deep incision across the wound, and probed around it with his finger, when instantly the prostrate Stedman showed signs of returning life, by uttering the most heart-rending cries, and moving his arms and legs up and down, with such rapidity and force, that all who were present, now six in number, were scarcely able to restrain him; but at length having grown weak from his own exertions and the loss of blood, he became gradually more composed; we placed him on his bed, and left him in charge of the people of the jail.

But, how was the weapon conveyed to Stedman, guarded as he had been by so many turnkeys? An answer to this question will be found in the following narrative.

When, descending the steps of the prison, returning to my home, I heard, uttered in a subdued, but earnest tone, 'That is his witness, Mr. —, of the — corps:—he is Stedman's friend!'—When I had reached the pavement, a young female turned quickly around, and, having gazed for a moment in my face, she moved towards the man who had attracted her atten-

tion, and seizing him eagerly by the arm, they both left the crowd together.

I had scarcely entered my brother's house, in order to prepare my arms for the purpose of joining a division of my corps, then stationed at the exchange, when there appeared in the parlor a young woman, with a wild and anxious aspect. It was the same female that had drawn my attention at the prison. Her bonnet was trimmed with a green ribbon; she wore a ribbon of the same color for a belt, and from her neck were suspended a crucifix and string of beads. She was rather above the middle height, of that robust make, which characterizes the female peasantry of the south of Ireland, yet exquisitely proportioned: her hair was of raven blackness, her complexion of the brunette cast, and altogether she had the appearance of being of the ancient Milesian race. I offered her a chair. She remained for a moment silent, with her fine black eyes directed inquiringly to my face, as if doubting the reality of what she had heard respecting me, and endeavoring to determine whether or not she would be safe in confiding to me her designs.

'You seem fatigued,' said I, at the same time ringing the housekeeper's bell. When you have taken some refreshment, I shall with pleasure listen to what you seem desirous to communicate. 'Mrs. L——,' I said to the housekeeper, who just then opened the parlor-door, 'conduct this young woman to your chamber; assist her in the arrangement of her dress, and when her spirits are recruited, I wish to hear what she has to say.'

A few brief minutes sufficed to make her toilet, and finish her repast.

'You are a kind young gentleman,' said she, when she returned to the parlor, in which I sat with my head reclined upon my hand, my arm resting on the table. 'You are kind to the unfortunate, and may Heaven reward you in this world and in the next. They tell me you are Stedman's witness, and his friend.'

As she seemed to have laid a strong emphasis upon the word *friend*, I thought it proper to explain the extent of the service I was willing to render the unhappy youth:—'I have been subpoenaed to say what I know of Stedman's general character:—on this point,' said I, 'my evidence will be favorable, though I fear, of no avail; *further*, I can do nothing for him, even were he my brother. I deeply regret the rash enterprise, into which he has been led by Emmett, and entertain little hope of his acquittal.'

'There is *none*,' she replied, with energy: 'but is there no

hope?" — Here, she paused, and uttered a deep-drawn sigh — 'that the wound.' — 'Yes, there remains *that* sad hope,' I rejoined, 'that he will — —.'

'Merciful Heaven!' she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, and looking with extreme intentness in my face; '*must he then die again!* Must Stedman yield up his last breath upon the gallows, and are all my exertions unavailing, to save him from that disgrace!'

'What mean you?' exclaimed I. 'Have you endeavored to favor his escape from prison; or was it through your means, that he obtained the weapon with which he sought to evade the sentence of the law, and has committed a heavy crime against his Maker?'

'*It was* through my means,' she replied. 'Twas I, *Norah Connell*, that procured the *pistol*; 'twas this hand,' continued she, extending her right arm towards me, 'that gave it to him, in the very room where he now lies, between life and death. — We are from the same county; from the same village; we drew the milk that nourished us in our infancy from the *same breast!*'

'Then, you are his sister, *Norah*,' said I. 'His sister! No, not just his sister. I am his *foster* sister. The same day he first drew breath, his mother died. My own mother had, the day before, lost her infant, and young Stedman was brought to supply its place; thus, giving herself relief, and saving the life of a neighbor's child. Two years after, I was born. He continued under our roof, until he was seven years old; we were play-fellows and schoolmates, until he was fifteen, when he left us, and went to the city to reside; and yearly since, until the present summer, did he visit the country, to see his friends. I loved him long — I loved him deeply — more than a sister loves — but he knew it not!'

Here, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, *Norah* smote her breast with agony, and her voice was for awhile stopped by convulsive sobs. At length, becoming more composed, she proceeded:

'Two days after the rising in the city, I heard that Stedman had been out with Emmett; that he had lent him a house which he owned, for the purpose of concealing pikes; and that he had escaped. A week afterwards, I learned that he was taken, that he was confined in Newgate, and would be tried when it came to his turn. I need not trouble you, Sir, with a recital of my feelings; you are yourself young, and in a similar situation would have felt as acutely as I did. — I knew that the penalty of treason was death; a painful and disgraceful

death upon the gallows. I wished Stedman to die some other way. In the rebellion of '98, there had been many battles fought in our neighborhood; and an officer of one of the highland regiments, who had been wounded, was brought, by some soldiers, to our house, where, in a few weeks, he breathed his last. My father, though he had been in all the battles, fighting for the country, on the other side, was kind to the unfortunate gentleman, and tended him in every thing, as if he had been his own son. The officer was not ungrateful. Perceiving his end approaching, he asked us to hand him his belt, which, as a small token of gratitude, he said, he presented to my father. It contained a case of pocket pistols, some bullets, a flask of powder, and a dirk. The evening after I heard of Stedman's captivity, I made preparations to set out for Dublin. With a small bundle of clothes, in which I concealed the officer's belt and its contents, I left my house on foot, and the next evening I came in view of Charlemont bridge, which crosses the grand canal, in the hope of entering the city in time to reach the dwelling of a friend. But the gates were closed, and I feared I must remain outside of the barriers till morning. As I approached nearer, however, my fears were lessened. I perceived a small wicket gate still open, and quickened my pace, in the hope of passing through, before that also was closed by the guard within. I had approached within a few yards, when the evening gun which betokens sunset, met my ear, and the wicket was instantly drawn in, and bolted. I stopped not, however, until I had reached the gate, and, looking through between the planks which formed the barrier, I beheld a young man, walking as a sentinel, who, from his slender form and youthful countenance, I judged was not a soldier of the line.

'Sir,' said I, 'will you permit a young woman to pass?'

'No,' he replied, turning around, and stopping directly in front of me, 'I cannot permit either young or old to pass this gate, after the evening gun. Such times as these, we must obey our orders strictly; and I am charged to let no one pass, not even the commander-in-chief, without the countersign. It is a hard struggle, however, *sometimes*,' continued he, looking archly at me, as he was about to resume his walk, 'between love and duty, and the sooner we cease this parley, the better for his majesty's service.'

'I am a stranger, sir,' I replied, 'weary after a long journey; I have tasted no food since morning; I am desirous to get to the house of a friend in the city, before dark; all the houses in the village through which I have just passed, are now closed; the

evening is unusually cold for the season, and you surely will not allow a female to lie all night upon the road.'

'I really feel for your situation, my good girl,' he rejoined, 'and almost regret that I am now a soldier. Were you even at this side of the canal, you could not proceed a hundred yards without being stopped by one of the patrols; and you are better where you are, than in our guard-house. Here,' said the young sentinel, taking off his haversack, and pushing it through one of the intervals of the barrier; 'in this bag you will find something to make your supper; and here,' continued he, unbuckling his guard-coat, 'this will serve you for a cloak; and so bounce into that vacant sentry-box at your side of the barrier, and pass the night. Adieu, till the morning gun. Here come the rounds!'

'I was now seated within my lodging place, and notwithstanding the extreme agitation of my mind, so great was my bodily fatigue, that I fell asleep, and continued so until morning, except when the cry of "All's well!" was uttered by the watchful sentinels, throughout the vast line of outposts with which the city is now surrounded.

'At length the twilight gave notice of approaching day; the morning gun was fired at the castle; and the volunteers were relieved by the soldiers of the line. The wicket gate was now thrown open, the young sentinel who had treated me with so much kindness, beckoned me to pass. I sprang quickly from my place of shelter, and returned him his bag and cloak, with brief but heart-felt thanks, and soon found myself within the barrier. 'Now,' said the noble-minded youth, 'you can proceed to your place of destination in safety. I would offer myself as your escort, but I must accompany our party to the headquarters of our corps, at the college to be dismissed; and I have besides an urgent duty to perform for my uncle, who, on a short notice, has been requested by the attorney-general to conduct the prosecution of one of Emmett's principal confederates—Stedman, I think he told me, whose trial comes on to-day, at ten, and I am to see that the witnesses are in court, in time.'

'Stedman!' I exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, which did not escape the young soldier's attention. 'Is Stedman to be tried to-day? Alas! I am his sister, and have come up to see him before he dies. Is there any way by which I can procure admittance to the place of his confinement, before the hour of trial?'

'I will see what can be done for you,' replied the youth. 'Call on me, in an hour, at No. —, Harcourt street, the next door but one from Stephen's Green—farewell, till then!'

‘At the appointed time I was at his uncle’s house; the youth was waiting for me at the door, and handing me a card, he said, “There, that pass, my good girl, will procure you admittance. May God bless you, and give you firmness to bear up against whatever fate may befall your brother!”

‘The rest of my story is soon told. Putting one of the pistols into my bosom, I hastened to the prison, and, having exhibited my pass, was admitted to the chamber of Stedman, who, you may naturally suppose, sir, was astonished to behold me there. We rushed into each other’s arms, and wept. The noise of approaching footsteps soon prompted me to disengage myself. Not a moment was to be lost. Stedman, I exclaimed, do not become a public spectacle! Let your death be in this chamber. Here, companion of my youth, I exclaimed—drawing the pistol, which I had loaded myself, from my bosom—here is a means of dying, worthy a brother of him who fell in the same cause with Fitzgerald, in the year ’98.

‘You know the issue of the attempt, sir; Stedman yet lives, and I wish to see him again, before his trial.’

At this moment, De Courcy, my fellow-soldier, who had accompanied me into the prison when Stedman was lying prostrate on the floor, entered the room, and, holding up a bullet between the finger and thumb of his right hand, ‘There,’ said he, ‘this is the lead. Poor fellow! ’tis a pity there had not been more powder in the barrel; it would then have done its business better; and he would have died like a Roman!’

At this heathenish expression of De Courcy, I shook my head, in order to indicate my disapprobation: he looked archly at Norah, and then at myself, and saying ‘you are *engaged*, I perceive,’ he left the room.

My young female visiter did not remain long behind him. Rising quickly from her chair, with an apology for having so long detained me, and the warmest acknowledgments for my hospitality, she rapidly descended the stairs, and reached the street.

I readily conjectured the cause of her hasty departure. Following De Courcy to his father’s house, she made known to him her wishes to obtain admittance to the prison. De Courcy was well aware that the keepers would now be doubly vigilant; and had been informed that no person whatever would be permitted to visit Stedman, except the surgeon, his confessor and his counsel. It was necessary, therefore, to make use of disguise. Arraying the young Wexford heroine in a suit of his own black clothes, which fitted her almost exactly, he furnished her with a small case of surgical instruments, belonging to his brother,

and thus personating a student of the state surgeon, sent to dress the wound of his master's patient, she was enabled to deceive the acuteness of the Newgate turnkeys, and again reach the apartment of the youth she loved; and having given him her remaining pistol, and staid just long enough to seem engaged in the pretended surgical operation, she departed.

But the design of Norah was a second time abortive. In her haste to draw the pistol from her bosom, the flint had caught, unobserved by her in her dress, and it was not until she had returned to the habitation of her friend, that she discovered that the weapon she had left with Stedman was rendered useless.

The physical strength of the young captive, gradually triumphed over the effects of the contusion, and the loss of blood. Ten days had elapsed, and as many lives had been doomed to atone for the inconsiderate and unwarrantable attempt to revolutionize a kingdom, with means so signally disproportioned to the end proposed. Emmett himself had become an inmate of the same gloomy walls which contained his humble associate, who, having been brought back, as it were from the grave which he had opened for himself, on the eleventh day was informed that the period of his trial had again arrived. He was conducted into court, pale and wan from the effects of his attempt at suicide, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the usual death; and the following day, the triangle having been erected opposite the ruins of his own house, the fatal cord was attached, the ladder was at length removed from beneath his feet, and his body swung in convulsive agony, amidst the sympathy of thousands of his fellowmen.

Norah did not survive him. De Courcy and myself, with a band of youth from our respected corps, committed the body of the lamented female to the earth; and in the ensuing spring we erected over her grave a white marble monument, bearing the simple inscription of her name. G.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL HARRISON.

[Continued from page 128.]

THE battle of Tippecanoe was one of the most decisive engagements that ever was fought between the Indians and the whites. The numbers on either side were nearly equal; the place and time of attack were chosen by the Indians, who were the assail-

ants, and who not only attempted to surprise our troops, but fought with an audacity unprecedented in the annals of savage warfare. Laying aside the usual cunning and caution of their peculiar system of tactics, which teaches them to avoid exposure, and to strike by stealth, they boldly rushed upon the American troops, and fought hand to hand, with the most desperate ferocity. They were not only completely beaten, but their loss was unusually great.

The high sense entertained by the government, of the importance of this victory, is emphatically expressed in a message from the president to congress, dated December 18, 1811. 'While it is deeply to be lamented,' says Mr. Madison, 'that so many valuable lives have been lost in the action which took place on the 9th ultimo, congress will see with satisfaction, the dauntless spirit and fortitude, victoriously displayed by every description of the troops engaged, as well as the collected firmness which distinguished their commander, on an occasion requiring the utmost exertion of valor and discipline.'

The immediate results of this gallant achievement were highly honorable to the commander in chief, and beneficial to the country. As the intelligence spread with rapidity from tribe to tribe, the terror of our arms pervaded the frontier, and the numerous warriors of that wide region of wilderness, assembled hastily around their respective council fires, to deliberate on the measures which policy might dictate in such a crisis. Some of the tribes had openly, and others secretly, participated in the hostile schemes of Tecumthe and the prophet, while others had stood aloof, awaiting the issue of the approaching contest, and prepared to congratulate the party which might be victorious. The triumphant blow which Harrison had struck against the Indian power, at once decided the wavering, and quelled the discontented. As far as it was possible to impress the minds of these fickle and improvident barbarians, the impression was made; and the governor was soon apprised that his bayonets had produced a deep and salutary conviction, which the admonitions of years had failed to inculcate. Deputations from a number of the tribes waited upon him, to disclaim all connection with Tecumthe, to profess their unaltered friendship towards our government, and to deprecate the consequences of that unhappy delusion which had led to the recent conflict.

The conduct of these deputies, was entirely different from that of the chiefs and warriors, who had formerly met the governor in council; submission and respect were now substituted for the insolence which had, on previous occasions, marked their deportment. In February, 1812, the governor received intelli-

gence, that eighty Indians, deputies from all the tribes who were engaged in the late hostilities, except the Shawanese, had arrived at fort Harrison, on their way to Vincennes. He immediately sent a messenger to meet them, to inquire the reason of their coming in so large a body, and to propose to them to send back all but a few chiefs from each tribe, or that the whole should come unarmed. This step he adopted in consequence of a private notice, which intimated the existence of a treacherous design against his person, on the part of the Delawares. On the arrival of the deputies, however, they delivered up their arms without the slightest hesitation; and evinced in every particular, the subdued deportment of men, who had been taught to respect the talents and power of him with whom they came to treat.

The deceptive calm which succeeded the battle of Tippecanoe, was not of long continuance. The Indians were awed, but not conciliated. The approaching war between the United States and Great Britain, revived their appetite for plunder, and Tecumthe renewed his intrigues with greater activity than ever. The Indians again commenced their bloody system of border warfare, and many depredations were committed on the borders of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, at points so far distant from each other, as to distract public attention, and create an universal panic. As the murders became more frequent, and more aggravated by the cruelties which attended their perpetration, the alarm increased, until the whole portion became an extensive scene of dismay and suffering: the labors of husbandry were suspended, families deserted their homes and sought safety in flight, and the governor found himself surrounded by fugitives claiming protection, and by sufferers demanding vengeance. We pass over all these events with the remark, that governor Harrison exerted his usual activity, in placing the country in the best posture for defence, in meeting the enemy at every point where it was possible to anticipate their approach, and in affording to the defenceless inhabitants that protection which was dictated as well by a high sense of official responsibility, as by the native benevolence of his disposition.

On the 18th of June, 1812, war was declared against Great Britain. The effect of this measure upon the western people has never been sufficiently appreciated, nor have their patriotism, their sacrifices, and their sufferings, received the full measure of applause to which they are justly entitled. Though more exposed than most of their fellow-citizens, none received the intelligence of the declaration of war with such enthusiasm,

or entered into the contest with more cheerful gallantry. While some of those whose homes were safe from invasion, and who risked nothing by the contest, but the profits of an advantageous traffic, were bitterly denouncing the government, the western people whose borders became the seat of war, and whose families were exposed to all its horrors, cheerfully acquiesced in that decision which threw into jeopardy all that they held most dear. Instead of murmuring at an act of congress, which brought the desolation of the firebrand and the tomahawk to their firesides, they indignantly spurned from office those few representatives, who, preferring security to honor, had advocated weaker counsels. The popularity of the war was such, that the whole mass of the able-bodied population was ready, if required, to take the field. The wealthiest, the most influential, the most highly gifted in talent, were prepared to serve. No sooner was war declared than the western governors proceeded with alacrity to place their respective states and territories in a posture for defence, and to call out volunteers for distant operations. It is no small evidence of the confidence reposed in the talents, military skill, and patriotism, of governor Harrison, that at a time when all were willing to serve, and when the best talents of this region might have been put in requisition, he was the man to whom the whole west looked as their leader, and who was immediately placed, almost by acclamation, at the head of their armies.

Shortly after war was declared, governor Harrison received a letter from governor Scott, in which the latter earnestly requested a conference, in relation to the disposition of the Kentucky militia, who were destined to protect the frontiers. Governor Harrison immediately went to Frankfort where he remained several days, diligently engaged in council, giving all the energies of his active mind to the maturing of those plans, on which the lives and property of so many of his fellow-citizens depended. During this visit to Kentucky, an incident occurred, which is thus recorded by Mr. Dawson, the biographer of Harrison:

“Governor Harrison dined in Lexington, with a large party of gentlemen of that town and its vicinity, all of them ardent friends to the war; the conversation turning upon the north-western campaign, and the governor delivering his sentiments, similar to those contained in the letter, the company were so struck with the justice of his remarks, that he was urged to communicate them to the secretary of war. To this he objected, on the ground that it might be considered as interfering with matters which were foreign to his own duty, which was

confined to the defence of the territories; but being assured by Mr. Clay, one of the party, who is always alive to the true interests and honor of his country, that it would be well received by the government, the letter was written.'

In this letter, besides suggesting a system of operations, in which the writer displays an intimate acquaintance, as well with the military art, as with the actual posture of affairs throughout the whole western frontier, he evinces the sagacity of a strong and penetrating mind, by predicting events, which, unhappily for the country, had not been anticipated by the government.

'If it were certain,' he writes, 'that general Hull would be able, even with the reinforcement which is now about to be sent to him, to reduce Malden and retake Macinac, there would be no necessity of sending other troops in that direction. But I greatly fear that the capture of Macinac will give such eclat to the British and Indian arms, that the northern tribes will pour down in swarms upon Detroit, oblige general Hull to act entirely upon the defensive, and meet, and perhaps overpower, the convoys and reinforcements which may be sent him. It appears to me indeed, highly probable that the large detachment which is now destined for his relief, under col. Wells, will have to fight its way. I rely greatly upon the valor of those troops, but it is possible that the event may be adverse to us, and if it is, *Detroit must fall*, and with it every hope of reestablishing our affairs in that quarter until the next year.' Again, he says: 'There are other considerations which strongly recommend the adoption of this measure. I mean the situation of Chicago, which must be in danger, and if it is not well supplied with provisions, the danger must be imminent.'

This letter was written on the 10th of August; on the 15th Chicago was taken, and the mortifying intelligence of the fall of Detroit, soon after, filled the breast of every patriot with indignant sorrow.

Thus far, we have seen governor Harrison acting as a civil officer, and only engaging in military affairs, when engaged in defence of his own territory, in his executive capacity. We shall now follow him to that brilliant theatre, on which his brow became crowned with imperishable laurels, and his name associated with those of our most illustrious warriors. He became commander-in-chief of the northwestern army, under circumstances as remarkable, as they were honorable to him, to his fellow-citizens, and to the appointing power. He was called to that responsible station by the voice of the people, who in the hour of danger selected him as the individual in whose

capacity and patriotism, they had most confidence, and whom they esteemed most worthy to be entrusted to lead their gallant battalions to the field. The event is thus recorded in the 'History of the Late War,' by McAfee, an intelligent Kentuckian, who was an actor in those stirring scenes, and has since risen to high distinction in civil office.

'A few days before the actual attack on Detroit by general Brock, an express had been sent by general Hull, to hasten the reinforcement which had been ordered to join him from Kentucky. By this conveyance, several of the principal officers of the army had written to their friends in Cincinnati, as well as to the governor of Kentucky, stating their entire want of confidence in their commander, and their apprehensions of some fatal disaster from his miserable arrangements and apparent imbecility and cowardice. These letters, also, declared it to be the common wish of the army, that governor Harrison should accompany the expected reinforcements. He was also very popular in Kentucky, and was anxiously desired as their commander by the troops marching from that state to the north-western army. But the authority with which he had been invested by the president, did not entitle him to command any corps, which was not intended for operations in the western territories.

'The question of giving Harrison the command of the detachment on the march from Kentucky for Detroit, presented great difficulties to the mind of governor Scott. The motives to make the appointment were numerous. He had ample testimony of its being the wish of the army at Detroit. The fourth United States regiment in particular, which had acquired so much fame at Tippecanoe, under the command of Harrison, he was assured by an officer of that corps, were eager to see their old commander again placed over them. The same desire was felt by the Kentucky militia; and the citizens echoed their sentiments in every part of the state. To these may be added his own ardent attachment to governor Harrison, and entire confidence in his fitness for the command. The obstacles in the way of the appointment were, that Harrison was not a citizen of Kentucky, the laws of which would not sanction the appointment of any other to an office in the militia, and that a major-general had already been appointed for the detached militia, one only being required and admissible in that corps. Had governor Scott been capable of shrinking from his duty and the responsibility of the occasion, he might have easily evaded this delicate business, as the day on which he was deliberating upon it, was the last but one that he had to remain in office.

That he might, however, neither act unadvisedly, nor appear to assume too much, in this situation, he determined to ask the advice of the governor elect, and such members of congress, and officers of the general and state governments, as could be conveniently collected. At this *caucus*, composed of governor Shelby, the honorable H. Clay, speaker of the house of representatives in congress, the honorable Thomas Todd, judge of the federal circuit court, &c. &c., it was unanimously resolved to recommend to governor Scott, to give Harrison a brevet commission of major-general in the Kentucky militia, and authorize him to take command of the detachment now marching to Detroit; and to reinforce it with another regiment which he had called into service, and an additional body of mounted volunteer riflemen. The governor conferred the appointment agreeably to their advice, which received the general approbation of the people, and was hailed by the troops at Cincinnati with the most enthusiastic joy.'

The disgraceful surrender of Hull, having defeated the immediate object of the campaign, general Harrison's duties became even more delicate and arduous than they would have otherwise been. He commenced a system of organization and discipline, to which he devoted a degree of severe attention and personal labor, under which nothing but a high sense of military pride, united with patriotic devotion to his country, could have sustained him. His own enthusiasm was communicated to those around him, and the troops, as well as the people at large, looked up to him with cheerful confidence, as the chosen leader, who was destined to conduct the raw but gallant soldiery of the west to victory. His own views, and the hopes of the country received a temporary check by the arrival of general Winchester, of the regular army, with orders to take the command. Shortly after, general Harrison received a communication from the war department, which informed him that he had been appointed a brigadier-general in the army of the United States; an appointment which he declined accepting until he could learn how far his acceptance would make him subordinate to general Winchester. Satisfied that there was a necessity for having one head, who should direct all the military operations in the western states, and aware of his own intimate knowledge of the country, his personal influence with the citizens, and his popularity with the troops, he was not willing to yield to another the part for which he was so well fitted, and to which he had been called by the unanimous voice of the people. Mr. McAfee remarks, 'The troops had confidently expected that general Harrison would be confirmed in the command; and by this

time he had completely secured the confidence of every soldier in the army. He was affable and courteous in his manners, and indefatigable in his attention to every branch of business. His soldiers seemed to anticipate the wishes of their general; it was only necessary to be known that he wished something done, and all were anxious to risk their lives in its accomplishment. His men would have fought better, and suffered more with him, than with any other general in America; and whatever might have been the merits of general Winchester, it was certainly an unfortunate arrangement which transferred the command to him at this moment. It is absolutely necessary that militia soldiers should have great confidence in their general, if they are required either to obey with promptness, or to fight with bravery. The men were at last reconciled to march under Winchester, but with a confident belief, that Harrison would be reinstated in the command: and which accordingly was done as soon as the war department was informed of his appointment in the Kentucky troops, and his popularity in the western country.'

It is only to be regretted that the command had not been conferred on Harrison at an earlier period, as in that case the dreadful tragedy of the massacre at the river Raisin would not have been exhibited, and the British army might have been saved from the blackest stain ever fixed by coward revenge and disgraceful outrage upon the military character of a nation.

On the 17th of September, 1812, the president assigned to general Harrison the command of the northwestern army, which in addition to the regular troops and rangers, consisted of volunteers and militia from Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

We shall not attempt to follow our successful general through all the vicissitudes of an arduous campaign. The difficulties which he had to encounter, were of no ordinary character, and imposed a weight of duty which required a union of all the qualities that constitute an able leader. The command bestowed on general Harrison was the most extensive and important that was ever entrusted to any officer of the United States—Washington and Greene excepted. The territory assigned to him was very large, and contained an endless number of posts and scattered settlements which he was required to defend against numerous hordes of Indians, at the same time that he carried forward the regular operations of the campaign against a well-disciplined British army. His forces were raw, undisciplined, militia—full of ardor, selfdevotion, and patriotism, but wholly destitute of the habits or experience of the soldier. The

commissariat of the army was wretchedly appointed, and almost without organization; and the general found himself called upon to act in the wilderness, far from the country from which his supplies must be drawn, distant from all highways or other channels of intercourse, and without any regular system for furnishing provisions to his army. A trackless and swampy desert, almost impassable for heavy wagons, and filled with hostile savages, intervened between the seat of war and the nearest settlements. On the other hand, the most ample powers were given to the general; he was permitted to make appointments, in all the various departments of his army, and the officers thus designated by himself, were confirmed by the president. He was authorized to draw on the government for money to an unlimited amount, and to make any contracts which he might deem expedient, for the furnishing of his army. These extraordinary powers were exercised by him with moderation, and with energy. Though clothed with authority inferior only to that of the president, and far greater than that conferred on any other commander, he always conducted himself with the prudence of a citizen, who understood the respect due to the laws, and the responsibility which he owed the people.

It was during this campaign, that a large number of American prisoners, who had surrendered to a superior force of the British, at the river Raisin, were delivered over by the British officers to the Indians, and by them murdered in cold blood. It was a portion of this army which, under the command of Croghan, gallantly defended fort Sandusky, and achieved a most brilliant victory. The defence of fort Meigs, the admirably planned sortie from that place, and the subsequent rout of the besieging army, will long continue to be numbered among the most honorable events of our military history. The battle of the Thames, especially, places general Harrison among the most distinguished military leaders of his country. It was the last brilliant act of a campaign planned with consummate skill, and conducted with able and untiring energy to a glorious result. The loss on our side was small, the victory over the enemy was complete, and the British commander, the infamous Proctor, who had promised Tecumthe that on the capture of our army, he would deliver up general Harrison to the Indians, to be tortured according to their atrocious usages, with difficulty avoided captivity by a disorderly and hasty flight. Attempts have been made to place the laurels of this victory upon the brows of another, who, however meritorious as a man and a soldier, has no other merit with regard to this engagement than that of having discharged his duty as faithfully as

others—except indeed, the doubtful reputation, of having accidentally slain a distinguished Indian warrior. Every military man regards this absurd pretension with contemptuous ridicule. The defeat of the enemy was owing to a novel and most able disposition of our army by its commander, to the quickness with which he took advantage, on the field of battle, and at the moment of engaging, of a mistake of the British general, and to the gallantry of our brave troops. It closed the war in that quarter, and together with the brilliant achievement of Perry on the adjacent lake, rescued the whole northwestern frontier, from the depredations of the firebrand and the tomahawk, and from all the accumulated horrors of war. In the language of the hon. Langdon Cheves, on the floor of congress, ‘The victory of Harrison was such as would have secured to a Roman general, in the best days of the republic, the honors of a triumph. He put an end to the war in the uppermost Canada.’

We must bring these brief notes to a close. In the summer of 1814, general Harrison, in conjunction with governor Shelby and general Cass, was appointed to treat with the Indians on the northwestern frontier, and was successful in concluding a treaty at Greenville, the old headquarters of general Wayne.

1816, he was elected a member of the house of representatives in congress, from a district of Ohio, and at the conclusion of the term was reelected. He was subsequently elected to the senate of the United States. In both these stations he was an efficient member, engaging actively in all the duties of his station, and joining in the debates on the most momentous questions.

His last public employment was that of minister to Columbia. We have thus seen this distinguished individual, rising from the station of an ensign, to the command of a victorious army—fighting through one war for the possession of the soil that now supports a million of freemen, and through another for the independence of his country. We have seen him employed for twenty-five years in civil posts of great labor and high responsibility, maintaining throughout an unblemished integrity, and discharging his various trusts with eminent honor to himself, and advantage to his fellow-citizens. Such a man is entitled to the highest civic rewards which may be conferred on exalted public virtue, to the affectionate regard of his countrymen, and lasting remembrance of posterity.

REMARKS ON THE WRITINGS OF ADDISON AND STEELE.

THE reign of queen Anne has been called the Augustan age of English literature. If, by this expression, is understood no more than that the intellectual manifestations of that reign resemble the finished efforts of those who flourished under the patronage of Mæcenas, there is nothing in it very objectionable. But if it be intended to convey the idea, that the writings of that period are distinguished by any extraordinary excellence, we are disposed to pause, and well to consider, before we assent to the propriety of its application. Our present impression is, that the literary efforts of Anne's time are not only far inferior to those which have given glory to the era of Elizabeth and of James, but are not to be compared with the intellectual achievements of the present century. We apprehend, that a close and serious investigation of the literary character of these widely distinguished epochs, would tend to deepen, rather than to remove this impression. Our present object is, to ascertain, as precisely as we can, how far the *periodical* writings of Anne's reign contribute to sustain the literary preeminence which has been claimed for it.

These writings are embodied in the *Tatler*, which was commenced in 1709: in the *Spectator*, begun in 1710: and in the *Guardian*, commenced in 1713. Their most celebrated and frequent contributors are Addison, Steele, Budgell, Hughes, Pope, Tickell, and Parnell. In these works, do we perceive the infancy of that periodical literature, which, expanding under the auspices of Cumberland, Goldsmith, and Johnson in the *Adventurer*, *The Rambler*, the *Monthly Review*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has at length, in the *Edinburgh Review* and its successors, attained a full stature and a complete development, under such patrons as Brougham, Jeffrey, McAuley, Walsh and the Everetts.

We propose to limit our criticism to the compositions of Steele and of Addison. And we propose this, because we find it extremely difficult to characterize writings so multifarious as those contained in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, by any general traits, to which there is not a multitude of perplexing and contradictory exceptions; and because we regard the works of the abovenamed authors as the most complete and emphatic representatives of the essay literature of their period; and moreover, because, while the fame of their coadjutors has been gradually consumed in satisfying the hunger of time, to them seems to be reserved the honor, which, by the generous voracity of Polyphemus, was extended to Ulysses, the honor of being

last devoured. When we look back over the reign of Anne, whose names instantly arise and arrest the eye, as the glory of its periodical literature? The names of Addison and of Steele. Their literary creations appear like little islands just visible above the surface of that wide sea, whose waves have closed forever over the influence, the fame and the intellectual monuments of so many of their less fortunate contemporaries. We, therefore, trust that the plan proposed, may not be deemed an unfair, or unphilosophical narrowing of the sphere of our speculations.

One of the criteria, by which I propose to determine the character of this literature, is *its value as an agent of improvement to the present age*. If the lawyer, the theologian, the statesman, the literary gentleman,—in short, if the Intellectualist of this century were to imagine himself elevated to some lofty central eminence, wherefrom he might survey all of the past and all of the present, and behold therein one mighty treasure-house of means and aids for self-improvement, and the benefit of the millions around him; what might we reasonably presume to be his first intellectual movement? We answer, to classify these means and aids; to arrange all moral, and mental, and physical agents under their proper heads; to distinguish those influences which God has created, from those which have sprung from the intellect of man, and to assign to each of these influences, and to each class of influences, its proper place in the scale of importance. It is not necessary, nor have we space, to exhibit here our classification of these agents. We will merely state, that of the thousand classes of influences which, at this day, may be brought to bear upon the mind and heart of an individual, or upon the mind and heart of society, polite literature is only *one*; and that in the scale whereby is graduated the value of all the various departments of polite literature, the place, to which the periodical writings of Anne's time are entitled, is, in our judgment, extremely low.

We will present a few of our reasons for this opinion. And first, we ask, what are the *features* by which these writings are characterized? They are said to contain a picture of the taste, the feelings, the opinions, and the manners of the time. We doubt not that sir Roger De Coverly and sir Andrew Freeport, most faithfully and most agreeably represent certain classes of society whereof they were members. We doubt not that many of the essays do most distinctly mirror some of the affectations, and foibles, and vices of that time. Nor are we disposed to doubt, that they are, in general, very correct exponents of the style of feeling and thinking which then pervaded cer-

tain portions of the community. Our remark upon this topic is simply this, that conceding all which for this feature has been claimed, we do not deem it of much importance. Whatever has been thought, and felt, and acted by mankind from the birth of time to the present moment, constitutes only *one* branch of human knowledge; and why an Intellectualist of the present day should be in any degree solicitous to know, not what was thought, and felt, and acted in Anne's reign, but merely that small portion thereof which is embodied in the papers of the Spectator, and Tatler, and Guardian, we cannot well conceive. Whenever the taste, feelings, opinions, and manners of the human race are about to be made subjects of attention, only those should be regarded, which are developed by man in the extraordinary epochs of his earthly progress; those only which give us a clearer and deeper insight into the essential and abiding features of his character. While to us are accessible the Elizabethan era, and the times of the civil wars of England; while we can contemplate the wonderful manifestations of mind and heart furnished by the last seventy years of European and American history, we are not disposed to dwell upon the insipid reign of Queen Anne, nor to care much for its artificial modes of existence, which have been caught up and perpetuated by the genius of its periodical writers. We conclude this topic by observing, that had there been no other reason for remembering Addison and Steele, than the one just considered, we think that long ere this, they should have gone down to that oblivion whereunto they are so rapidly hastening.

Another characteristic feature of the periodical literature of Anne's time, is, *its morality*; by which term I understand, its views of man's domestic, social, and civil relations, and its exhortations to an observance of them. We candidly confess, that we have no spare admiration to bestow upon this morality. We are not so unjust as to charge upon it any positively demoralizing tendency. It does not tend to degrade, neither does it tend to elevate. Its characteristic is, an honest imbecility. It is full of elegantly feeble efforts to charm and whisper men into rectitude. We think that it is pitched upon a very low key—that it is tainted with a paltry worldism. It addresses the servile motives in the human heart. But it was suited to the times, and the times were formed by sensual standards. Where are those lofty strains of piety and devotion, that quicken within the soul a livelier sense of its immortal destinies? Listen to the voice of Addison. Do its tones make the heart throb more quickly? Do they send the blood more swiftly through its channels? Are they remembered in the bright or

dreary passages of life? Do we seem to hear them in the still solitude of our chamber? Do they come pealing in upon our hours of gay and worldly festivity? Do they steal into the heart in its moments of sorrow, sustaining and encouraging? We think that they do not. Mr. Addison, the moralist, accomplished none of these ends, and these we reckon among the most legitimate ends of all moral teachings. But not only are they deficient in the traits just designated. They are intolerably dull. Except as opiates, we cannot conceive how the Intellectualist of the present day can, for a moment, endure them. The moral teachings of this literature want life. They want energy. They want the fire and the outbreak of a strong devotional spirit. Truths and appeals are not condensed and compacted into vigorous words. They are diluted by their author's grace and gentleness, and conveyed to the heart only in holiday and lady terms. Some one has said, 'Spread out the thunder into single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children, pour it forth together in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall move the heavens.' Addison's moral thunder is all spread out into single tones. We desire not to be misunderstood. We do not expect that every sentence of a moral essay shall embody a whole volume of meaning. We do not wish to be startled at every step, by a '*Let there be light!*' or a '*Thou art the man!*' But we do desire, and expect, that when an educated thinker presumes to employ his pen for the purpose of impelling or persuading the heart of man to thoughts and deeds of virtue, he shall do something more than timidly suggest the propriety of being a good husband, a good citizen, or a good patriot—something more than gently to insinuate that the virtues are very beautiful, and that to violate the highest moral obligations, is exceedingly naughty. We are strongly inclined to suspect, that when Mr. Addison addressed himself to moral composition, he was less intent upon the life, and soundness, and worth of thought, than upon the choiceness of phrase, and the sweet falling of clauses. We strongly suspect, that instead of inquiring what changes of moral conduct, what states of moral feeling will be produced by these appeals of mine, he was engaged in asking of a sentence whether it would prefer being terminated by a word of one, or of two syllables; that instead of enlivening his mind with hopes of a wide and lasting improvement of his fellow-beings, he was vexing it with narrow conjectures of the opinion, which the fashionable and artificial circles of the London world would entertain of his speculations. Mr. Addison was too coldly correct, too critically dull to be an impressive and successful moral teacher. He wrote upon moral

subjects just as we should expect a man to write, who had been removed from the office of secretary of state, for spending that time and those talents in punctiliously dotting his *i*'s and crossing his *t*'s, which should have been bestowed upon weightier matters. We close our observations on this topic by humbly suggesting, that the Intellectualist of this age would not do wisely, who, in appreciating the various means of nursing into vigor and maturity the moral germs within him, should assign more than an extremely small importance to the moral portion of the periodical literature of Anne's time.

Another characteristic feature of this literature is in *its intellectual department*; embracing the critical and philosophical essays, with the taste and reasoning powers therein manifested. Since a serious conviction of his deficiencies, withheld our applause from Mr. Addison as a moralist, it is probably not anticipated that we shall shower down much eulogy upon his critical and philosophical genius. If we were sometimes sad while reflecting upon the nerveless and worldly character of his morality, we are disposed to smile at his efforts in criticism, while we can hardly refrain from laughing outright at his philosophical reasonings. It is much to be regretted, that we have not sufficient time and space for the introduction of the data whereupon our conclusions are based. We fear we may be charged with want of candor, or, what with some might be deemed less pardonable, with a partial induction of facts. We perhaps may despair of being approved by any who have not become thoroughly acquainted with the length and breadth, and height and depth of these periodical writings; and who have not also been long familiarized with nobler, wider, and mightier standards of intellectual power.

As indications of taste, and as specimens of critical acumen, take the twelve much applauded essays on *Paradise Lost*. We are constrained to say, that the genius of Mr. Addison had not fit wings to bear it onward with the muse of Milton in her majestic flights; for while the imagination of the poet is far away in heavenly realms, among the sphered spirits, and in the presence of the embattled seraphim, that of the critic never seems to range beyond the walls of No. 5, Soho Square. Amidst Milton's gorgeous creations of the upper and the nether worlds, Mr. Addison is as trim, and neat, and finical, as when speaking of affectation, or vanity. We confess, that when reading these papers, we were almost out of patience with their author's want of enthusiastic sympathy with the thoughts that breathe and words that burn in every part of that immortal work—that when we saw his servility to the rules, by which

Aristotle imagined all epics must be manufactured, we were almost compelled to throw down his essays with a feeling we do not wish to express. When testing the poetical merit of Milton, he does not ask whether such a character, or such a plot, or such a scene, or such an image, is adapted to the end for which, by the poet, it was designed. Far otherwise. He opens the copy of Aristotle before him, and hunting up the rule, he decides upon the poetry by its conformity or disagreement therewith. To illustrate. Aristotle says there should be no digression in an epic. Hereupon does Mr. Addison most heartily and most candidly condemn, among other things, Milton's beautiful panegyric of marriage, and all those touching and noble lines upon his blindness that follow the invocation 'Hail, holy light.' Mr. Addison seemed to think they had no business there. We think they *had* business there. Our reason is this: John Milton placed them there. With Mr. Addison the example of Homer and the precept of Aristotle, are the *To Kalon* and the *To Prepon* of all epical merit. We shall not so much forget ourself as to presume here to designate *the standards* in the various departments of poetical composition. We will merely recall to mind the truth, that the rules which have been framed for the regulation and advancement of intellectual action, whether in architecture, or painting, or sculpture, or in poetry, are, or should be, derived from a close and philosophical examination of the highest achievements of the highest order of human intellect, in the various spheres just named. As the formation of grammar must be subsequent to the creation of language, so in the fine arts, the formation of rules must be subsequent to the creation of those arts. Would any one, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Addison, dream of graduating the merit of the Apollo, or the Medicean Venus, by their conformity with certain rules which a certain soi-disant virtuoso may have oracled from his closet? Certainly not. These rarest monuments of the sculptor's art are themselves the fountain of principles to guide the chisel of the artist. We think Mr. Addison would have been far better employed in testing the rules of Aristotle by the composition of Milton, than in performing the *vice versa* process. If Milton be poetically in the wrong, let all hereafter poets make *the wrong* their beau ideal. They had better err with Milton than be right with Aristotle. Mr. Addison and the class of critics to which he belongs, exhort all genius to obey certain rules, though literary death be the consequence thereof. They resemble the physician of Moliere, who, while destroying his patient with the arbitrary prescriptions of Hippocrates, informed him that, to be sure, he would die, but

he would, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that he died according to the most approved medical rules. We conclude this topic by observing, that to the Intellectualist of this day, we think little or no profit can be derived from a study of Mr. Addison, the critic.

We have but a few remarks to make upon the philosophical essays, which constitute a portion of this literature. If our opinion were to be determined by an examination of those which are most celebrated—the eleven essays on the Pleasures of the Imagination—we fear it would be none of the highest. The two characteristics of these essays, which, we apprehend, cannot but be manifest to the most superficial reader, are, a prim, starched, formal narrowness of conception, and a most unpardonable slovenliness of reasoning. Mr. Addison's philosophical genius seems to be hooped, and corseted, and tricked up in the stiff and artificial finery of the times. There is a want of freedom, of emancipation from the Frenchified and cramped modes of thinking which then prevailed. There is a want of energy, of comprehensive power to impress into his service the able-bodied truths in the wide universe of thought around him. He had not a large intellectual reach. His mental glances did not shoot to and fro, athwart the darkness of the moral world, and reveal its mysteries. His reasonings are full of *non sequiters*. His propositions are not bound together by strong, invincible chains of ratiocination. His premises are stated, then oftentimes you see a wide chasm, and then comes the lame and impotent conclusion. Mr. Addison's 'for' and 'because' are very much like the 'argal' of the grave digger in Hamlet. Instead of dovetailing consecutive thoughts, he shingles them over and over. We might adduce numerous instances to sustain these assertions—we give one of the least exceptionable. Mr. Addison says, 'as the great and only end of these my speculations is, to banish vice and ignorance out of the territory of Great Britain, I shall endeavor, as much as possible, to establish among us a taste of polite literature.' We pause not to cavil at such an expression as, 'taste of polite literature.' We ask the reader to mark the inconsequential character of the reasoning. A taste for polite literature, as that phrase was understood in Queen Anne's time, no more tends to banish vice and ignorance out of a kingdom, than a relish for macaroni and ice-cream tends to banish bad humors out of man's physical constitution. Not only a priori reasoning, but all the past is full of refutations of this unsound conclusion. History and biography have established no truth more firmly than this, that a taste for such literature

may coexist with the practice of the most debasing vices, and with the most unpardonable ignorance of all things, save and except the narrow topic of the aforesaid literature. The imbecility of the means, no less than their want of adaptation to the end proposed, must be apparent to every thinker. The instance, just given, is only one of the hundreds, that compel us to the conclusion, that while such thinkers and reasoners as Chillingworth, and Butler, and Edwards, and Burke, and Stewart, are accessible to the Intellectualist of this day, he would run the risk of subjecting himself to laughter, and indeed, to something worse than laughter, did he waste many of his hours in the contemplation of Mr. Addison, the philosopher.

And now, methinks, I hear it whispered—surely while this writer is dealing in such wholesale denunciations of this literature, and its noblest representatives, surely, surely, he has forgotten the clear and classic *taste* therein embodied. Upon this quality of taste, for which this literature has been much admired, we will observe, in the first place, that the relation in which taste stands to the other intellectual powers, is that of a servant to its masters; or, perhaps more properly, of a guide to its superiors. It is the hand which points the other mental powers the course that they should go. It is the compass that guides them in their untracked and starless pathway through the intellectual deep. To be available, it presupposes the existence and activity of these powers. In our judgment, and we hope not to be charged with speaking too confidently, Mr. Addison and his fellow-workers were not gifted with strong mental powers, they wanted vigorous and adventurous talents, and consequently, under the guidance of the most infallible taste, they could have achieved nothing to challenge more than the faintest voice of admiration. But, as we do not feel, so are we not disposed to express, any approbation of their taste. We think it cannot be more truly characterized than as classically and delicately bad. It was tainted with the universal spirit of that time; a spirit which rejoiced in the artificial—which abhorred the simple and the natural; which preferred tripping daintily in buckram, through gardens cut into triangles, and parallelograms, and among groves trimmed into the figures of elephants and pyramids—to wandering in liberty through the beautiful gardens of nature, listening to her thousand simple harmonies, and renewing the freshness of early youth among her hills and her fountains. We think that evidences of this false taste may be perceived throughout all their compositions. We certainly cannot recommend them to the Intellectualist of

this day, as models whereupon he might safely endeavor to mould his taste.

Before passing to our concluding topic, we wish to indulge in a few general reflections. One of the qualities inherent in *all* the literature of which we have been speaking is, moral and intellectual barrenness. The compositions of Addison and of Steele are the least *suggestive* of any with which we are acquainted. They do not quicken and create trains of reflection in the minds and hearts of the reader. In the words of Bacon, they do not 'generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages.' Whatever delight and instruction may be derived from reading them, is derived from *reading* them alone, and not from any awakened recollections and associated ideas, which, as we have already observed, they have not power to arouse. It is doubtless owing to this fact, that to them has been assigned the epithet *classical*. It is this which has so widely contradistinguished them from those intellectual creations which have been denominated *romantic*. The characteristic property of the classical is, to impress, by its own intrinsic beauty and majesty; while the distinguishing character of the romantic is, to move by associated thoughts and images. The Parthenon is classical. It would charm the beholder, if seen upon the centre of a western prairie, and seen by one who never knew that Greece had been crowned with power and with glory, and had at last gone down forever to the sepulchre of dead nations. A gothic castle, which beetles from a precipice, which has laughed to scorn the rage of a thousand tempests, and which tradition tells us was the theatre of some dread exploit, is romantic. An Italian opera, if to us it be any thing, is classical. The epithet romantic may, with propriety, be applied to the melody of 'Auld lang syne,' 'Home, sweet home,' and of other similar songs, whose chief power to move consists in this, that they awaken the slumbering memories of childhood, or recall the image of a friend now no more, or seem to inspire with a momentary life emotions and affections that for years had been lying dead in the still chambers of the heart. Now, Mr. Addison and his coadjutors have been ranked among the classical minds. Surely they are not romantic in the sense which we have endeavored to show belongs to that term. And among the classical writers, we think their place to be very subordinate. Their works want the beautiful proportions, the faultless forms, and the enchanting tones which, so to speak, have embalmed the classic masterpieces of antiquity, and consecrated them to the admiration of all time.

And now we desire to notice another trait which appertains to *all* this literature. We mean its narrowness and particularity as contradistinguished from a wide universality. Its authors did not address the world, nor even Great Britain, nor even London, but they narrowed down their lucubrations to a still narrower set in that metropolis. With a slight modification, what was said of Swift might be applied to them. They wrote 'not satires, but lampoons; not wit for all mankind, but jokes for a particular circle.' Those who are familiar with the essays of Bacon, will understand, that while these are for men in all the successive ages of time, the essays of the Spectator, the Tatler, and the Guardian, though on the same and similar topics, are but for a very small portion of the eighteenth century. We doubt not they touched many of the chords of thinking and of feeling, tuned by the artificial spirit of that brief time. But they have not power to reach those moral harp strings, which have been placed in the human soul by its Creator, and which are enduring as the soul itself. We do not dwell upon this trait as being objectionable. We name it only as *one* of the means for ascertaining what niche in our admiration the periodical literature of Anne's time should occupy. If it be averred that it answered its end; very well. We only say its end was narrow. We only say that the intellectual spirit of its authors did not strike off the chains of the present passion, the present opinion, the present taste, and ascending untrammelled above the nation and the age, did not select topics interesting to all mankind, and exhibit and illustrate them in a manner which to all might be impressive. Their compositions are said to have accomplished their end—that end was temporary. To us they seem marvellously to resemble certain water craft, which having performed its single trip down the western rivers, is ever after consigned to uselessness and decay; while the creations of those minds, to which Mr. Addison and his coadjutors are, in this respect, opposed, may be likened to richly freighted ships that sail forever through the wide seas of time.

As the periodical literature of Anne's reign was only intended to meet and gratify the fashionable spirit of the time, so it is bowing to the fate of all things merely fashionable. The *vivat* of public opinion in one age, has been supplanted by the *pereat* of public opinion in the succeeding. Surely, its admirers cannot anticipate that it shall live and flourish forever in the clear sky of fame. The patience of mankind is not immortal. The gentle sway of the Addisonian dynasty is ceasing. The sceptre, which it has held so long over the hearts and imaginations of men, has, by their rightful lords, been wrenched away. Its

throne has fallen. A spirit, stronger, sterner, and may we not say, lovelier, has come up. It is the spirit of the Elizabethan and the Miltonic age. The applauses, created by the great intellectual achievements of that era, have, after near two centuries, converged into their echoing focus. We rejoice to see a reviving taste for what we have always deemed a fresher, richer, and a nobler literature. We rejoice to see the spirit of the older English writers at length bursting up, like the Arcadian stream after its long subterranean course, to fertilize and beautify the moral landscape of the present century. We beheld, with a melancholy regret, the decline of that spirit, after the exhausting, political, and religious agitations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It reached its lowest point, during, and immediately after, the reign of Anne. It has now begun to rise. If we may so speak, the pendulum has begun to oscillate upon the other side. We hope that it may continue its upward curve. We hope that the literary power of the nineteenth century may be improved by models of thinking and feeling, created, not in the classical, but in the rich, suggestive, romantic ages of English literature. We can hardly think the world will willingly permit the master-spirits of those ages to be again forgotten. We trust that, leagued with time, they will pass triumphantly down the tide of men's memories, and that, ages hence, their voice will be loud and clear, when the voices of those who, for a brief time, usurped their place, shall be buried in silence.

Our reflections have almost diverted us from our concluding topic, which is, *the style* of this periodical literature. We do not mean style of thinking, but style in the popular acceptation of the term, embracing *language and its construction into sentences*. Much has been said of the classical beauty of Addison's style. His works, like those of Spencer, have been metaphored into 'wells of undefiled English.' Even Dr. Johnson has dictated an oracle upon this subject. Those who are wont to clap their hands at the susquepedalianism, and to bow down their intellects before the shrine of this literary autocrat, may have been beguiled into the error, that 'whoever would write English with correctness and elegance, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison.' Samuel Johnson's approbation of a style, is, in our judgment, somewhat equivocal testimony in its favor. If a friend were to inform us that he was charmed and delighted with the style of Mr. Addison, we should prophecy that he would *fail*, did he attempt to move the heart, and mould the opinion of the present age. The style of Addison is no more for the Intellectualist of the present day, than the tactics of

Marlborough and Turenne are for its military leaders. And the reasons are obvious. Addison seems to have had but a faint conception of the strength, and compass, and flexibility of the English tongue. His best thoughts are imprisoned in pedantic Gallicisms, and in the Latin and Greek portions of the English language. The Saxon, the melodious, the pliant, the fresh, and maidenly Saxon; the language of Bunyan, of Jeremy Taylor, of Shakspeare, of the Bible,—this language, was beginning to be frowned down in the time of Anne. Then was commenced the degradation, consummated under the inglorious dynasty of Johnson. In Addison, we see neat and elegant words, culled and arranged with all the precise formality of a bouquet. The grace, and rosy freshness, and perfume of natural flowers, are not there. We have noted with surprise, how widely different is the influence of the same truths in the style of Addison, from their impressiveness when conveyed in the style of minds belonging to a later day. When uttered by the former, their effect is feeble, and it soon passes away. Enunciated by Robert Hall, or McAuley, or Dugald Stewart, they impress deeply, and are long remembered. In the former instance, you hear, as it were, a tune delicately executed on a guitar; in the latter, you listen to the same piece of music, embodied in the deep and thrilling tones of a cathedral organ.

But of all writers who have been long in the eye of public favor, perhaps not one can be found, who has been guilty of so many purely grammatical blunders as Mr. Addison. We only suggest a reperusal of Dr. Blair's criticisms of some of his most thoroughly elaborated papers. We declare that we were astonished at the manifold proofs of the abovenamed deficiency, which are candidly revealed by the admiring critic. Words most inappropriate, pronouns without antecedents, adverbs located any where but in their right place, and other similar blunders, of which the merest Sophomore would be ashamed, are continually stumbled upon in going over any of his compositions. And these errors are committed by the correct, the chaste, the finished Mr. Addison! We think that he has completely failed in that very subordinate sphere, in which he was most anxious to succeed, and for which he has been most extravagantly applauded. We take the liberty of here reiterating the truth, which is now beginning to be appreciated, and which we last heard from the lips of Mr. Grimké, that of all English writers who have ever been held up as models of style, the most grammatically incorrect is Mr. Addison.

It cannot be expected that we shall recommend for imitation the *style* of the periodical literature of Anne's time, since we

have manifested so much disesteem for that of its purest representative.

If then the Intellectualist of this day would seek for outward means to purify, to ennoble, and to strengthen him, let him straightway go to Nature: Nature, the '*principium et fons*:' Nature, the exhaustless reservoir of all moral and intellectual elements; *Nature*, the simple, the majestic, the beautiful, the immortal. If then he desire to be improved by her in another form; if he would behold her imprisoned in men's books, and much dismantled of her maiden loveliness, let him not fling away the golden hours upon the periodical literature of queen Anne's reign—that mere parenthesis in intellectual history—let him not vainly hope to find nature reflected there. Rather let him contemplate the works of the master-spirits of past time. In their transparent language will he behold her mirrored, not indeed with the clear and fresh vividness of her original self—but still truly and enchantingly, and with a sublime simplicity, of which Mr. Addison and his equally artificial coadjutors had not the faintest conception.

J. J. J.

WESTERN ARTISTS.

HIRAM POWERS.

WE have doubtless but little to boast in the department of the fine arts, on this side of the mountains; but we have not been entirely destitute of genius of this description, nor wanting in efforts which are worthy of applause. A few artists have appeared among us, from time to time, mingling among the bustling sons of industry and thrift, like the first blossoms of the spring upon the dreary landscape. Some of these have been natives of our valley, others have emigrated hither in early life; but most of them have been selftaught, have been allured to these delightful employments by some powerful law of their natures, and have become artists, from organic compulsion. Without models, without patronage, without any public sentiment to awaken emulation, they have embarked with ardor in pursuits which seem so uncongenial with the occupations of those around them, that we are forced to believe, with the phrenologist, that they have obeyed the leadings of nature, in the indulgence of propensities too strongly developed, to be easily resisted. Such have been Corwine, Lee, Beard, the Hardings, and some others, whose names do not now occur to us.

The names of these gentlemen deserve to be recorded; but as our personal acquaintance with them is not extensive, we shall only speak of the few whose efforts have come under our notice, and of these, without pretending to class them either in the order of chronology, or of their respective merits. If there are others, whose works deserve equal publicity, our pages are open to any who will briefly, fairly, without undue eulogy, or 'iteration,' point them out—and we shall be grateful for such contributions.

Hiram Powers has long been known in Cincinnati, as a man of uncommon intellect, and great versatility of genius. He was born in Vermont, and came to Cincinnati in the year 1819, being then about sixteen years of age. His first efforts in the employment of his inventive faculties, were extremely miscellaneous, and seem to have been rather thrown out as the recreations of an active imagination, than pursued with any view to emolument or improvement. With all the ingenuity and enterprise of the land which gave him birth, he had little of its thrift. He could make any thing—but money. If a lady needed a bodkin of a peculiar form, Powers fabricated from an indigenous bone, a delicate implement, which excelled the production of the foreign artist in the beauty of its shape, and rivalled ivory in its polish; if a mechanist boggled in the construction of an engine, he could not only point out the defect, but could grasp the hammer, the chisel, or the file, and execute his own conceptions; if an artist failed in the performance of a desired object, Powers seized upon the idea, as if by intuition, and became in a moment a painter, a sculptor, or a modelist. So prolific, and so varied, were his mechanical powers, that he wrought to his purpose with facility, the most widely different materials—whether moulding the plastic wax, cutting the brittle glass, or fashioning the heavy metallic bar, he was equally at home; and what was still more remarkable, he could not only handle with success, the tools of various artizans, but could make any implement which he proposed to use.

His achievements are too numerous to be mentioned in this brief notice. On one occasion, a person being in Cincinnati, whose occupation was that of cutting profiles, Mr. Powers was attracted by curiosity to his room. While there, he pointed out a slight inaccuracy in the profile of a gentleman who was not present, and then taking a pair of scissors, cut, from memory, a likeness of the same individual, which was far superior to those of the professed artist. On another occasion, there was an artist in our city, who was making busts in plaster; Mr. Powers no sooner saw the work, than he suggested an improvement in the process, and acting up to the suggestions of his own genius, proceeded to make some busts, which were universally admired. An organ was to be made for one of our new churches: the builder failed, and there was no workman here who could correct the blunder. Powers was at that time in the employ of a watchmaker, but on being applied to, readily undertook to construct an organ, and actually made a very good one, which is still in use. He afterwards constructed for Letton's Museum, another musical instrument of considerable power, and with a great variety of tones, to which was attached a number of automaton figures in wax, which were made, by machinery, to appear to play on the various instruments whose sounds were imitated. For the purpose of making some tools that he needed, he invented and made a lathe for turning metals, which was for a long time afterwards used in one of our largest manufactories, and was considered far superior to the ordinary machines.

Those who have visited the Museum of Mr. Dorfeuille of this city—and we suppose every person of good taste, who has had the opportunity, has done so—have usually been agreeably struck on beholding the figure of that estimable and scientific gentleman, standing very comfortably, in the midst of the miniature world of his own creation. There is no mistaking him, nor any doubt that he is the master of the house, for he stands too much at his ease for a stranger, and gazes at the company with an air of satisfaction, which is quite becoming in the owner of the mansion. Some have spoken to him, but received no answer, either in English or French; some of

his familiar friends have offered to shake hands, supposing this the real Mr. D.—but it is no such thing—it is a wax figure by Powers—and as like the original as two peas.

It is said that some years ago, he made a waxen full-length resemblance of a celebrated comic singer, of this city. The figure was placed on the stage, and when the curtain rose, there stood Mr. Alexander Drake, so much like himself that the audience wondered why he did not begin to sing. Presently, the favorite actor entered, dressed precisely like the dumb statue, and throwing himself into a similar attitude, commenced a popular song. The effect was irresistibly ludicrous; and it was generally conceded, that it was only by the motion of the real actor, that he could be distinguished from the 'counterfeit presentment.'

But perhaps this artist is best known here, as the inventor of the 'Infernal Regions,' a most diabolical exhibition, which the curious in horrible conceptions, may visit any night in the year, Sundays excepted, at the corner of Main and Pearl streets. There, in a darkened room, into which a dim light is partially thrown, is seen an exhibition of the burning lake—a terrific gigantic figure representing Belzebub, stands fearfully conspicuous, and is so organized by machinery, as to nod its head, wag its long ears, roll its great eyes, and gnash its teeth at the beholders—a serpent, some twenty feet or more in length, issues from a cavern, extends its loathsome body over the stage, opens its mouth, and gloats with malignant eyes upon the spectators, who congratulate themselves that an iron railing separates them from the monster—two tremendous quadrupeds distend their immense jaws, with hideous yells, and spring towards the audience—the toll of a distant bell is heard—thunder rolls, and lightning flashes—a corse is seen hanging from a gallows—groans are heard—horrors accumulate, and fearful associations are presented to the mind, until the flesh of the spectator begins to feel the crawling of terror. Perhaps some one, who is bolder or more curious than the rest, advances to the iron railing, and carelessly drops his hand upon it, as he endeavors to make a closer reconnoissance—the metal is charged with electric fluid, and the horror-stricken wight recoils with a shock and a scream, which electrifies the whole assembly, sets the children to crying, the women to wailing, and the men to wishing themselves—out of the infernal regions. We know not what may be the moral effect of such a representation; it does not strike us as objectionable; but it is a repulsive spectacle, to which we should not carry a sensitive child, and which we have no desire to visit a second time. As a specimen, however, of mechanical ingenuity, and as an evidence of Mr. Powers' genius, it is worthy of attention.

Mr. Powers would appear from the facts which we have stated, and a variety of others of similar import, which might be added, to possess a rare combination of intellectual and physical endowment—a fecundity of creative power, a quickness of invention and contrivance, a mathematical accuracy of judgment in reference to mechanical combinations, a peculiar facility in subjecting matter to the influence of his mind, and a readiness in acquiring the skilful use of tools. He combines, in short, the genius of the inventor, with the skill of the practised artisan, and can conceive and execute, with equal felicity.

We are glad that this ingenious gentleman has turned his attention to a branch of art which is both lucrative and honorable, and in which he stands undoubtedly without a rival. His present occupation is that of making busts in plaster, by a process of his own invention. The best of these that we have seen, is that of Nicholas Longworth, Esq. of this city, made last year, and which is perfectly inimitable. No

one could look at this rare specimen of art, without being struck with the fidelity, the spirit, and the genius of the execution. To say that it is an exact resemblance of the external lineaments of the original, is not to do it justice; the artist entered into the character of the sitter, and has given an expression to the countenance, which is not the work of a copyist, nor the result of an accurate measurement of the features. It is the production of a genius, which if cultivated to its highest powers, will win for its possessor a name, which his country will be proud to perpetuate.

We are informed that Mr. Powers possesses qualities as a gentleman and a companion, such as do credit to his heart and his talents. Unassuming and retiring, he has much of that sententious and quiet wit, that marks a thoughtful and observing mind. He is a musician by nature, and we have heard that he can imitate sounds with the same ease and success with which he moulds the most obdurate metallic substances or the rudest clay into graceful shapes. But we have not room to repeat all that can be done by the admirable genius of this distinguished artist. If any friend will suggest to us any thing that he *cannot* do, we will notice it in our next.

He is now at the city of Washington, where we are happy to say, his talents seem to be properly appreciated; and the eastern papers have noticed his works in terms of the highest approbation. At the last accounts, he had finished three busts, those of the President, Col. R. M. Johnson, and Mr. Calhoun; which were pronounced to be 'truly perfect and faultless representations of the originals.' His likeness of general Jackson is declared to be a master-piece. He presents the venerable chief magistrate, precisely as he looks when receiving company at the east-room on a levee night. There is the peculiar position of the head, the chin thrown a little forward, the wrinkles all over the face in full play, and the mouth just ready to speak. It is general Jackson to the life.

'And then the bust of Mr. Calhoun!' exclaims the Baltimore Patriot; 'there you see every muscle and feature of the master-spirit of nullification. Nothing but the *expression* of his splendid eye, is lost to the beholder. The cast, the exact form of the eye, is there—the expression only is wanting.'

Mr. Powers has earned applause, he is now surrounded with much eclat, and he deserves it richly. He is a gentleman of excellent private character, without affectation, or pretension—an American, of original genius—the artificer of his own character—the inventor of the peculiar mode of taking likenesses, which he practises, and on all these accounts is deserving of patronage.

If any gentleman who can appreciate the merits of the inimitable pictures of Beard, will do us the favor to write a notice of them, it shall appear in our next.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE COURT OF CHARLES THE SECOND: A Series of Memoirs, Biographical and Critical. Illustrating the Diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, Clarendon, and other contemporary writers. By MRS. JAMESON, authoress of 'The Loves of the Poets,' 'Lives of Female Sovereigns,' 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad,' &c. &c. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart. 1834.

ONE of the most unpleasant duties of the critic, is that of finding fault; yet it is absolutely necessary that it should be performed, and it would have been better for the literature and the morals of our country, if it had been discharged heretofore with greater rigor, and with a more stern impartiality. The fear of giving offence, and the dread of being thought malicious, have stripped our native tribunals of their legitimate authority, and a system of indiscriminate puffing has taken the place of honest criticism. Nothing has ever surprised us more, than the mistaken views which have been entertained, by our countrymen on this subject. In other times, and in other countries, the purest and noblest efforts of genius have been found to exist contemporaneously with the most severe and unsparing criticism. In every period of English literature, the productive power of genius has been most conspicuous, when it has been most rigorously subjected to the discipline of critical animadversion. Literature has its laws, which require to be frequently published, and inexorably enforced, and a relaxation of which has invariably led to a feeble or corrupted taste. Yet, obvious as these principles seem, there are few among us who seem disposed to put them in practice. A very large proportion of the editors who pretend to review books, choose to be considered *amiable*, rather than just, and pass over in silence those works upon which, with every disposition to be indulgent, they cannot bestow praise. Although the multiplication of useless and pernicious books is greater than was ever known before, the voice of rebuke is scarcely heard; on the contrary, eulogists are found for the most paltry and the most disgraceful emanations of the press. Nor is this all: the man who dares to discharge his duty, as an independent critic, by holding up to merited disapprobation, a feeble or a vicious production, is called envious, or unkind, or malicious—as if a zeal for the purity of literature was incompatible with honorable and generous feelings.

We repeat, that we have looked upon this state of public sentiment with no small degree of curiosity. It is an anomaly in the history of mind. There is a discrepancy between the domestic morals of our country, and its public sentiment, which can hardly be accounted for, upon the ordinary principles of human action. In our ordinary intercourse with each other, we certainly do not discover any evidence of deterioration in the national character, while an alarming laxity of principle may be discerned in the whole tone of our politics and literature. There never was a period in the history of our country, in which its public men have sought popularity, power, and office, with so much avidity, or have shown so little scruple, as to the means by which their purposes might be effected. There is as much industry and private virtue in our land as ever; yet its party measures, and newspaper discussions, display a dissoluteness altogether incompatible with the genius of a sober-minded people. We do not concur in the sentiment recently expressed by a distinguished statesman—

that there is not virtue enough in the country to justify the hope of reform. We cannot permit ourselves to believe, that the character of the American people is essentially depraved—yet the indications of that character, as evinced in the multifarious outpourings of the press, are certainly as unfavorable as can well be imagined. The same disregard of public morals, the same profligate contempt of the opinions of the virtuous, which mark the party politics of the day, are as discernible in its literature; our booksellers have the daring effrontery to publish, and our periodical critics the servility to applaud, works of the most injurious tendency.

We are aware of the reply that will be made to these remarks. The bookseller is not the guardian of the public morals, he publishes that which will sell, others purchase at their own option, and on their own proper responsibility; and it is very ill-natured to interfere with his speculation. Perhaps it *may* be ill-natured—but while the temperance societies are applying all sorts of hard names to the man who makes or sells ardent spirits, we see no reason why those who supply the market with pernicious books should escape rebuke. The one manufactures poison for the body, the others for the mind. If industry and virtue are to be dethroned, and vice and folly exalted, it is quite indifferent whether the effect be produced by bad brandy or bad books. We shall, therefore, state our opinion freely on such subjects, at the risk of giving offence to those whom it may concern.

With regard to Mrs. Jameson's book, we scarcely know how to speak. The writer is a lady of very superior mental endowments, and—for any thing that we know to the contrary—of most unexceptionable character; but the book is a perfect abomination—a very sad profligate book. How it happened that a lady should condescend to select the *Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second*, as subjects upon which to exercise her pen, we can scarcely imagine; for one-half of them were persons of whom a reputable woman cannot even think, without a sense of contamination—ladies who were not only, to use the mild phrase of Mrs. Jameson, *perdues de reputation*, but who gambled, drank, swore like troopers, and were as illiterate and vulgar as they were vicious. Her own account of the manner in which she became employed in this delicate task, is as follows: Mrs. Jameson is the daughter of Mr. Murphy, a painter of some eminence, who was patronized by the late princess Charlotte. The portraits of the *Beauties*, have been preserved, it seems, for the admiration of posterity, in the royal residence at Windsor—either on account of their personal attractions, or because most of them were ancestresses of noble English families. Mr. Murphy 'having while at Windsor made copies of one or two of the most striking of Lely's Windsor Beauties, her royal highness, on seeing them, expressed her admiration, and in her usual off-hand and gracious manner, desired that the whole set might be completed for *her*.' Whether her royal highness, who stood next in succession to the throne, and was defendress of the faith in expectancy, valued these portraits as beautiful pictures, whether she appreciated them as illustrious memorials of the frailty of her sex, or intended to hang them up as models for the court, over which she was destined to preside, we are not told; but we do learn, that 'her royal highness also commanded, that several portraits not at Windsor, should be added to the collection; *particularly* those of Louise de Queroualle and Nell Gwynn: and at her personal request, and application, an original picture of the dutchess of Portsmouth, was sent to Mr. Murphy, by order of the late duke of Richmond'—so that it would seem, that her royal highness was *particularly* careful to add

to her collection, the portraits of those persons, whose names no modest woman would permit to be repeated in her presence, and that to her *off-hand and gracious* condescension, we are chiefly indebted for their appearance in this volume.

In the progress of this work, Mr. Murphy 'took the liberty of asking *her majesty*' the exemplary queen of George III.—'whether she recollected a famous picture of Nell Gwynn, known to have *once* existed in the Windsor gallery.' The queen replied at once, 'that most assuredly since *she* had resided at Windsor, there had been no Nell Gwynn there.' Mrs. Jameson terms this, in her flippant language, 'a rather equivocal reply;' but the sober-minded reader will recognize in it the indignant rebuke of a virtuous and high-minded woman, who acted and spoke as became her exalted station.

Mrs. Jameson proceeds to inform us, that, 'before the whole set of portraits was completed, the princess Charlotte died; and with that fine-hearted and right-minded being, died the hopes, fortunes, and happiness, of many individuals'—and among the rest, of Mr. Murphy, who lost in this '*right-minded being*,' the patroness of his gallery, containing the 'whole set' of the vixens and profligates, who disgraced their sex and nation during the reign of Charles II. The unhappy artist suffered, as we are informed, great 'personal affliction'—and well he might—for the pictures which had been executed with laborious skill, for the chaste eye of a princess, were unsaleable in the common market, and unfit for any place more pure than a royal residence. They were sent, however, 'to the proper quarter,' but were returned—those who succeeded her royal highness, not having the same refined taste, for the beauties of the court of Charles II.

'When these circumstances came to the knowledge of sir Gerard Noel, that gentleman, with a truly munificent spirit, purchased the *whole set*,' and became possessed of the most graceful collection of viragoes, that ever disgraced the canvass of the artist, or the gallery of a private gentleman.

To complete the brief history of this work—'It was also suggested, that in order to repair the losses which Mr. Murphy had sustained in his profession, in consequence of this undertaking, the portraits should be engraved and published, with illustrative memoirs from the pen of his daughter; who forbears to say more, feeling that she has now sufficiently accounted for her share of the work.'

That Mrs. Jameson has *accounted* for her share of the work, very satisfactorily, by showing that to repair the losses of her father, was the speculation she had in her eye, we cheerfully admit; but we cannot so easily concede that she has offered any apology for the stain which she has brought on her sex, by this singular volume, which none can read without applying to the author, as well as to her heroines, the exclamation of Shakspeare,

'Ah, me! how weak a thing the heart of woman is!'

When this volume—which so enamoured Mr. Walsh, that he told his readers he had read it through at a single sitting—reached our city, we committed the heresy of not giving it a perusal. Mrs. Jameson's '*Beauties*,' however, were the theme of every body's conversation, and out of self-defence we finally sought an introduction to them, and we are now about to commit, perhaps, the still greater heresy, of expressing an unqualified disapprobation of the entire work.

That instinctive delicacy which belongs to her sex, seems to have been overcome with some difficulty, by Mrs. Jameson, when preparing to embark in this unhallowed

enterprise. She evidently felt that she was about to commit a profanation of the female character, and she offers some very singular reasons in justification of her course. Take an instance. In her introduction, she remarks, that most of those who visit the gallery of Beauties at Windsor, leave it with the impression, that they have been introduced to a set of unprincipled females: and truly, continues Mrs. Jameson, it is hard that such women as 'lady Northumberland, Miss Hamilton, and lady Ossory, whose fair reputations, no slanderous wit dared profane while living, should be condemned to posthumous dishonor, because their pictures hang in the same room with those of Middleton and Denham.'

And now what does Mrs. Jameson proceed to do in order to rescue those who are really blameless, from the bad company in which she found them. Why simply this: She transfers their likenesses to a book, places a biographical notice by the side of each, and sends forth to every people, where letters are cultivated, the Nell Gwynns and Barbara Villiers, in companionship with the Hamiltons and Ossorys. If the collector of a gallery of portraits had done injustice to these latter females, by placing their likenesses in bad company, where they were occasionally seen by the visitors at Windsor, by what sophism has Mrs. Jameson convinced herself, that she is rescuing them from their degradation, by sending them, side by side, retouched by the pencil of genius, to the firesides of every land? The fact is, Mrs. Jameson felt that she was committing an impropriety, and thus she labors to avert censure by an argument as silly as her work is indefensible.

It is an every-day practice to deplore the evil influences of the Pelham and Paul Clifford novels upon the taste and moral sentiments of the community, and certainly we should be the last to advocate their circulation; but we can have little hesitation in expressing the opinion, that Mrs. Jameson's Beauties of Charles II, is calculated to exert a more baneful influence upon society than all that has yet fallen from the brilliant and powerful pen of Bulwer. Mrs. Jameson enjoys great popularity both in England and this country—she writes with uncommon ease and grace, and has hitherto chosen topics calculated to win the attention of her sex; and without questioning the purity of her motives, one cannot but marvel that a lady of genius, education, and refinement, should, from choice, ransack the records of an Asiatic court, for the sole purpose of rescuing from merited oblivion and clothing in new and fascinating colors, those females, whose lives, to use the strong language of Mrs. Jameson herself, 'began in the puddle and sink of obscurity and profligacy.' Who that loves the freshness, the innocence, and refined taste that pertain to woman, does not deeply lament that genius should ever condescend to throw its blandishments around vice and passion? And has not Mrs. Jameson done this? Let any one read the sketch of Nell Gwynn, and then honestly question his own heart, and answer, whether his abhorrence of vice is not weakened? In the language of one whose authority will not be objected to by Mrs. Jameson, 'If the severe historian must needs stain his page with that disgraceful era of profligacy and blood, as a record and a warning to future ages, let the poet forget it—let the lover forget it; above all, let women forget the period which saw them degraded from objects of adoration to servants of pleasure, and gave the first blow to that chivalrous feeling with which their sex had hitherto been regarded, by leveling the distinction between virtue and vice. Let them be the first to fling a veil over what woman should shrink to look upon.

We have perhaps said enough. We are not afraid that any American lady will read this book. Its title would be sufficient to call the blush of indignation to every virtuous cheek, and we should as soon suspect a modest woman of visiting the purlieus of the city, for the purpose of prying into the secret history of the wretched inmates of the abodes of vice, as of perusing the records of similar scenes in this indelicate volume. But there are other reasons why this subject should not be lightly passed over. It is not enough to condemn the writer, who if she has no other apology, may perhaps plead the countenance of a public sentiment as vitiated as her own taste; the publisher who transplants the poisonous exotic in *our soil*, should be taught that the atmosphere is uncongenial to its existence. If our booksellers will persist in the practice of preferring foreign to native productions, from the merely mercenary consideration, that the former may be procured without the purchase of a copyright, they should, at least, so far respect the opinions and regard the morals of the people, by whose patronage they are becoming enriched, as to abstain from the dissemination of those vicious and immoral books, which are scarcely tolerated in the most corrupted metropolis of Europe. They should be taught that although we have no legal censorship of the press, we possess that which is infinitely superior, a national self-esteem, which shrinks from the contaminating influence of English libertinism; and that those abominable compilations which are suited to the depraved appetite of a sensual and degenerate people, whose titled females forgetting the dignity of their sex, aspire to be exemplary in vice, cannot be palmed upon the daughters of a moral and republican people. We have not, and we hope, we never shall have, any legal enactments to shackle the freedom of the press; but the law of public opinion should curb and punish its licentiousness.

If there are any who are disposed to think us squeamish in this matter, we invite them—not to read this book, for that were a task to which we should be sorry to condemn any one—but to examine it just so far as to satisfy themselves of the disgusting relish with which its fair author revels among scenes of licentiousness, and the flippant levity with which crime is described. The surprise that any sober-minded person would feel on hearing that a lady had selected such subjects for discussion as those which are treated in this volume, would not be diminished by the bantering tone with which Mrs. Jameson speaks of ‘the charms and errors of these fair pieces of sin and mischief, who ought rather to do penance with their faces to the wall, than thus boldly attempt to dazzle and blind our severe judgment by the blaze of their attractions.’ They would be not a little startled to learn, from this remarkably charitable lady, that, ‘common gallantry required that we should no longer suffer the beauties of that day to be libelled by the caricature resemblances, which have hitherto, by way of illustrating, deformed the editions of De Grammont;’ and that ‘it is due to the good taste of Charles, to give him the full benefit of the excuse which Lely’s pencil afforded him.’ Truly, this is the most *uncommon* gallantry, of which we have ever seen a specimen; and it is, perhaps, the first instance, in which an honest woman ever went seriously to work, to conciliate public favor for a ‘whole set’ of abandoned profligates, by proving that they were more beautiful than they had been represented, and to palliate the crimes of a debauched prince, by showing the goodness of his taste. If these instances are not sufficient to justify our censure, we beg the reader to read the following lines, which are applied by this lady authoress to Nell Gwynn, a woman who was not only vicious, but one of the most vulgar of her class:

‘How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like the canker of a fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
Oh in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!’

It were worse than useless to follow this delicate lady through all her jaunty gossiping about ‘pretty, witty, merry, open-hearted Nelly’—to mark the apologetic tone in which she speaks of the ‘frailties’ and the ‘virtues’ of that notorious personage—or to hold up to contempt the pertness with which she tells us that ‘it were rather superfluous to set about to prove that Nell Gwynn was, in her day, a good-for-nothing sort of person; in short, as wild a piece of frailty as ever wore a petticoat.’ We should not have placed such a subject so conspicuously in our pages, if it were not that the American publishers have spoken in their advertisement, of ‘the great and constantly increasing reputation of the fair authoress’—while sundry American editors have recommended, by laudatory puffs, a work which we are sure they have not read.

THE DIALOGUE GRAMMAR; or, Book Instructor. Designed to teach the English Grammar without a Teacher. By B. F. ELLS. South Hanover, Ind. Printed at the Hanover College Press. 1834.

THERE may be, and probably is, a considerable diversity of opinion as to the value of any of our existing systems of English grammar. The number of those who speak or write their vernacular tongue with greater propriety in consequence of having studied grammar, is very small. Few who have learned its rules, understand or recollect them. Language is acquired by imitation, not by rule. It is as natural to man to speak, as to walk, eat, or sleep; yet we can sleep, and eat, and walk with propriety, without a teacher. A child learns to speak its native tongue, simply by bearing it spoken by others, and observing its application; and it is only *after* it has thus acquired the use of language by imitation, that the same thing is attempted to be inculcated by rule. Grammar cannot be taught to a human being whose thinking faculties have not been in some degree developed, nor until the desired effect has already been produced without its aid. To speak our native language with the fluency requisite to render it the convenient medium for conveying our thoughts in reference to the ordinary transactions of life, requires only attention and practice. But the command of language, when thus acquired, will vary in different individuals, according to their wants or their capacities, and to their associations in life.

Grammar is, however, taught in our schools; and it is therefore that the treatises on this science should be made as valuable as possible. The one before us, strikes us as being a great improvement on all that have preceded it, and we take pleasure in pointing out to the public a few of its excellent qualities.

We are told, in the preface, that ‘the principal design of this work is to benefit the following classes:

‘1. Those whose advanced age prevents their attending to the study of this science in the ordinary way.

'2. Young merchants, mechanics, and other young persons, just commencing business for themselves, whose time is so devoted, as to preclude the possibility of their attending to this study in the ordinary way.

'3. Apprentices, whose time is so circumscribed by contract, as to prevent their attending to this study in the *ordinary way*.

'4. Those, who do not enjoy the advantage of competent teachers in this science.

'5. Those who, though they reside in the vicinity of teachers, are too poor to attend to its study in the *ordinary way*.

'Now, a great majority of the persons belonging to these five classes, must go down to the grave without a knowledge of this useful and interesting science, unless it be obtained in some other than the *ordinary way*.'

To understand what was meant by 'this science,' we looked back, and found that it alluded, not to grammar, but to the *English language*. This book, therefore, is intended for those who have not learned the English language in the *ordinary way*, which we apprehend to be, by hearing it spoken. It is certainly a desideratum.

Its greatest advantage, however, is expressed in the following extract:

'On examining the size of this book, you may have concluded that *its price is too high*—but I think I can convince you, that its price is *extremely low*.'

'We will suppose, for instance, that a young man, some eighteen years old, wishes to become a *good practical* grammarian. It has been proven that a year is little time enough, to be employed in the study of this science in the *ordinary way*, if we wish to obtain any thing like a good substantial knowledge; and many have devoted three years; but we will suppose that this young man can study the science in the *ordinary way* in five months, to a considerable degree of perfection. The question now is, what is the expense of these five months study? This young man can earn ten dollars per month, if he be a common day-laborer, but if a *mechanic* or a *merchant*, he may earn from twenty to sixty dollars per month; but we will suppose it ten dollars: then his bill of expense would stand thus:

Time	-	-	\$50 00
Boarding	-	-	20 00
Clothing	-	-	15 00
Tuition	-	-	5 00
Washing	-	-	3 00
Book	-	-	75

'This is the *lowest* and most *reasonable estimate*, that can be made for a young man, residing in the vicinity of a grammar school.'

'Now the difference between the price of this book and the above bill, is a complete saving to the learner.'

This is certainly the greatest improvement that has ever been made in education—this prolific age of invention has afforded nothing to compare with it except the application of steam. Here is a book which is meat, drink, washing, and lodging, to its fortunate proprietor. Possessed of this book, he may not only learn grammar without time—but he ceases to require to be taught, boarded, clothed, or even washed. It not only affords intellectual food, but it administers all the necessary creature comforts to the body, even to the clothing the outer man, and performing those ablutions which are necessary to health and cleanliness. The only difficulty that we see, is, that it will be hard to induce any one to make the experiment—few will have faith enough

to throw aside their raiment, abstain from food, and live untaught and unwashed, long enough to give a fair trial to this—certainly not *ordinary*—way of teaching grammar.

Another excellent thing in this grammar is, a table of directions for addressing letters, from which we extract the following, for the benefit of those who may wish to use it:

‘His Excellency, Gen. Andrew Jackson, Esq.

President of the United States.’

As the object doubtless was to include all the general’s titles, we suggest that it should have been,

His Excellency, the Hon. Gen. Andrew Jackson, Esq. LL. D.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF WESTERN BAPTISTS AT CINCINNATI, commencing the sixth day of November, 1835. Cincinnati: N. S. JOHNSON, 1835.

FROM the constitution of this convention, we learn that its objects are the encouragement of missions, both foreign and domestic; ministerial education for such as may have first been licensed by the churches; Sunday schools, including Bible classes; religious periodicals; tract and temperance societies, as well as all others warranted by Christ in the gospel. The proceedings of the convention on its first anniversary, fifth November last, are now before the public. Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Western Virginia, and Western Pennsylvania, were represented on this occasion. A number of ministers and laymen from eastern churches were also present. Several lucid and interesting reports were made and adopted by the convention, touching institutions of benevolence, learning, and religion. Perhaps the most important of these, as it regards the prosperity and power of the baptist church, is the one ‘on ministerial education, and the establishment of a central theological school for the western valley.’ Those familiar with the baptist church in the West, need not be told that hitherto an educated ministry has received little or no attention from this body of christians. It is gratifying to observe that a new, may it not be added, a better state of things has arisen upon this all-important point. The report upon this subject is able, expanded in its views, and unanswerable, it appears to us, in the arguments adduced in favor of the establishment of theological schools for the education of ministers. The report was adopted with great unanimity, and the subject of its location referred to a committee of nineteen members. We learn not, however, from the proceedings of the convention, that there is reason to believe that this institution will be located in the vicinity of this city. Our predilections, of course, are in favor of Cincinnati, as combining, perhaps, more facilities for the successful establishment of this school, than are presented by any other spot. Wherever the point of location may be, however, we earnestly commend the enterprise to the liberal and public-spirited of all classes of society and every denomination of christians, as one eminently entitled to their consideration and support.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of FEBRUARY 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date, FEB. 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer. mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM--PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.						
1	18.0	26.0	23.5	29.116	W-SW	str.wd.	spr.	cloudy.	snow evening.
2	14.0	25.2	20.6	29.473	NW-NW	str.bre.		vari.	canal frozen.
3	7.0	20.2	14.4	29.620	NW-NW	lt.wd.		vari.	
4	3.5	24.2	16.6	29.520	NW-NW	lt.wd.		vari.	
5	21.2	33.0	28.6	29.370	W-W	lt.wd.	spr.	cloudy.	snow night.
6	0.0	21.2	14.4	29.393	W-W	str.wd.	spr.	vari.	snowy morn.
7	-11.0	+3.0	-5.2	29.656	W-W	str.wd.		vari.	Hoarfrost all day
8	-13.0	+5.0	-5.0	29.736	W-W	lt.wd.		clear.	and extreme cold
9	-3.0	24.0	12.6	29.546	SE-SE	str.bre.		vari.	
10	3.0	29.0	17.0	29.543	SW-SW	lt.wd.		fair.	well water 44°
11	20.0	29.0	24.0	29.426	W-NW	str.bre.		cloudy.	
12	7.5	37.0	24.9	29.326	SW-SW	lt.bre.		clear.	
13	33.0	43.0	37.8	29.143	SW-SW	str.bre.	.07	cloudy.	drizzly.
14	23.0	30.0	26.4	29.610	NE-NE	lt.wd.	.85	cloudy.	snowy morn.
15	19.0	24.0	22.4	29.340	NE-NE	str.bre.	.49	cloudy.	snow all day.
16	22.0	34.0	28.6	29.473	NE-NE	lt.bre.		cloudy.	snow 11½ in. dp.
17	27.5	45.0	36.4	29.360	NW-NW	lt.bre.		vari.	slight snow.
18	26.0	47.0	36.7	29.333	SW-SW	lt.bre.	spr.	cloudy.	
19	24.0	42.0	32.8	29.616	W-W	str.bre.		fair.	
20	18.0	55.0	37.9	29.616	W-SW	lt.bre.		clear.	
21	44.0	56.0	50.5	29.386	SW-SW	lt.wd.	.23	cloudy.	rain night.
22	34.0	51.0	46.1	29.340	SW-W	str.wd.		vari.	
23	30.0	50.0	38.4	29.511	NW-NW	lt.wd.		vari.	
24	25.0	50.0	40.1	29.289	S-S	lt.bre.		vari.	
25	25.0	33.0	29.3	28.543	W-W	str.wd.		vari.	
26	11.5	20.0	15.7	29.580	W-W	str.wd.		cloudy.	
27	-2.0	14.0	7.8	28.460	NW-SW	str.wd.	spr.	clear.	snow night.
28	6.0	17.0	11.6	29.566	NW-SW	str.wd.	spr.	vari.	" 9½ A. M.

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 24° 46

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 56°

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - -13

" " " according to Dr. Locke, - - - -17

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 69°

Warmest day, February 21st.

Coldest day, February 7th.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - 29.4604

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.79

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.05

Range of barometer, - - - - - .74

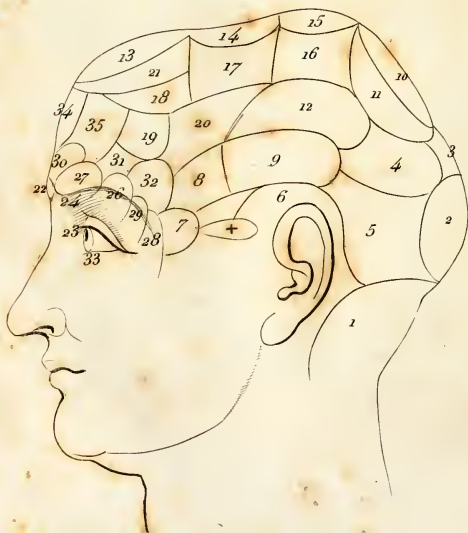
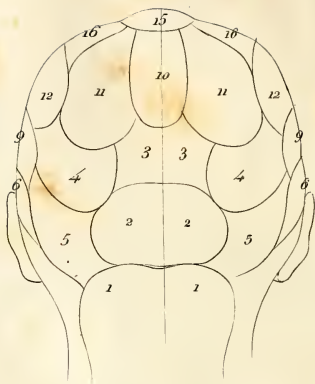
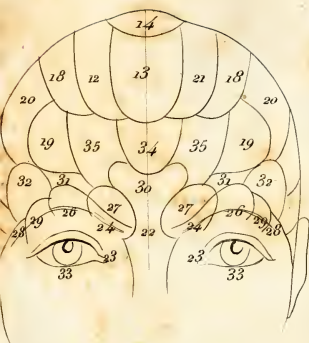
Perpendicular depth of rain and melted snow, (English inches) - 1.75

Direction of Wind: NE. 3 days--SE. 1 day--S. 1 day--SW. 7 days--W. 9½ days--NW. 6½ days.

Weather: Clear and fair 6 days--variable 12 days--cloudy 10 days.

The mean temperature of this month was 20°.83 lower than that of the same month in 1834.





OUTLINES OF PHRENOLOGY,

COMPILED BY H. W. B.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING OBSERVATIONS.

1. Attend to the temperament and general constitution of the body.
2. To the general size of the head.
3. To the relative development of the three lobes of the brain, corresponding to the occipital, middle and frontal regions of the head.
4. To the relative elevation and breadth of the head.
5. To the relative development of the basilar and sincipital regions (i. e. the lower or bottom, and the top of the head.)
6. The relative size of the organs of the animal feelings, (as No. 1, 2, 3 &c.) of the human sentiments, (as No. 13, 14, 16 &c.) and of the intellectual faculties, (as No. 22, 30, 34, 35 &c.)
7. To the relative size of the perceptive and reflective faculties.
8. To the particular development or deficiency of any special organ.

TEMPERAMENTS.

There are four temperaments, which should always be ascertained in making observations.

1. **LYMPHATIC.**—This temperament is indicated by a pale, white skin, fair hair, roundness of form and repletion of the cellular tissue. The flesh is soft, the vital actions are languid, and the pulse feeble; all indicate slowness and weakness in the vegetative, affective and intellectual functions.
2. **SANGUINE.**—This is indicated by a tolerable consistency of flesh, moderate plumpness of parts, light or chesnut hair, blue eyes, great activity of the arterial system: a strong, full and frequent pulse, and an animated countenance. Greater energy of function is indicated by this temperament than by the Lymphatic.
3. **BILIOUS.**—This is characterized by black hair, a dark, yellowish or brown skin, black eyes, moderately full but firm muscles, and harshly expressed forms; it gives a strong and marked expression of countenance. Those possessed of it manifest great general activity, and great functional energy.
4. **NERVOUS.**—This is indicated by fine, thin hair, delicate health, general emaciation and smallness of muscles: rapidity of muscular motions and vivacity in sensations. The nervous system of individuals so constituted, preponderates extremely, and exhibits great nervous sensibility.

These four temperaments are seldom found pure and unmixed; it is even difficult to meet them without modifications. They are mostly found conjoined, as lymphatic-sanguine, lymphatic-bilious, sanguine-nervous, &c. &c. The individual temperament which *predominates*, may be pointed out, but not all the modifications.

The latest and best classification of the Mental Faculties, is here prefixed, from the work of *Mr. George Combe*.

ORDER I.—FEELINGS.

GENUS I.—PROPENSITIES.—Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, Concentrativeness, Adhesiveness, Combactiveness, Destructiveness, Alimentiveness, Vitativeness, (or love of life) Secretiveness, Acquisitiveness, Constructiveness.

GENUS II.—*Sentiments common to man, with the lower animals:* Self-esteem, Approbativeness, Cautiousness.

GENUS III.—*Superior Sentiments:* Benevolence, Veneration, Firmness, Conscientiousness, Hope, Wonder, Ideality, Mirthfulness or Wit, Imitation.

ORDER II. INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.

GENUS I.—*External Senses:* Feeling or Touch, Taste, Smell, Hearing, Sight.

GENUS II.—*Intellectual Faculties which perceive existence and physical qualities:* Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Coloring.

GENUS III.—*Intellectual Faculties which perceive relations of external objects:* Locality, Number, Order, Eventuality, Time, Tune and Language.

GENUS IV.—*Reflective Faculties:* Comparison, Causality.

ORDER I.—AFFECTIVE FACULTIES.

GENUS I.—PROPENSITIES.

1. AMATIVENESS—Sexual love. *Abuse*,—Licentiousness.
2. PHILOPROGENITIVENESS—Love of offspring. *Abuse*,—Excessive fondness; inconsolable grief on their removal.
3. { CONCENTRATIVENESS—(*Combe*) Concentration of thought and feeling.
- { INHABITIVENESS*—(*Spurzheim*) Attachment to places,
4. ADHESIVENESS—Personal attachment. *Abuse*,—Love sickness, &c.
5. COMBATIVENESS—Propensity to oppose; physical courage. *Abuse*—Quarrelsomeness.
6. DESTRUCTIVENESS—Propensity to destroy. *Abuse*,—Ferocity, cruelty.
7. CONSTRUCTIVENESS—Propensity to build, construct; manual skillfulness.
8. ACQUISITIVENESS—Propensity to acquire property; to own. *Abuse*,—Avarice.
9. SECRETIVENESS—Propensity to conceal; to secrete thoughts, or feelings, or actions. *Abused*—It leads to deceit, cunning, &c.
- + ALIMENTIVENESS—Instinct of nutrition. *Abuse*,—Epicurianism.

GENUS II.—SENTIMENTS.

10. SELF-ESTEEM—Love and estimation of one's self. *Abuse*,—Pride.
11. APPROBATIVENESS—Desire of others esteem. *Abuse*,—Vanity, ambition.
12. CAUTIONSNESS—Fear, caution. *Abuse*,—Timidity, doubt and cowardice.
13. BENEVOLENCE—Desire of others happiness; desire of general good.
14. VENERATION—Sentiment of awe and respect for whatever is venerable.
15. FIRMNESS—Unyieldingness, perseverance. *Abuse*,—Obstinacy.
16. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS—Desire of right; sentiment of justice.
17. HOPE—Confidence of success; expectancy of good.
18. WONDER—Sentiment of the marvellous, of the wonderful. *Abuse*,—Superstition.
19. MIRTHFULNESS—Wit; sentiment of the ludicrous.
20. IDEALITY—Desire of the exquisite. It inspires the longing after ideal perfection.
21. IMITATION—The faculty of imitating.

ORDER II.—INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

GENUS I.—PERCEPTIVE.

22. INDIVIDUALITY—By which we perceive *external objects*, without reference to their origin, effect, &c.
23. FORM—That faculty by which we perceive the form or figure of objects.
24. SIZE†—Faculty by which we judge of the dimensions and magnitude of objects.
25. WEIGHT†—Faculty by which we gain the notion of resistance, as weight or gravitation.
26. COLORING—Organ by which we have sense of color.
27. LOCALITY—By which we judge of the relative position and situation of objects.
28. NUMBER—Gives the power of numerical calculation.
29. ORDER—That by which we recognize symmetry; arrangement in physical bodies.
30. EVENTUALITY—By which we notice facts, events; the happening of things.
31. TIME†—By which we have notions of the duration or succession of time.
32. TUNE—Gives the perception of melody.
33. LANGUAGE—By which we appreciate the *conventional signs* of ideas.

GENUS II.—REFLECTIVE FACULTIES.

34. COMPARISON—By which we perceive resemblance of *truths*; of objects of various kinds; the analogical faculty.
35. CAUSALITY—That by which we recognize the relation subsisting between cause and effect; the metaphysical faculty.

* Organs thus marked are admitted to exist, but their analysis is not regarded as complete.

† Organs thus marked are stated as probable.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1835.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTE, AND COLLEGE OF PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS, held in Cincinnati, October, 1834. Cincinnati: Josiah Drake. 1835.

THE plan for creating a public sentiment in favor of education, by means of popular assemblies, seems to be the only one which promises success. There is no other way in which the attention of the people can, with equal facility, be attracted to the subject, or their sympathies enlisted in the great and holy cause of popular instruction. Our legislatures will not do much on the subject. They will pass any law that one of their committees may report, for the regulation of common schools; but they cannot be prevailed upon to devote to the details of this matter that severe investigation which would enable them to act upon it with intelligence and vigor. The truth is, that such is the value of a seat in the legislature, and so great the difficulty of retaining it, that members have enough to do to keep their places, without meddling in such small matters as popular education. They have important party questions before them, which cannot be neglected, inasmuch as the personal interests of themselves and their friends are directly involved in the discussion; and they cannot be expected to prefer to these, the claims of the children, who have no votes, nor any means of resenting the injury done them in withholding from them the means of instruction.

‘But,’ says some popular gentleman, who *loves the people*, ‘we have schools in abundance, and laws to regulate them—what more do you want?’ We reply, that we require *education*—we

desire to see *knowledge*, accurate, useful knowledge, disseminated among the people, and rendered accessible to every human being within our borders. A mere *school*, in which a child is taught to read badly, and write worse, and in which he receives little instruction in any art or science, which may be made practically useful to him, in the business of life, is perhaps not worth what it costs—we doubt, whether those who learn to read and write *only*, derive any benefit from these acquisitions, and whether entire want of instruction, is not better than such a smattering.

If we are asked what our legislatures can do for education, more than they have done, we reply, that there is no subject upon which legislation could be extended more widely, or exerted more beneficially. The man who, having a seat in such a body, would make this great question his chief object, devoting to it the same degree of attention which some members devote to the diurnal changes in the political atmosphere, might become as great a benefactor to his country as Fulton, and earn a fame which would be as lasting as the republic. It is not enough for the legislature to pass laws allowing the people to tax themselves, for the establishment of schools. They should act on the subject *directly*—they should give dignity and interest to the cause, by making it a prominent subject of discussion—they should aid in the diffusion of literature and science, and should elevate and give efficiency to the office of teacher. A few thousand dollars given annually to our colleges, to increase their libraries, would invigorate the usefulness of these institutions, and awaken public interest in their favor, to an extent that would hardly be anticipated by those who have not reflected on that matter. What would it be to the state of Ohio, or to Kentucky, to give ten or twenty thousand dollars annually to her colleges to be expended in accumulating valuable libraries? Yet with this trifling assistance these institutions would rise in importance, would allure students from a distance, would command the talents of the most highly gifted gentlemen as professors, and would exert a salutary influence throughout all the ramifications of the widely extended scheme of popular instruction.

Colleges derive their value from concentrating a great amount of knowledge within a small space, and rendering it accessible to the student. They place the student in a focus, into which the rays of truth are collected, and brought to bear on him with intense power; they accumulate and hoard up the scattered fragments of science and literature, for the use of those who choose to engage in the pursuit of learning. These effects are

produced but in a small degree, by gathering together a few professors in different branches, who can only bring with them, and throw into the public stock, the meagre stores that memory has treasured up—extensive and valuable libraries alone can afford the desired facilities for the acquisition of a solid and complete education. Without these a college affords few advantages which may not be derived from private instruction.

There is another improvement which must be effected either by law or by public sentiment, before education will rise to its proper standard of excellence. The teacher must be paid. He must be valued at what he is worth. His services must be so estimated as to bear a due proportion to the labors of other men. If the school teacher be intrinsically worth to his employers no more than the day laborer, and if no greater amount of talent and acquirement is demanded for the duties of the one than for those of the other, let them be paid alike; and let those who aspire to a more elevated standing, or who covet so much of the goods of this world as may be requisite to surround their firesides with the comforts and enjoyments of life, betake themselves to merchandize, or husbandry, or physic, or law—let them plough the ocean, or pursue the mechanic arts—let them do any thing but flog bad boys for a wretched living.

The efforts of the friends of education have, in this respect, been misdirected. The whole tendency of their measures, for the last few years, have been to disseminate knowledge by rendering it cheap, when the endeavor should have been to render learning desirable by making it the road to wealth and honor, and giving solid advantages to its possessor. The people should be enlightend, but learning should not by the same process be degraded. The teacher should be made useful, but not by depreciating his services, and lowering the dignity of his office.

The highest exertions of the human mind cannot be purchased in any department of business, without an equivalent. The man who is conscious of the possession of talents, or ingenuity, throws himself into that employment, in which, by the exertion of these qualities, he may reap wealth or honor. The merchant, the lawyer, the mechanic, labor with energy, cheerfulness, and zeal, devoting all the powers of their minds to their respective pursuits, because the comforts of competency, and the dignity of wealth, shine brightly in the distant perspective; but no man can thus toil, whose daily earnings barely supply his diurnal wants, and who is not cheered by the hope of wealth, or the anticipation of triumph. No man who has talent, spirit, or prudence, is content with a bare subsistence; a mere competency will never kindle the ambition of genius, or even satisfy

the just desires of a well-regulated mind. The pay of teachers should be so regulated as to afford present comfort, and hold out the rewards of future wealth and promotion.

To accomplish the objects which we have suggested as desirable, we shall recommend the following changes:

1. Persons should be educated specially for the office of instructor, and receive diplomas which should attest their capability. For this purpose, departments should be added to our colleges—perhaps a single additional professorship would be sufficient—in which young men should be trained to the business of teaching. None but graduates should be admitted into this school; nor should the ordinary acquisitions of the college entitle him to its diploma; on the contrary, one of his duties should be a thorough review of his whole preparatory and collegiate courses, for the purposes of correcting errors, maturing and digesting his attainments, connecting and arranging his series of studies into system, and giving accuracy and volume to his whole store of knowledge. He should, in connexion with these exercises, or subsequently if most advisable, be taught the art of teaching, the philosophy of the young mind, the best modes of inculcating knowledge, the most approved methods of discipline, and the history of the art of teaching, from the earliest times, including a thorough knowledge of existing systems of instruction throughout the world. He should be taught to govern his own temper, to regulate his manners, and to know the importance of his example; nor should a diploma be granted to any candidate whose temper was bad, or morals doubtful. They should be made practically expert in teaching, by being employed, regularly or occasionally, as tutors in the college.

2. The trustees and visitors of the public schools, should be required in all cases, to give the preference to persons thus educated, in the selection of their teachers; so that in due time, this class of trained instructors would take the place of all others.

3. Having provided the means for educating teachers, and elevating this department of mental exertion to the rank of a liberal profession, it is necessary that inducements should be offered which shall cause it to be embraced by gentlemen of talents. For the purpose of ascertaining how this may be best effected, we must look at other branches of employment, and discover what are the usual stimulants to energetic and honorable exertion. We find few men, who are capable of high effort or susceptible of a generous moral impulse, toiling for a mere subsistence—and toiling thus from choice; for we must not take into this account the involuntary drudgery of the unfortunate,

who are compelled by circumstances to work or starve. Those who labor cheerfully and successfully, have always some high motive, and some well-grounded expectation of ultimate reward. These incentives are power, office, wealth, or at all events, present competency, with the additional capacity to make provision for our offspring. Offer inducements of similar efficacy to the instructors of youth, and a portion of that talent which now crowds the medical profession, or revels in 'the glorious uncertainty of the law,' will be thrown into the college and the schoolroom. Let the rewards of the teacher accumulate with his years and experience, and permit him to see as he looks forward through the long vista of time, an old age of wealth and dignity, and the first step will have been taken in the desired reformation.

To effect this object, the salaries of presidents of colleges, should be raised to a point which would make this office desirable to any gentleman, however great his talents. They should have five or six thousand dollars a year, and be placed on an equality with the highest officers of government. Professors should have two, three, or four thousand dollars, as the case might be—but tutors should receive less in proportion, so that although they should be competently supported, they should not be so well paid as to destroy their desire for promotion. The same kind of graduation should take place in academies and common schools. The only difficulty would be to arrange at first the scale of proportion, but when this should be agreed upon, there would be a gradual line of promotion from the teacher of the alphabet, up to the president of an university.

That this plan would effect a complete and most salutary improvement in education, we cannot doubt. There are in the United States about *sixty* colleges; but as all these are not of the first class, suppose that in *ten* of the wealthiest, the presidents received salaries of six thousand dollars—that in twenty others they received five thousand dollars—and in the remainder four thousand dollars. Suppose there were in the whole, three hundred professorships, worth from two to four thousand dollars each. There would then be three hundred and fifty offices sufficiently well endowed, to render their attainment worthy of the perseverance of a long and arduous pursuit. The office of president of a college would be sought with the same enterprise, patience, and singleness of purpose, which now elevate men to high civil stations, or place them in the foremost ranks of science. The young teacher of the common school would toil as cheerfully, and improve his talents with as much energy, as a junior member of the bar, supported under

all his toils and vexations by the cheering hope that he was qualifying himself for an elevated station; and he would thus acquire habits of industry, regularity, and selfcontrol, which would not forsake him when raised to a more prosperous fortune.

Perhaps we shall be told, that this plan is impracticable, on account of the immense sum which would be required to sustain it. But what nation ever became great, that was daunted by the magnitude of a scheme, which led directly to the promotion of her grandeur? Had Napoleon hesitated to count the cost, he would never have swayed the destinies of continental Europe. Had any projector in the reign of Henry VIII. proposed that England should increase her navy until her ships should command every sea, and her colonies be planted over the whole globe, so that the sun should not set upon the dominions of her king, it might well have been asked, 'who shall furnish the treasure for so vast an undertaking?' Great designs have within themselves inherent resources for their own accomplishment. They create wealth by multiplying the fields for enterprise, and developing opportunities for the exertion of genius, invention, and industry. As a body at rest is set in motion with difficulty, their beginnings are costly and laborious; but as they roll on they acquire momentum, and are carried forward with a decreased exertion of impulsive power. It is not for a great nation like ours to speak of expense, in reference to a design which tends directly to the elevation of the national character, the cultivation of its intellect, and the improvement of its morals—while its borders are overflowing with plenty, its soil teeming with abundance, its shores whitened with the sails of commerce, its arts triumphant, and its population strong in the energy of freedom.

Nor should we be alarmed at the aggregate of this expenditure, when we recollect the numerous resources from which it is to be drawn. Some of our colleges are endowed by the states, and all of them should receive occasional assistance from that source; the various religious sects contribute, to their favorite institutions; and wealthy individuals have given liberally towards their support. Thus divided, the accumulation of a few millions, in aid of so beneficent an object, would neither be hopeless nor even difficult of accomplishment. Let the patrons of one institution set the example. Let them extend its buildings, enlarge its library, and increase the salaries of its faculty, and its superiority would soon induce others to embrace a similar policy. There is no way in which the surplus wealth devoted to benevolence, could be made so widely beneficial, as

in the increasing of the endowments of our colleges, and in building up a system for the education of teachers.

4. The only other suggestion we shall now make, has reference to an increased employment of females, in primary schools. There are many reasons why the early instruction of boys, as well as girls, should be entrusted entirely to females. They are better teachers of children than men. They have more patience, more fidelity, more perseverance, and better tempers. They are more familiar with the nature, wants, whims, and habits of children, have more kindness in conciliating their affection, and more ingenuity in swaying their waywardness. Providence, in placing the child at first upon the maternal bosom, intended that its first years should be entrusted to her care, and has endowed woman with a peculiar capacity for the discharge of the sacred office of teacher.

By this arrangement, a very numerous class, of well-educated, but indigent persons, for whom it is difficult to find suitable employment, and whose unprotected situation appeals most forcibly to the sympathies of the benevolent, would be placed in independent circumstances, and rendered efficiently useful to the public. They would not only make better teachers than men, but would be undergoing a process of self-improvement, and acquiring habits of industry, self-reliance, and discipline, which would make them better wives and mothers, whenever it should be their happy fate to exchange the government of the school for that of the household.

The office of the male teacher would be elevated, and made far less irksome, by the absence of the smaller children. His care would be directed to those whose intellects were in some degree developed, and his attention turned to the higher branches of education. His labors would be more agreeable, and his temper exposed to fewer trials. The men who were only qualified to teach small children, would be obliged to seek other employments; and those who were competent to give instruction to the more mature intellect, would be engaged in a sphere of usefulness, which would afford the proper field for the exercise of their talents.

Having thus hinted some of our own opinions, we shall proceed to notice the transactions of an institution, the establishment of which we have seen with great pleasure, and whose future operations we view with much interest. We allude to the College of Professional Teachers, under whose auspices a volume has just issued, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article.

We learn, from the preface to the volume, that the first effort of the teachers of this region to organize themselves into a body, and to act with concerted vigor, was made by the establishment of the Academic Institute, in 1829. A more general convention of teachers was called in June 1831, since which time these meetings have been annually held, and attended by a large number of professional gentlemen. Those of them which we have witnessed have been very interesting; they were attended by some men of ability and experience, and the addresses were such as to invite public attention, as well as to disseminate valuable facts and suggestions in reference to education. The plan is one which is admirably calculated to promote the great cause of popular instruction, to elevate the business of teaching into a science, to awaken the dormant sympathies of the public, and to enlist the energies of the people in this noble benevolence. The meetings last autumn, the fruits of which are given in this volume, were numerously attended, throughout a whole week, by our citizens, and the interest excited by the gentlemen who were invited to deliver lectures, was kept up. These lectures are published in the volume of which we propose to give a short account.

Dr. Drake discoursed with his usual ability, 'on the philosophy of family, school, and college discipline,' drawing his arguments, first, from the bible, and secondly, from the constitution of the human mind. He advocated a systematic, vigorous discipline, including even the application of the scourge, if necessary; and supported his positions by a train of argument which was ably and skilfully developed, and was unsatisfactory only to a few sceptics like ourselves, who cannot be made to believe that the instruction intended for the mind or heart, can be beneficially scored into the back. We make this single exception, because we hold it a duty to protest, on all suitable occasions, against the use of the rod, by any but the parent; in other respects, the philosophical and benevolent views of Dr. Drake display an enlarged mind, and an accurate observation of the principles of human action.

The lecture of professor Post, of Illinois college, upon 'the study of the Greek and Latin languages as a part in the course of a liberal education,' came upon us rather unexpectedly—it was infinitely superior to any thing that most of the audience expected to see come out of Nazareth. We, who knew something of Illinois, who were aware that noble minds were scattered abroad throughout its vast wilderness of prairies, were not surprised at the beauty of this effort, though we felt proud to see it come from that direction. Differing as we did from Mr.

Post, in many of his positions, and satisfied as we long have been of the inexpediency of teaching the dead languages to our youth, and of laboriously attempting to preserve, at a vast expenditure of time, that which is wholly useless—we yet listened with delight to his able, classical, and eloquent vindication of these studies. The style was perhaps too ornate—yet there was even an appropriateness in this; and that which might have been condemned as bad taste in another, was excusable in one who, in defending the classics, thought fit to show their riches by the profusion of classical allusion with which he arrayed his own thoughts—on the same principle upon which the ambassador attires himself in gorgeous robes, to represent the magnificence of his country.

But the highest treat enjoyed by the citizens of Cincinnati, on that occasion, was derived from the lecture of Mr. Grimké on ‘American Education,’ in which he insisted that ‘neither the classics nor the mathematics should form a part of a scheme of general education for our country.’ This gentleman had to contend against the prejudices of his audience—against the arrogance and pretension of the liberally educated—against the narrow-mindedness and intolerance of those who, having been subjected to the pedantic fooleries of a college course, imagine that no man can be educated without passing through the same. Yet he was heard with profound attention and respect; his arguments sunk deep into the minds of his hearers, and so far as the classics were concerned, remained unanswered and unanswerable. We regret that we cannot give an abstract of this noble discourse—but this is impracticable—it was so concentrated, so full of thought, so rich in mature reflection, that it is impossible to abridge it. The following is the author’s own recapitulation of his objections to our existing schemes of education.

‘1. The system is not *decidedly religious*. 2. It is not *decidedly American*. 3. It suits equally well other ages and countries, forms of government, states of society, and literature. 4. It does not fill the mind with valuable and entertaining knowledge; because the mathematics and classics, which occupy so large a portion of youthful time, do not furnish either. 5. It does not create and preserve the love of study and a taste for reading. 6. It does not furnish the discipline of mind which our country needs. 7. It neglects, strangely and unhappily, the study of the English language. 8. It teaches composition very imperfectly, and extemporary speaking and conversation, not at all. 9. It does not teach pupils to *speak* good English.’

All these points he proved by arguments so conclusive, that if they did not produce universal conviction, they at least remained triumphantly prominent in the minds and conversation of all who heard them. They deserve to be attentively considered, not only on account of their own intrinsic excellence, but also in respect to the source from which they emanated. Mr. Grimké was a man of great attainments, of genuine piety, of deep devotion to the good of his country and mankind. Few men were so thoroughly imbued with classic learning, or were better able to appreciate its just merits. He had given years of thought to this subject, and the honest convictions of his mind are given in this discourse, which should be read by parents, by teachers, and by patriots, throughout our continent. In giving to it, however, our decided approbation, we except that small portion which applies to the study of the mathematics, on which subject we think that Mr. Grimké erred. But we go with him heartily in his condemnation of that superstition and barbarism which clings to the wretched and mutilated remains of a dead language, and to the fragments of a literature which is full of pernicious sentiment, false philosophy, and gross irreligion, and is far inferior to our own in elegance, vigor, or utility.

A 'Discourse on the utility of the Mathematics,' by Edward D. Mansfield, Esq., of this city, is a splendid production, and one which must place its author upon high ground, as a reasoner, a writer, and a man of genius. He vindicates his favorite study with the zeal of a devoted pupil, with the ability of one whose intellect is richly stored with its treasures; yet, he adorns his train of thought with a felicity of language, and a copiousness of appropriate imagery, which elevates it into an impassioned, though chastened strain of eloquence. There is good taste and beauty in this union of exact truth with poetic fervor—of severe science with classic illustration. It is oratory without declamation, and elevation of thought and language without bombast.

Mr. Kinmont's report on the question, 'Ought the classics to constitute a part of education?' follows next in order, and ranks high as an argument and a composition. The writer is a teacher by profession, of the branch which he defends, a ripe scholar, and a man of high-toned and liberal feelings. He is Latin and Greek to the back bone—and deserves the title of the *old Roman*, fully as well as the distinguished personage to whom it has been popularly applied. There is much original and striking thought in this report; which, if it fails to prove any thing else, affords at least high and honorable evidence that Mr. Kinmont is completely master of his own profession.

In the four articles last mentioned, by Mr. Grimké, Mr. Post, Mr. Mansfield, and Mr. Kinmont, we have the questions in reference to the utility of the study of the classics and mathematics fully and plainly argued; and though much more might be said on either side, enough is here presented to direct the intelligent inquirer to the true merits of the controversy.

We can but briefly notice professor Niles' 'lecture on college government,' Mr. Quinan's report 'on emulation,' Mr. Buchanan's report 'on emulation,' professor Matthews' report of the minority on the same subject, and Mr. Van Doren's 'report on the physical education of females.' These are all valuable contributions to the main discussion. They embody the facts collected by experience, and the opinions of practical men, on subjects embraced within the philosophy and practice of teaching. The lecture of professor Niles, of South Hanover college, was listened to with interest; and the reports which we have named add materially to the value of this excellent volume.

Dr. Slack's lecture 'on physical science,' Mr. Nixon's 'address on the influence of music,' and Mr. Hopwood's 'lecture on teaching languages,' seem to us to be entirely out of place in this volume. We do not dispute their merits—they were heard with complacency, and perhaps with instruction—but they do not come within the scope of the business of the college of teachers, and unnecessarily swell a volume which ought not to be burthened with useless matter. Dr. Slack's lecture is what we might expect from that learned and excellent gentleman—very sound, and very good—but then it is out of place, because it is simply a dissertation 'on the application of principles, to practice, in the various departments of physical science,' and contains no suggestion of defect or improvement, in any present or proposed system of instruction. Mr. Hopwood's lecture is a lesson in grammar, which we should hope was not required by any member of the college, and which in its published form adds nothing to the common stock of knowledge on that subject. If it is properly introduced into this volume, it would be equally so to include the treatise of Murray, or Pike's Arithmetic, or Worcester's Geography. Mr. Nixon's lecture was rather more general, but was still too technical for the occasion.

We touch this point frankly, because we see here a danger against which the college of teachers ought to be guarded, and we value this excellent institution too highly, to suffer that to pass unnoticed, which, in our opinion, might cripple its usefulness. Its constitution defines its objects to be 'to promote, by every laudable means, the diffusion of knowledge in

regard to education, and especially, by aiming at the elevation of the character of teachers who shall have adopted instruction as their regular profession.' Now the diffusion of knowledge *in regard to* education, is one thing, and teaching chemistry, music, or grammar is another—it is one thing to discuss systems of instruction and discipline, and another to inculcate the minute details of a branch of science. If Dr. Drake, instead of discussing the general principles upon which a system of discipline should be founded, had read his treatise on the cholera, or undertaken to show the process of amputating a limb, it would have been voted a *bore*—yet why not teach the details of surgery, as well as the technical rules of grammar? The diffusion of knowledge in regard to the general principles of education, *by every laudable* means, does not include the teaching of the school-room—for it is not *laudable* to subject grown people to the repetition of those lessons of which they ought not be supposed ignorant.

We are aware that the college cannot always, in anticipation, object to the delivery of a lecture, with the scope of which they may not be informed; but we think that it should be understood, that a publishing committee should not, as a matter of course, include in their annual volume, every thing that might have been delivered. They should exercise a sound discretion, and publish only that which would give interest, dignity, and value to their printed proceedings, and communicate useful information to the public.

There are some slight omissions in this volume, which we should like to see supplied on a future occasion. It would be gratifying to those who are not personally acquainted with the lecturers, to know which of them are practical teachers, and the rank they respectively occupy. A man's opinions always take some bias, however slight, from his location and employment. We have in this volume, professor Post, of Illinois college, and professor Niles, of South Hanover, and we understand who they are; but it is not stated to what college professor Hopwood and professor Nixon belong, nor why they are thus styled in preference to Mr. Kinmont, Mr. Quinan, or Mr. Van Doren.

On the whole, we consider this volume highly creditable to the western country. We doubt whether any similar publication in the United States, has embodied a larger amount of interesting information, or has been characterized by a more philosophical spirit. The articles are generally well written, of a soberminded practical character, and of a decidedly pure and elevated moral tendency. We hope that the volume will be extensively circulated, and that many more, of equal merit, will be issued under the auspices of this excellent institution.

THOUGHTS ON AN ELEVATED STANDARD OF CHARACTER.

THE power of impression is in proportion to the influence we wield. Whoever, therefore, wishes to excite a weighty influence in favor of virtue and the best interests of mankind, must fix his eye on a high standard of excellence, intellectual and moral, and never rest in his endeavors to attain it.

Courts tread in the footsteps of kings. The same nobles and people who, under George III. would have been virtuous and sedate, exposed to the influence of Charles II. would have been gay and licentious—of Louis XIV. would have been devoted to glory and military fame. Thoughts transferred become our own; and he that identifies his thoughts with ours, shapes our character and controls our destiny. By this moral power, with which superior knowledge invests any one, he can sway us as he pleases—he can use us as his passive tools, ready for good or ill. Hence it is that almost every thing great in the world has had its first impulse from individual energy; every great era or revolution has been marked and handed down to posterity in connexion with some single name—the name of the leader—while inferior actors, having served the purpose of the moment, are forgotten. It has been so, from Nimrod the mighty hunter, to the dauntless iron-minded protector of the commonwealth. Such men impress the character of their own minds on the times in which they live. There is no secret, no mystery about it: it can be readily accounted for, in the same way that Galligai justified herself from the charge of having controlled Mary de Medici by the force of sorcery: the only force she acknowledged having employed, was that which strong minds always exert over weaker. Mind acts on mind, and feeble minds ever experience a sensible relief in accepting the quidnuncs of bolder. Genius rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm, while more timid spirits cower in the cave.

Here, in general, is to be found the grand secret of success: to have a high and steady aim, and to press forward in advance of others. Still it must be conceded, that success has not invariably attended the best exertions; nor is it an infallible criterion of worth and good desert. There is no patriot who does not mourn the unhappy fate of Emmett and lord Edward Fitzgerald. Their aims were as pure as they were lofty; yet their attempt, which, if successful, would have crowned them the leaders of a splendid revolution, being unfortunate in its issue, is only called a rebellion. But, as some one has elegantly said,

although we may not always be able to *command* success, we can do more—we can *deserve* it.

There may be, and there will be, difficulties and discouragements to be met and vanquished; but so far from operating to compel inaction, these should only spur to more resolute and persevering energy. It will furnish the very training adapted to form a great character. You would not prepare a soldier to blaze in the front of war, by teaching him the luxurious habits of a civilian; nor fit the sailor to buffet the dashing waves, by bringing him up on land in his mother's drawing-room. The celebrated Lagrange declared that he never would have reached the eminence which he acquired, as a mathematician, had he been born to the possession of a fortune. Think of Erasmus, and the zeal for knowledge which prompted him to say, when a student at Paris, 'as soon as I get a little money, I will first buy some Greek books, and then clothes.' Think of Neander, who, as well as doctor Marshman, used to frequent the booksellers' stalls in early youth, and from the only sources in their power, snatch the means of supplying their literary cravings. Think of pope Adrian VI. who, when at the university of Louvain, was too poor to afford himself candles, and used to study his books at night by the street lamps. Think of young Ferguson studying astronomy as he lay on his back among the sheep he tended on the moors of Scotland, and measuring the distances of the stars with the help of beads and packthread. Time would fail to recount the whole list of those who have triumphed over obstacles that would have confounded less enthusiastic minds; as Samuel Johnson, too ragged to sit with his bookseller's company at dinner; Linnæus, the father of modern botany, in his clouted shoes; Adam Clarke, starved and frozen at Kingswood; professor Lee, fighting his way from a mechanic art to a professorship in the university of Cambridge; Dean Prideaux, and Milner, who submitted to menial services at college to obtain the learning they ardently desired. In spite of disadvantages the most formidable, Saunderson, the blind lecturer on optics; Franklin, the poor printer boy, and Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, rose to eminence, and *compelled* the gifts of ungracious fortune. When we look on such men, we gaze in admiration at their unconquerable energy and prodigious success. We see in them the old apothegm realized, which, on account of the peculiar structure of the original, is scarce susceptible of adequate translation: *Per angusta ad angusta*. Well and beautifully sang Ossian, 'Danger flies from the lifted sword: they best succeed, who dare.'

There is one instance of lofty purpose and intense unswerv-

ing devotion to its fulfilment, to which the world can furnish no parallel. It stands peerless and alone. *The son of man came to seek and save the lost.* He shrank not from the prospect of ignominy—he was not deterred by the hazard of pain. His way lay onward: it was rough; it was thick set with thorns; but he would not turn back. His errand led him 'mid insulting rancorous foes—through the gathering shadows of Gethsemane—over Calvary's horrid hill, down into the rocky sepulchre of the gloomy precincts of the grave. Yet he held on his way. Untired by toil, undismayed by danger, unruffled by revilings, unsubdued by oppression—he endured the cross, despising the shame, and achieved the grand work of man's redemption. Happy, beyond description, was his perseverance, for us! For, had he quailed, but for a moment—had the busy powers of darkness succeeded in teasing him into a solitary demonstration of impatience—had he sickened at the bitter cup, and put it from him—the wheels of nature would have gone back, the fair world had been dashed to pieces in the uproar of triumphant desolation, and the total ruin of our hopes had swelled the stupendous wreck.

With such bright instances before us, shall we not shake off the heavy mantle of indolence, and give scope to the expanding powers within us? Unless we resolve to aim high and keep in advance, we never will accomplish any thing of moment; and our whole life will have been spent in keeping this 'clay tenement' in being, while the immortal inmate has been famished and starved, paralyzed and cramped. We will have been like the feeble streamlet that winds its sluggish way on the plain—stopping at every corner, hesitating at every pebble, turning aside for every straw, instead of sweeping on with full overflowing current—tearing from its banks the stubborn tree, and bearing it down to the ocean in its majestic course.

The science of gunnery presents a fine illustration in point. It has been found that projectiles deviate from the mathematical curve they would be expected to describe, and that the range is considerably affected by the resisting medium, which is equal to ten times the weight of the ball. Hence gunners pay great attention to the proper angle of elevation, and take an aim somewhat higher than the object, to make allowance for the resistance of the air. This is the plan which we should pursue; and allowing for unavoidable resistance, opposition, and retardation, *aim high if we would hit the mark.* No one should aim lower, but always higher than his present ability, and then put forth the vigorous outlay of nerve and muscle to reach that towering standard. He may not succeed to the full extent of his

wishes; he may not climb the topmost height; but he will have emerged from the dust and obscurity of the base, and attained an elevation whence he may look out over other men's heads; may see farther than they, and be looked up to by them for direction and advice.

If we were to counsel some fine-spirited young man with the world all before him, we would persuade him to choose some great and noble scheme, worthy of his time and energies, and devote himself to its prosecution as the labor of his life. We would counsel him to be '*homo unius libri*,' a man of one thought, one purpose, one plan, which shall become 'the passion of his soul, till like the lyre of the Teian bard, it can scarce breathe of any other theme. Other pursuits may claim and obtain attention, but as lesser and subordinate; this like a Penthesilea among the nymphs, a Saul among the people, shall out-top them all. We may smile at Brindley, but we cannot help admiring his enthusiasm and devotion to his profession, when, being asked what he thought rivers were made for, he answered, 'to feed canals.' The same sentiment of admiration is excited by the intense abstraction of the philosopher of Syracuse, who was killed by the enemy, while poring over his diagrams; when we find Linnæus at the age of twenty five, traversing the inhospitable climes of Lapland to gain acquisitions to his favorite science; or when we hear doctor Godman telling as an evidence of his ardor in the study of natural history, that he walked upwards of three hundred miles, while investigating the habits of the shrew mole.

In fact, the mind is so constituted by its divine Author, that it cannot be happy unless there is some one object to enchain its desires; take away the object, and there is a miserable void, and the mind will be a stranger to pleasure until a substitute is found. This craving may assume different forms and diverge in different ways, but like the water which a Chinese raises to the top of a hill to irrigate the meadow below, though parting into a thousand channels, the parent stream spreads through them all, and you may trace them to a common origin. Existence and its object are inseparable; it is this that gives an interest to the business of life, and a zest to its enjoyments. Perhaps, no illustration of this peculiarity of our mental constitution and of the strong susceptibilities with which we are endowed, would be more striking than the strength of the ruling passion, even when the soul is sinking under the gradual approaches of death. So far from the attachment being weakened by this occurrence, it is often revived and confirmed. We are told that on uncovering the long-buried Pompeii, while the skeleton

of a soldier was found grasping his lance, another skeleton was discovered of a Pompeian, who apparently for the sake of sixty coins, a small plate and sauce-pan of silver, had remained in his house, till the street was half-filled with volcanic matter. He was found as if in the act of escaping from the window. The volatile, dissipated Mirabeau, like pope's expiring belle, cried out, 'take away those funeral-looking things; bring me flowers, bring essences, and let me die away amid soft music.'

Augustus gratified his vanity in his last moments by making his arrangements to 'leave the stage' with a good grace.

John James Rosseau had himself carried to the window to catch a last glimpse of the setting sun and the fading glories of nature.

Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, as the vital spark flickered to extinction, had his thoughts turned to former and familiar scenes, and called out in his wanderings, 'Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire.'

Dr. Alexander Adam, the celebrated rector of the high school at Edinburgh and the learned antiquarian, when the film of death spread over his vision, called out, 'It is growing dark, boys, you may go home.'

Napoleon, expiring in the war of tempestuous elements, is supposed to have fancied the cannon's sound in the vollied thunder; the trampling of chargers in the war of the passing storm; and as if riding once more over the battle-field, the last words he uttered were, 'At the head of the army.'

Jefferson expired on the anniversary of that day which had presented to the world the immortal production of his patriotic pen, and in his few short intervals of delirium, acted over again in fancy, the stormy scenes of the revolution. 'Warn the committee of safety to be on their guard,' he cried; and rallying the sinking energies of nature, he raised himself in the bed, and went through the motions of a hurried writer.

When the pious Beveridge lay in the benumbing chill of death, a friend asked him the customary question, did he recollect him? He replied that he did not. His wife, whom he had tenderly loved, then inquired if he recollected her. No, he said, he did not recollect her. 'Do you recollect,' said one, 'the Lord Jesus?' 'Oh, yes,' exclaimed the expiring saint, roused by that name as by the sound of a trumpet, 'Oh, yes! I recollect Jesus; he is my Savior.'

Since, then, the constitution of the mind demands some prominent object, round which the warm affections may cluster, as the tendrils of the ivy cling around the oak; since time, which crumbles marble, but confirms and consolidates these at-

tachments, it is clearly our business to cooperate with nature, and not put force upon her to counteract her designs. Some high and worthy object of pursuit, some bright model of excellence should be selected, and be always present to our contemplation. West, the well-known president of the Royal Academy, was in the habit of inculcating on his pupils, that they should consider that day lost, in which they had not studied some masterpiece of their art. He who aspires to wield the thunder of eloquence and make his burning thoughts thrill through a nation's bosom, must turn with nightly and with daily hand the masterpieces of the foremost orators and statesmen. He who aims to gain distinction in the honored profession of arms, must catch enthusiasm from examples of heroic valor, and fire his martial ardor in the camp of distinguished chieftains. He who would consecrate all his powers to win an alienated world back to the God it has forgotten—the highest, noblest enterprise in which a gifted mind can engage—must never let the faultless, devoted, dignified character of the Redeemer be absent from his thoughts. Other models can only approximate perfection, as they imitate him. Or if he choose among mortals, let him tread in the steps of the bold, the fearless, the high-minded, the indefatigable pupil of Gamaliel.

But none should content himself with the mill-horse round of mere professional drudgery. He should lay every science under contribution, and he will often find, since all parts of knowledge have a mutual connection, a ray from one quarter falling with unexpected illustration on another, distant and opposite. Sully, Burleigh, Hamilton, Dr. Good, the present chancellor of England, are evidences of the extension of influence far beyond the walks of a profession. The latter especially, amidst occupations that would have filled the hands of any ordinary man, has not merely assisted in diffusing all sorts of knowledge, but has kept in advance of those who made the different branches their business. To accumulate an influence so vast, and then lay it at the feet of Piety, Virtue, and Benevolence, would be the highest praise of any man. R. D.

For the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE VIOLETS.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

MARY, thy violets are bright,
 As when, a year ago, I traced
 Thy name upon the leaf of white,
 And in its fold thy gift was placed.

And when these cherished flowers I view,
In form so fair, with living green,
And purple, still so rich and true;
It seems, as Mary's self were seen.

I mark again the smile that played
Upon thy lip when they were thine;
And hear thy gentle words, that made
The little fragrant beauties mine.

How sweet it is, to have a flower
Impressed with thoughts of one that's dear,
To make the past a present hour,
And hold the absent ever near!

A simple leaf may brush a tear,
Or chase a cloud of care away—
May touch with pleasant sounds, the ear,
Illumine night, and brighten day.

'Twill work a charm about the heart,
And fill with balm its deep regrets!
And, such, has been the tender part
Performed by Mary's violets!

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

BY CHARLES BRANDON.

As early as the fourteenth century, Italian poetry had been created by Danté, and refined by Petrarch. Boccaccio had carried prose to the greatest height of elegance, harmony and music, of which the most beautiful language in the world seemed capable. Animated by the House of Medicis, the greatest geniuses, had smoothed the paths of knowledge and enriched the literature of their country with the most precious lore. History, however, which is the political picture of society, which describes the rise and fall of empires, and which is equally instructive whether it paints good or evil, was in a rude and unpolished state. Although there had been many learned and accurate men, who had written the annals of the Italian republics, yet they were destitute of that philosophic energy, and that acuteness which delights in investigating the causes of things, and in reflecting upon the motives and the characters of men. In this happy revival of all branches of knowledge except history, Terence had the honor of giving birth to a philosophic historian, a great man, the rival of Tacitus, the admirer of Terence, and the commentator of Livy, who employed his genius in cultivating his native language, and whose style is at once nervous, concise, and classical.

Machiavel was born of illustrious parents, on the 3d of May, 1469. Of his earlier studies we have few notices; and, if they were known, we might propose them as a model of imitation for every youth, if the food which nourishes and invigorates a robust man, did not often destroy a weaker constitution. Born in a free city, he was educated in those pursuits which would make him most useful to his country, and he was the first to apply to practice, for the benefit of mankind, those noble precepts which the ancients have so profusely scattered through their writings. The state of the republic was the first object of his care. Florence was at that time governed by weak and inefficacious laws; distracted by civil discords; deprived of those men who had once supported and elevated her, and destitute of those virtues which form great minds, and which made Rome and Athens so illustrious—in such a state of affairs, Machiavel was not satisfied with studying the vices of the times, or with barren expressions of grief and compassion, but animated with a sincere love for his native city, he resolved to attack vice even in its den, with his labors, his writings, his counsel, and his example. Such an undertaking must not be judged by its issue; and to render a man immortal, it is sufficient to have conceived so grand a design and to have pointed out the path to so sublime an end.

Knowing that virtue is the only safe foundation of a republic, he composed a number of discourses for the instruction of the more enlightened citizens of Florence, upon whom a ray of hope had lightened. In these discourses he tries to excite his countrymen to glory, by describing the actions of heroes and comparing the events of antiquity with those of his own time. Of all the countries, whose history has been transmitted to us, Machiavel thought that Rome would supply him with the most copious materials, as it arose from the most feeble beginnings to be mistress of the world. He knew that the moral as well as physical body, owes its vigor to the harmonious-perfection of all the limbs which composed it. It is agreed by Plutarch and Livy, that the grandeur of the Romans was not owing to accident, and in the pages of the Patavenian historian Machiavel sought the causes of its rapid and wonderful progress to dominion. Useful and wise are his observations on the happy days of Rome, but still more profound are his reflections, when he examines the vices which corrupted the republic. He shows how the old Roman customs gradually disappeared, and how effeminacy begat luxury, luxury cupidity, and cupidity civil war. From this examination, he deduces those precepts which are useful to governors, contrasts the virtues of Rome with the

vices of Italy, and proves that a mixed government is the only one suitable to a corrupted people, or compatible with the passions of mankind. He did not follow the footsteps of most philosophers, who delight in framing fantastic systems and in subjecting the human mind to their vain speculations; but the only one of the moderns who equalled Tacitus in penetrating the human heart, he contemplated man as he was, and proposed those laws, which had made an empire great and happy. And I hesitate to say whether posterity owes more to Livy for the history which he wrote, or for the commentaries to which he gave birth. Whether we consider his polished language, his rich and copious diction, his manly and luminous style, the mournful earnestness with which he speaks of the calamities of Florence, or the bright contrast which he draws between the glory of ancient Rome, and the lingering agony of an exhausted country, whose alternate fits of raving and stupefaction he was obliged to witness—in whatever point of view, I say, the Discourses of Machiavelli upon the Decades of Livy be considered, they must be ranked among the first productions of philosophical genius.

Determined to reform entirely the political system of the republic, he knew how useless laws are to a nation, which has no militia to defend it from foreign and internal aggression. The military discipline of Italy was in a most wretched state. The Italian princes passing their time in indolence and luxury, trusted their arms to mercenary officers and soldiers. These fought without patriotism or affection for those who employed them, and subsisted in peace by plunder and treachery. During the fifteenth century, Italy was scourged by these outlaws, who often decided the destiny of provinces, by malice or whim, and seemed to take a particular pleasure in afflicting unhappy Florence. Machiavel wrote six books on the art of war, to restore to Italy her ancient splendor, to rekindle the love of military glory, and to destroy these mercenary soldiers who had so long distressed his native country. Following the precepts of Polybius, Xenophon, and Livy, he proposed that the defence of the state should rest on the citizens, thinking that the army should not be detached from the body it defends, else the defenders of the republic would become hostile to the citizens, and the instruments of ambitious leaders. The pretorian bands which were established to restrain the Roman people, and which, from being the props, became the destroyers of the throne, as soon as they had learned the '*arcana imperii*,' confirmed him in this opinion. The knowledge of war which this *statesman* displays, is indeed wonderful; nor is it his fault if

Scipios and Metelli did not spring up immediately, and whoever wishes to follow those great men in their road to fame, will find the most trusty guide in the precepts of Machiavelli. And farther to excite the effeminate princes of Italy to deeds of arms and chivalry, he wrote in the golden style of Julius Cæsar the life of Castruccio Castracani. He shows how virtue in him was developed by reading the authors of antiquity; how he acquired vigor by martial exercises, and fame by valor; how he overcame obstacles with perseverance and gained the hearts of his soldiers by leading them in battle and dividing with them, the dangers, the difficulties, and the glory of the conflict.

But finding that all his labors would prove useless, if his countrymen were not still farther improved in their condition, Machiavel determined to write a history of Florence, and to relate the adventures of the ancestors for the good of posterity. He had observed, that his native city was now free and now enslaved; now it would submit to the yoke, and now burst it with the most convulsive efforts, and again submit to those bonds which condemned her to lethargy. Besides the merit of instructing his country with a history of her misfortunes, he has the credit of being the father of modern Italian history; for in our idea of history, we do not include those chronicles and annals which were written before his time, and which are destitute of philosophical spirit and criticism. An elegant writer, a profound thinker, and acute observer, he describes, with a rapid pen the earlier ages of the republic, and imparts new life and a robust eloquence to the old lawgivers and generals in those councils, which brought forth illustrious personages. He dedicated his history to Clement VII. nor is there found in it that gossiping loquacity which is sometimes charged upon the Italian historians, and which is a sure sign of barrenness of intellect. Death prevented the completion of his original design, and it was reserved for Guicciardini to record the shame and desolation of Italy. The freedom and impartiality with which he speaks of the reigning house of Medicis; his elegant, lively, and picturesque manner; the beauty with which the driest facts are clothed by his imagination, and the vivid impression which his narrative leaves upon the mind, not only compensate for the want of trifling accuracy, but place him by the side of Tacitus and Herodotus. He seems to have possessed all the qualities necessary to make a great historian; a fearless impartiality, a strong and vigorous judgment, and a penetration of mind that pierced through the inmost recesses of political intrigue. His narrative is full, clear, and perspicuous, and the

observations to which it gives rise, are just, apposite, forcible, and profound. Every sentence is pregnant with thought; every paragraph teems with information, and they both please the ear and gratify the understanding. The history is more in the style of the ancients than the moderns, and is free from that dry minuteness, to which inferior minds resort to make up for the want of eloquence and imagination. Like the classic authors, he assigns to several of his principal actors, orations which though consonant to their feelings, were never in fact uttered. Because he did not write in a dead language, it has been supposed that he was ignorant of the Latin tongue; but this is impossible, as the passages extracted from the classics into his works, sufficiently prove. He had observed, that all the writings of Danté, Petrarch, and Boccacio, in Latin, were neglected, while their Italian poetry was universally read. He, therefore, preferred the elegance of the Tuscan robe, to the sternness of the Roman toga.

If our limits would admit, it would be interesting to examine the situation of Italy, at the time when Machiavel was called to the affairs of state. Suffice it to say, that in the middle of the fifteenth century, Venice, Rome, Florence, Naples, and Milan were the most flourishing of the republics. Florence had long been governed by the house of Medicis, which had risen to the highest pitch of grandeur, by the services which its members had rendered to their country, the liberality with which they had patronized the arts, and above all, by their munificence to the people. The virtue of Cosimo and Lorenzo had reconciled the people to this dynasty; but Peter, who governed with the authority, but not with the wisdom of his ancestors, was expelled from the city by the hostile party. After various tumults, the government was placed in the hands of a council and of Sodarini, who was elected Gonfaloniere for life, and who, though an honest citizen, was unable to guide the state in such stormy times. Fearing the return of Peter de Medicis, the Florentines united themselves more closely with the French, and thus became involved in all the ambitious designs of the successor of Charles VIII. They sent, as might be expected, many embassies to the monarchs of Europe, in most of which, they had selected Machiavel for their servant, who had acquired great fame by his talents, and who was shortly afterwards elected secretary of the city. The letters which he wrote in this capacity, are an excellent history of the times, and breathe the purest affection for his country. But the republic did not appreciate his services. When the pope had reestablished the House of Medicis in Florence, Lorenzo, by

a public decree, ordered the goods of Machiavel to be confiscated, and himself to be imprisoned and ignominiously tortured. Adversity is the same to a great mind, as a storm to a pilot, as it serves to call forth his skill and courage. He not only suffered torture in the cause of public liberty, but bore exile with heroic firmness, carrying, like Aristides, a noble poverty and a heart without reproof. Neglected and oppressed, he sought for those glorious consolations which are peculiar to a great mind, within himself and with those friends whom he had gained while secretary. His personal character, his wisdom, and his learning, made him beloved by these, even in adversity. Indeed, Cicero seems to have revived, and Tusculum was again frequented by Atticus, Calutus, and Melettus.

The moral as well as physical powers, after long exercise, require rest, which, giving them new vigor, fits them for new efforts. Machiavel employed his retirement in labors less severe, but equally instructive as his official duties. He wrote a number of comedies in imitation of Aristophanes and Plautus, in which he unmasked hypocrisy, and ridiculed the silly customs of the times. Leo X. was so pleased with the *Mandragola*, that he ordered the players to bring the scenery from Florence and perform in Rome. The comedies of Machiavel and his translation of Terence's *Andrice*, are models of the Italian language, which will always be read with pleasure, because they describe in true and lively colors, the manners of the age. The *Mandragola* is certainly the finest of them, and is equal to the best of Goldoni, and to most of Moliérs. It indicates talents which, if they had been devoted to the drama, would have been eminently successful. Congreve and Sheridan and Dryden, although men of infinite wit, yet for that very reason have injured English comedy. Every character in the play; hero or servant, coxcomb or buffoon, sparkle with all the brilliancy of Benedict or Mercutio. But Machiavel follows nature; nor was he so ignorant of her laws, as to attempt that species of comedy in which Voltaire afterwards entered and so eminently failed, where the characters ridicule themselves, instead of being made ridiculous by the incidents and other personages in the play.

Machiavel wooed the Muses, and all his poems are by no means contemptible. A great admirer of Petrarch, he wrote verses, which even Laura's lover had not disdained to own. To him we are indebted for the elegant novel of *Belphégor*, which Fontaine thought worthy of making his own, and in which he is supposed to describe his *wife*—for Machiavel was not only tortured in public, but also in private. In all his poems

he sedulously imitates Danté, and in the Decennals whole lines are extracted from the Divina Commedia. And although he did not equal that poet in his unearthly language and unearthly imagery, yet we cannot but admire the daring genius of the man who, not content with rivaling Tacitus and Livy in history, Terence and Clautus in comedy, and Solon in lawgiving, boldly coped with the great generals of antiquity in the art of war; whose imagination seems to have been restrained by the shackles of office and longed for retirement to throw them off, like a noble courser who has long been confined in the stable, and who sports and prances in the meadow when the doors are thrown open, and whose sufferings in the cause of liberty is a tale,

Which Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

But I hasten to his most celebrated work, in which under pretence of favoring the party of Medicii, he describes a perfect prince. This book contains so much obliquity of moral principle, that many writers have been at pains to detect in it some meaning less revolting than that which first strikes the reader. Mr. Roscoe says, that Machiavel intended that good princes should follow his precepts, since he himself acted according to them! Of course, there will be no value in this hypothesis, if we show that the facts on which it is founded are not, probably, true.

Peter de Medicis, by his disgraceful conduct in kneeling at the foot of Charles VIII. had so disgusted the Florentines, that he was banished from the city. Watching the misfortunes of his country, he made many unsuccessful efforts to recover his power. His fourth attempt, in conjunction with Borgia, was repulsed by Sodarini, whom we have already mentioned as Gonfalonier of Florence. The republic had sent Machiavel to form an alliance with Borgia, who was then engaged in war with the Orsini; but the two hostile armies joined their forces, and prepared to attack Sinigaglia. When the town and fortress had surrendered, Borgia perpetrated that horrid massacre, the very mention of which chills the blood. Mr. Roscoe says, that Borgia was at Imola '*pieno di paura*,' but no sooner did the Florentine secretary arrive, than his hopes revived, and he quotes a letter, to prove that Machiavel was concerned in the slaughter, and was accessary before the fact, because he did not warn the Orsini of Borgia's intention. '*The duke (Borgia) called me at two hours after sunset, and with the calmest countenance in the world, congratulated me on this success, saying that he had spoken to me of it the day before, but without disclosing to me the whole as was true.*' Does not this clause

prove, that Borgia had not told Machiavel all that he was going to do, and that the intimation had been so slight, that the duke found it necessary, to remind the secretary of what he had said the day before? And if Machiavel relates the massacre without any apparent indignation, does insensibility to crime, prove a participation in it. I believe that the friendship between Borgia and the Florentine envoy, was ostensible and not sincere. Machiavel could not but admire the man, in whom Italian morality was so perfectly personified, who formed an army out of the dregs of an unwarlike people, who employed for the benefit of the people, the power which he had acquired by the most atrocious means, and who was the only person that could defend the liberties of his country against its confederate invaders. But he did not, and could not pity the assassin, when he fell amidst the mingled curses and regrets of a people of whom his genius had been the wonder, and might have been the salvation.

But it would occupy too much space, to mention all the interpretations which have been put upon the Prince, or all the crimes that have been imputed to its author. He has been accused of vilifying the church, of having opened the way for atheism and impiety, and of instructing monarchs to break faith, and oppress their subjects. As to the first of these charges, I say that in all the writings of Machiavel, he never speaks of religion but with the greatest respect, and that it is only the church of Rome, whose selfish policy he exposes, and whose power he strives to destroy. And as to the second, I shall endeavor to prove that his object in writing the Prince, was two-fold; 1st. to prevent the aggrandizement of the House of Medicis, and 2d, to show what princes are, and not what they ought to be. My reasons for this hypothesis, which might be expanded into a volume, I shall state very briefly, and in giving them, I shall pay more respect to reason, than authority, although Bacon and Rousseau have been of the same opinion.

1. The discourses which were written for the instruction of the Florentines, breathe principles diametrically opposite to those contained in the Prince.

2. He proposes Cesar Borgia as a model, who was a tyrant and assassin, hated by all Italy, and whom he himself despised, as may be seen from the letters which he wrote while ambassador.

3. The Prince is the book of republicans, and has always been reviled by the advocates of despotism.

4. By showing princes the means to support themselves in

their usurpations, he unveils their arts to the people, and enables them to prostrate the designs of ambitious men.

5. His *conduct* was always republican.

6. His contemporaries perfectly understood his meaning, and the authorship of Anti-Machiavelli was reserved for that second Solomon, Frederick of Prussia, a great warrior indeed, but whose literary reputation was owing to his crown, and whose practice was wofully discordant with his principles.

7. The reader of the Prince, will observe, that Machiavel always speaks of *new princes*; by these he means those petty usurpers who harass their kingdoms, and he desired that they might become tyrants, in order that their ruin might be hastened. He unmasked them from a love of liberty, for like the basilisk they need only be looked at, to be destroyed. Machiavel has been treated like the poor lawyer, who being the only advocate left in the city, was called upon to defend both parties; or, like Moses, who was upbraided by his own countrymen for killing an Egyptian, when he was striving to deliver them from bondage; or, like the physician, who was charged with bringing a foul disease into the world, because he had described it so faithfully as to nauseate his readers.

A letter written by our author, which was never published until 1810, gives a curious account of his employments. He ordinarily repaired to a tavern and took a game of cards with the company he found there, consisting of a miller, a cobbler, a blacksmith, and a limemaker. He then went home, put on his court dress and mingled with his more literary friends. During this time, he says, that he was occupied in writing a little book on government, and that *little book* was the Prince. Machiavel died on the 22d of June, 1527, of medicine which he usually took as a preventive, some say, like a christian, and others, with his mouth full of blasphemies. A very pious historian gives an amusing account of his last moments, and says, that on his death-bed he had a curious dream. Machiavel, according to him, dreamt that a large number of beggars, starved, tattered, and fiend-like, appeared before him. He asked them where they belonged. 'To heaven; for the scripture saith, blessed be the poor, for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' As soon as these had gone, another company, consisting of Plato, Socrates, and many other great men, presented themselves, and he asked where they belonged? And they answered and said, 'hell; for the wisdom of man is enmity to God.' And then some of those looking on, asked Machiavel which company he would prefer, and the Florentine statesman

leaping out of his bed, exclaimed, 'I would rather go to hell with gentlemen, than to heaven with such vermin as these!'

Florence, like most other republics, has been stained with ingratitude towards those great men, who have sacrificed their lives and property in defence of her independence. But afterwards, convinced of her injustice, she repented of the wrongs which she had done to merit, and crowned her illustrious citizens, with all the immortality of the pen, the pencil, and the chisel. Danté was banished by factions worse than civil wars, and lies buried on the shore of the indignant ocean, and Boccacio's tomb must bear the hyena's wrong. For more than two hundred years, the bones of Machiavelli lie undistinguished, and his name almost forgotten, except as a proverb for infamy. And it was reserved for an English nobleman first to offer homage to the statesman and secretary of Florence.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier; dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there was nothing, save the past, and this
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose:
These are four minds, which like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation.

A foreign admirer of the precious relics contained in the capital of modern Attica, sought among the monuments of the bold architect who designed the cupola of the vatican, and of the discoverer of the satellites of Jupiter, for the bones of the statesman who had taught the art of governing, and of making men happy with wise laws. Like Cicero in search of the tomb of Archimedes, he found the Florentines as careless and ignorant as the Syracusans, of the ashes of their great and illustrious men. The generous foreigner erected a monument to the secretary with this simple inscription:

TANTO NOMINI NULLUM PAR ELEGIUM

NICOLAUS MACHIAVELLI.

OBIIT, A. P. V. 1527.

It would be instructive to trace the secret motives, which have influenced the detractors of Machiavel. The cardinal Pole said, that his writings were traced by the hand of the devil, because Cromwell had bestowed the highest praises on the Prince. Cromwell was the favorite minister of Henry VIII. and being the principal promoter of the changes which took place in England under that monarch, was of course no friend

of the cardinal. The calvinist Gentiletto, charges Machiavel with the murders of the house of Guise, and says, that the massacre of St. Bartholemew was owing to the Prince, because that book was in great estimation with Catharine de Medicis, who is said to have advised Charles IX. to that horrid massacre. Posserino, the jesuit, published a book, in which he confutes, to his own satisfaction at least, the political principles of Machiavel. But the poor man was so unfortunate, as never to have read his author, since he speaks of the second and third books of the Prince, when in fact, there is only one. And it is easy to conjecture the motives of Frederick, in writing his *Anti-Machiavel*. Indeed his works have been misrepresented, and his character misunderstood, sometimes through ignorance, but oftener on purpose. Men who were unable to enter into the spirit of his mighty mind, or awed by its wonderful operations, have looked upon him and his writings as something diabolical, until it has really become a dispute among philologists whether he was called Nick from the devil, or the devil Nick from him.

Machiavel's knowledge of human nature was surprising. He gained it in the tavern, the senate house, and at the court of the infernal Borgia. Although there was little to endear him to his species; yet we cannot agree with Sismondi, that he was a misanthrope. The greatest minds are most frequently disgusted with mankind; but he seems never to have dispaired of the cause of liberty. He was a fearless republican. His love of liberty is evident in all his works; in the discourses which he composed for the instruction of the people, in the letters and papers which he wrote as secretary and ambassador, and in the history which he published by order of the Medicis. In his conversations with his friends in the gardens of the Ruscellai, where scholars and strangers assembled from every quarter of the globe, he never ceased to dwell upon the noble conduct of Brutus and Cassius; and exile, imprisonment, and confiscation could not wring from him a confession of guilt or hypocrisy. Many of the inconsistencies of his character are reconciled, by attending to a precept which he inculcated, and upon which he acted. He thought that any vice or crime which a man commits for the good of his country, if not morally right, is at least pardonable. His motions, then, which apparently resemble the writhing obliquity of the serpent, are in fact, the straight directedness of the arrow. We forget the follies of his youth and his tyranny towards the Lollards, in our admiration of the generous disposition of Henry V. But Francis Sforza is the model of an Italian hero. The Italians forgive his selfishness, his hollow friendship and violated faith,

and admire his policy, his address, and his knowledge of human nature. They despised the noble credulity of Othello, who allowed himself to be duped by a villain, and applaud the treachery of the perfidious and fiend-like Iago. If, therefore, Machiavel speaks of crime too leniently, it is to be attributed to the bluntness of the moral feeling of the country and age in which he lived, and not to any peculiar obliquity of principle in himself. And say what we will, and lament as much as we choose, vice is only vice, when it is disapproved by society.

For the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE SOLITARY MAN.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

He had not sought the joy sublime,
Nor made the goodly pearl secure,
That will defy the power of time,
And through eternity endure.
And yet, he needed them; for, all
His fondly-cherished hopes had fled;
And peace, to him, was past recall—
He lived, while those he loved were dead!

His spirit bowed not, in her grief,
For balm, before her father's throne.
From sympathy he shunned relief,
And moved in crowds, but felt alone.
He bent his footsteps to the tomb,
A sad and solitary man;
And there, 'mid silence, death and gloom,
To kindred dust his plaint began.

'I stand, while all around me lie
Composed in slumber long and deep.
Where darkness sits on every eye,
'Tis mine alone, to wake and weep!
Amid the hearts that once would leap
In welcome of my coming feet,
I feel my lonely life-stream creep,
For, not another breast will beat.

'The arms that spread so quick to twine
Around me, now no more I fill.
The hand, once, fondly locked in mine,
Is here beside me, cold and still.
I sigh, I feel, I think alone,
For not a dream is passing here.
'Tis all oblivion! and, my groan
Unheeded falls on every ear.

'And, have the ties affection wove,
So close, so tender, ended thus?
Does nature form our souls for love,
To sport with, and to torture us?

I long, this weary load of life
To lay aside, and be at rest—
To end at once the pain and strife,
That slowly now consume my breast.

'But, earth! earth! earth! it is not so,
That I may yet thy part dismiss;
And, forth to other scenes I go,
With all my soul confined to this!
For, when the busy world shall claim,
That I amid its throngs appear,
I shall be there in form and name,
While all beside, will linger here.

'I, now must join the noisy crowd
To hold their pleasures light as air.
Yet, not like one whom grief has bowed,
Or sorrow marked, will I be there.
The world's rude hand I would not trust
Too near my bosom's bleeding strings;
For there, beloved and hallowed dust,
'Twixt God and us, are sacred things!

'Its careless eye shall never see
The wounds it has no balm to heal.
Its look of pity turned on me,
I would not—could not bear to feel.
Before it I will wear a smile
To veil the void it cannot fill,
Though deep within my breast, the while
I feel the arrow rankling still.

'The light of mirth may then be found
Upon my lip, but there alone.
My voice may even mock its sound,
To drown my weeping spirit's moan.
But, what's the heartless world to me,
Since ye, my loved ones, slumber here?
I stand on earth, a blighted tree,
With winter round me all the year!

'Thou *barren* tree!' a voice then said,
And, to his soul, 'with leaves and flowers
I've clothed thee well; and o'er thee shed
The richest gifts of sun and showers!
And now, if I should cut thee down,
For giving back no fruit to me,
To lie beneath my withering frown,
It were not rest and peace for thee!

'An earthly, dark, and sterile heart
Yields not the fruits of faith and love,
That should, for thine immortal part,
Be ripened here, and stored above.
Frail man! thy Maker's hand is kind
In each severe and chastening blow.
The gold that is for heaven refined,
It tries and polishes below!

THE OHIO.

Do the learned, witty and polite readers of the Western Monthly wish to know the etymology of the name of the noble stream, on whose banks they reside? If so, I beg leave to refer them to the last number of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society. They will there find a communication on the subject, from Peter S. Duponceau, and John Heckewelder, two gentlemen who have bestowed great labor and time upon the aboriginal languages of this country.

From this communication, it appears evident, that the idea, which has prevailed to some extent, that the word Ohio is derived from the Iroquois language, is not correct. It has been said, that the Iroquois Indians called the Ohio the *fine* or *beautiful* and sometimes the *bloody* river. Mr. Duponceau examined the vocabularies of that language, for the words corresponding with these terms, and became satisfied that the word Ohio was not derived from them. Farther examination, satisfied his mind that the position taken by Mr. Heckewelder, is correct, which is, that the term Ohio is derived from a word or words in the Delaware language, which mean the *white*, or the *white foaming river*.

Mr. Heckewelder expresses the opinion that the four letters composing the word *Ohio* is not the whole of the Indian name. His reasons are the following:

1st, That the names given by the Indians to rivers, are invariably descriptive either of those streams or something about them.

2nd, That he had never heard the Indians call this river by the name of Ohio.

3d, Because the French and English, in using Indian names, are accustomed to drop a part of it, to render the pronunciation easy.

Mr. Heckewelder then gives a list of words from which he argues that this name has been derived; some of which, with their meaning in the English language, are here quoted.

O'hui—Ohi, very.

O'peu, white.

Opelechen, bright, shining.

Opeek, white with froth.

Ohfopéchen, it is of a white color.

Ohiopeek, very white, (caused by froth or white caps.)

Ohiophanne, very white stream.

Ohiopeekhanne, very deep and white stream, (by its being covered over with white caps.)

Ohiopehhele, which signifies white frothy water.

Mr. Heckewelder then adds, 'The Ohio river being in many places wide and deep, and so gentle, that for many miles, in some places, no current is perceivable; the least wind, blowing up the river, covers the surface with what the people of that country call *white caps*; and I have myself, for days together, witnessed that this has been the case, caused by southwardly and south-westwardly winds, so that we, navigating the canoes, durst not venture to proceed, as these *white caps* would have filled and sunk our canoe in a minute. Now in all such cases, when the river could not be navigated by canoes, nor even crossed with this kind of craft—when the whole surface of the water presented white foaming swells, the Indians would, as the case was at the time, apply one or other of the above quoted words to the state of the river; they would say 'juh Ohiopiechen,' 'Ohiopeek ohiopeekpanne;' and when they supposed the water very deep, they would say, 'Kitschi ohiopeekhanne,' which means, 'verily this is a deep white river.'

Again recurring to the habit of abbreviating Indian words, so generally prevalent among the French and Americans, Mr. Heckewelder concludes his interesting remarks upon this subject, with the supposition that at an early day, the emigrants to the west, took the first syllable of the Indian name 'Ohiopekanne,' because both easy to pronounce and to keep in the memory.

The paper from which this brief abstract is made, evinces great research, and possesses much interesting matter, touching the origin of proper names in our country; and as this is the season for dealing in *roots*, we commend Mr. Heckewelder's essay to the editor of the Western Monthly Magazine, as one from which he may advantageously draw a few *leaves* for his periodical, without the fear of making his readers exclaim—
'heigh-ho?'

LITTLE TURTLE.

ROSICRUSIAN.

MR. EDITOR—I have for some time past desired ardently to contribute something towards the present usefulness, and future immortality of your Magazine, and to place myself among the writers of our fair city. Under the inspiring influence of

such high aspirations, I have diligently turned over the leaves of many recondite volumes, and extended my researches far back into the lore of distant ages, for the purpose of endeavoring to bring up something from the deep wells of learning, which, like a cobwebbed bottle of old madeira, might bear about it the classic vestiges of an honorable old age, while it should nourish the mind, and sparkle upon the lip.

I have explored the hidden vaults which lie buried under the ruins of antiquity, but found the passages dark and intricate, and discovered that the treasures had been already pillaged. As the noble monuments of Grecian architecture have been desecrated by the sordid hands of vagrant *wanderers*, and their fairest embellishments torn rudely away, to be placed among the collections and creations of modern genius, so have the volumes of antiquity been robbed by industrious book worms. Even the poets have not escaped: their sweets, like those of the wild bee, have been sought with eager toil, and plundered without remorse. I have peeped into the *Fathers*, with no better success, and had the *Mothers* written anything, I should have taken a glance at them. I have even had the temerity to cast a wistful eye towards the hill of Parnassus, sorely tempted to seek upon her sunny summits, a theme for 'useful mirth or salutary wo,' but many a failure in this delusive region, warned me to turn aside into safer, though humbler paths.

I am in the happy possession of a few choice volumes on the mysteries of the Rosicrusian order, which was once very celebrated in Europe, and it has occurred to me that something might be extracted from these recondite treasuries, worthy your attention. One of these is a very curious book, written in the year 1610, or thereabouts, and is supposed to have led the way to the founding of the order of Rosicrusians. It is entitled 'The universal reformation of the whole wide world,' and contains many remarkable speculations, in moral and natural philosophy. Among other matters, I find a little tale thrown in by way of episode, which I will abridge for the edification of your readers.

'The seven wise men of Greece, together with Marcus Cato, and Seneca, and a secretary named Mazzonius, were summoned to Delphi by Apollo, at the desire of the emperor Justinian; there to deliberate on the best mode of redressing human misery. They accordingly held a caucus, or convention, under a great tree, while the satyrs, the nymphs, and the whole mob of inferior divinities, stood around gazing at this strange congress, with every symptom of aboriginal astonishment. The minutes of the meeting have unfortunately been lost; but tradition has preserved some of the most important of the

proceedings of this ancient philosophical convention. All sorts of strange schemes were proposed. Thales proposed the very simple and rational process, of cutting a hole in every man's breast, and placing a window in it; by which means it would become possible to look into the heart, to detect hypocrisy and vice, and thus extinguish it. This very natural proceeding was objected to by the other philosophers, and the heart was left to its mysterious workings, in its own dark habitation. Solon proposed an equal division of all possessions and wealth. Chilo's opinion was that the readiest way to abolish human misery, would be to banish out of the world, the two infamous and rascally metals, called gold and silver. Kleobulus stepped forward as the apologist of gold and silver, but thought that iron ought to be nullified, because in that case no more wars could be carried on among men. Pittacus insisted upon more rigorous laws, which should make virtue and merit the sole passports to honor; to which, however, Periander, who had a shrewd notion of his own about men and things, objected that there never had been any scarcity of such laws, nor of princes to execute them, but scarcity enough of subjects disposed to conform to good laws. Bias seems to have been a democrat of the Jeffersonian school. He was for a general embargo law. His conceit was, that nations should be kept apart from each other, and each confined to its own home; and for this purpose, that all bridges should be demolished, mountains rendered insurmountable, and navigation totally forbidden. Cato, the old Roman, who seems to have been the wisest of the whole party, as he was undoubtedly the greatest and best, wished that Jupiter in his mercy would be pleased to wash away all women from the face of the earth by a new deluge, and at the same time, introduce some new arrangement for the continuation of the excellent male sex. He seems to have thought with Milton:

‘Oh! why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine?’

Upon this pleasing and sensible proposal being made, the whole company manifested the greatest displeasure, and deemed it so abominable that they unanimously prostrated themselves on the ground, and devoutly prayed to Jupiter, ‘that he would graciously vouchsafe to preserve the lovely race of woman, (what absurdity!) and to save the world from a second deluge.’

At length, after a long debate, the counsel of Seneca pre-

vailed; which counsel was this: That out of all ranks, a society should be formed, having for its object the general welfare of mankind, and pursuing it in secret. This counsel was adopted, without much hope on the part of the deputation, on account of the desperate condition of 'the Age,' who appeared before them in person, and described his own wretched state of health.

ARIEL.

WESTERN ARTISTS.

A. H. CORWINE.

ALTHOUGH the remaining works of this distinguished and lamented artist, are but few, they are the monuments of a genius, about which there can be no diversity of opinion. So striking is the excellence of Corwine's pictures, that those who see them for the first time, recognize instantly the hand of a master; his portraits have a spirit and life about them, which satisfies us that they are likenesses, although we may not have seen the originals; and on comparing them, it is found that they are not only highly finished and beautiful pieces of workmanship, but are marked by an accuracy of delineation rarely equalled.

We suppose it seldom happens that so many good points are found combined, as are seen in the portraits of Corwine, which unite fidelity of representation and high finish, with a certain intellectuality, by which the peculiar expression of the countenance is given with a vividness, which shows that the painter entered into the character of his subject. His own portrait is a splendid evidence of his genius. It is almost an auto-biography—it introduces the spectator to Corwine, and enables him to study the peculiarities of the individual. There he sits, as those who knew him recollect him,—there are the features, not easily forgotten, of his highly intellectual face; and there is that shade of mild, thoughtful sensibility, which was the leading characteristic of his mind. The accurate observer of human nature, as he gazes on that picture, becomes familiar with the original; but as he continues to peruse it, new traces of thought and shades of feeling are disclosed, until he finds that a volume of mind has been condensed and made to glow upon the canvass.

Like most of those who have risen to high professional eminence, Corwine was self-taught. A native of our western wilds, of indigent parentage, he rose into celebrity by the force of his own talents. He had probably never seen a good picture when

he began to paint; he was not acquainted with any artist; in the region around him there was no painter whose fame could have awakened the latent fire of emulation in the mind of the young Kentuckian. Without example, without teaching, without patronage, he instructed himself in the rudiments of an art, for which nature had given him a taste, and in which he had the capacity to excel.

The writer's acquaintance with Mr. Corwine was very brief and slight. His appearance and deportment, however, were so striking as to leave a distinct impression. His exterior was prepossessing. There was an engaging air of artlessness and candor about him, that won the confidence, even of a stranger.—His manners were those of a gentleman—his figure, countenance and air, announced a refined man. He was unassuming, retiring, and inoffensive—a man of fervid genius, but of warm, mild, and gentle affections.

The brief career of this distinguished young man, furnishes few incidents for the biographer. In the additional remarks which we shall make, we shall be indebted to an obituary notice which appeared shortly after his decease, and which was written by one who knew Corwine intimately, and was capable of forming a true estimate of his character.

A. H. Corwine died in Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1830, at the early age of twenty-eight years, having already reached a proficiency in the art of portrait painting, that a veteran artist might have envied.

He was a native of Kentucky, and struggled in the commencement of his life with every obstacle that want of wealth and family influence could present. In early youth he wandered to Maysville, and making himself master of the rudest materials of his art, commenced his rough attempts at sketching portraits. These, coarse as they were, were distinguished by the quality which marked his productions at a more mature period; that of catching some prominent point of feature or expression, which gave peculiar force to his likenesses. On his coming to Cincinnati some years ago, while yet a boy, several gentlemen of this city, struck with his wonderful powers, induced him to place himself under the direction of Mr. Sully, and furnished him with the means of remaining there for two or three years. He derived all the benefit from this visit, which could be expected from a youth of splendid talents, unconnected with the proper amount of labor or energy. Had he possessed these last qualifications, too often wanting in men of genius, he would have had no superior in the United States.

On quitting Philadelphia, he established himself in Cincin-

nati, where he remained in the prosecution of his art, until the spring of 1829. With the strictest honor he relieved himself from the pecuniary obligation he was under to his friends, and was entering on a most successful career, in which profit bid fair to be connected with professional glory, when he was arrested by the relentless hand of disease, which rendered a voyage across the ocean expedient. He selected England as the place of his visit, speculating largely, and with all the enthusiasm of youth, upon the advantage he was to derive from acquaintance with the works of sir T. Lawrence, and other distinguished portrait painters. In London his health seemed, at first, to be improved; but in the beginning of the winter of 1829, symptoms of returning disease became alarming, and he came to Philadelphia, where, after lingering some months, he bowed to the decree which called him to another world while yet in the morning of life.

In his relations with society, young Corwine sustained a character of the most elevated and interesting kind. Although in common with too many of the sons of genius, he was afflicted with a species of morbid sensibility, it had no influence in lessening the amiableness of his deportment, or the benevolence of his temper: it may have hastened the approach of disease, but it never tainted him with feelings of misanthropy. Mild and unobtrusive, he sought exclusively the acquaintance of the polished and enlightened, and gave a decided preference to the society of refined females. He had all the modesty and none of the obstinacy of genius. He sought instruction from every accessible source, and bowed with deference before the tribunal of legitimate criticism. He may have been intended by nature for a higher department of the art, than that to which he was devoted; the grace and attitude of his portraits seem to sanction this belief; but it is certain, that but few artists ever equalled him in the fidelity of his likenesses. He never sacrificed this quality to produce any other effect; and although his painting was fine, every thing appeared secondary to preserving the resemblance to the original. He had the power of catching the peculiarities of expression, and of translating them to the canvass beyond any artist of our country; and the specimen which he has deposited in the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia, has never failed to gain the unqualified praises of every spectator who had the least conception of the beautiful and the simple.

OATHS.

‘How this world is given to lying!’

It has often occurred to us as somewhat singular, that among the multitudinous reforms of this age of reformation, one of the greatest of the abuses which exist in our society, has been almost entirely overlooked; and while a vast deal has been said and done in relation to matters which are merely theoretical, a subject which is practical in all its bearings, and important in its results, has been neglected. We allude to the wide-spread and shocking perversion of the *judicial oath*. The subject is worthy of attentive consideration. It has an immediate relation to all our rights, because no controversy can be conducted before a legal tribunal, except through the medium of evidence—truth can only be arrived at by the examination of testimony—and in the proportion that truth ceases to be respected, will the stream of justice be poisoned. There is also a question in morals, of no light import, involved in this discussion. Truth lies at the foundation of all the virtues, and whenever she shall cease to sustain the social edifice, the whole fabric will totter.

If we reason from what we see, without suffering ourselves to be deluded by self-esteem, or national vanity, we cannot deny, that as a people, we are dreadfully addicted to the sin of falsehood. The *prima facie* evidence of this proposition is found in the multiplicity of asseverations with which we think it necessary to fortify our most trivial assertions, and the solemnities by which we endeavor to enforce integrity in the most ordinary civil transactions. Where there is so much precaution, there must be some distrust. The man who asseverates to that which has not been denied, must either doubt the truth of what he is saying, or question the respectability of his own character; and the legislature which cannot intrust the performance of the most simple duties to a citizen, without requiring of him an oath of fidelity, can have little confidence in the virtue of the people, or the purity of public sentiment.

Truth is simple and beautiful—majestic and imposing. It is in itself eloquent and convincing. It has been well said to be *mighty*. Like that purity, in the presence of which the lion is supposed to be tamed, truth is arrayed in a sacred and a graceful garb, which gives it irresistible power. But that strength is an inherent self-efficiency, whose simplicity is its greatest ornament, and strongest bulwark; and every artificial guard thrown around it by society, destroys some feature of its loveliness, or

dismantles the citadel which nature erected, by drawing off its defences into the outworks contrived by art.

Truth is confiding in its character: it neither suspects, nor supposes itself to be suspected. So well understood is this principle, that we always doubt the assertion of him who takes great pains to prove his own veracity. The man who modestly and seriously states a naked fact, as having occurred within his own knowledge, is usually believed: he stands in the position of an unimpeached witness, whom no one will take the responsibility of contradicting. If to the assertion of a fact, he adds an argument, to convince his hearers that he has told the truth, he weakens his evidence by the admission that his veracity may be distrusted; and if he voluntarily swears to the truth of his own statement, or calls a witness to prove it, he betrays a consciousness that his own word is not worthy of belief. If the character of our society be tested by this rule, how unfavorable must be the verdict. How seldom do we hear a narrative, or the expression of an opinion, which is not reinforced by an oath, or an appeal to our sensibilities, or a strong asseveration.

There is every variety of swearing, from the horrid profanity of the vulgar boatman, down to the gentle imprecation of the fair lady. The female swearer 'wishes she may never stir,' or what is infinitely more dreadful, 'that she may never *speak another word*;' while the more florid eloquence of a masculine imprecation, calls down utter destruction upon the soul of the speaker, or upon some unoffending member of his body. The lady contents herself with a *vow*, or with a simpering appeal to 'goodness,' or to 'gracious,' or to some other diluted appellation, under which she is pleased to disguise the sacred name; while the gentleman not only swears manfully, but compounds his oaths, from positive to superlative, until he exhausts the energies of the blasphemous vocabulary. Here and there you meet with a modest man whose imagination is not prurient in these figures of rhetoric, and who satisfies himself with, 'no mistake'—'no two ways about it'—'you won't catch me in a lie, no way you can fix it'—or another, who asserts that what he has said is 'as true as preaching'—while you more frequently encounter a bolder spirit, who maintains that he is willing to swear to what he has said, 'on a stack of bibles as big as the Allegheny mountains.'

It is always difficult to trace a national propensity to its original source: but we think that much of the levity to which we have alluded, may be fairly attributable to the spirit of our laws, and to the practice of our legal tribunals. Too little regard is paid to the solemnity of an oath, and its sanctity has been degraded, both in the frequency with which it is used, and the cal-

lous irreverence with which it is administered. The evil exists, first in the legislative assemblies of our country, who impose too many oaths; and secondly in our courts and magistrates, who permit the daily and hourly abuse of that, whose sanctity, it is their especial duty to preserve inviolate.

The great error committed by our legislatures, consists in degrading the dignity of the oath, by requiring it to be used on common and trivial occasions. Officers of every grade are required to take official oaths. The very lowest officer is not permitted to exercise the comparatively unimportant functions of his station, without being sworn; and even their deputies, where such are recognized, are required to perform the same ceremony. The principle is even carried farther, and made to apply to persons, who without holding public offices, are for the time being, in the discharge of public duties. Not only all officers, from the highest to the lowest in dignity, but persons discharging public trusts of every description, are required to take a solemn oath previous to entering upon the discharge of their duties.

We doubt whether any ministerial officer, or any subordinate agent, ought to be required to take an official oath. No man should be employed in public business, whose character for integrity is not a sufficient pledge that he will discharge faithfully the trust committed to him. To administer an oath to a bad man is idle, for he will disregard it; it is unnecessary to require a good man to swear that he will do his duty, for he will do that at any rate.

Most men are honest because it is their interest to be so. If regard for reputation, respect for public opinion, the fear of punishment, and the desire to retain office, will not secure the fidelity of public agents, the sanction of an oath will throw but a slender restraint upon their vicious inclinations.

The legislature should adopt the principle of placing full confidence in the man who is placed in a public trust, presuming him to be honest who is thus honored; or else, they should demand a higher security than the word or the oath of the individual. In the first instance, they would act upon the supposition that appointments were judiciously made, and perhaps such a plan might lead to a greater degree of caution on the part of the appointing power; in the other, the government would pursue the course adopted by prudent individuals, and would take care to exact such security of the agent as to make it his interest to be faithful.

The opposite, however, of this principle is adopted, and oaths are administered upon the most trivial occasions; even a constable is not permitted to conduct a jury to a private room, with-

out being sworn to discharge with fidelity, a duty, which he may be called upon to repeat several times every day during the term. Here the officer is sworn by wholesale, and by retail: first being bound by his official oath to perform faithfully *all* the duties of his office, and then being sworn with reference to single acts comprised within those same duties. It is clear that the law here regards the official oath as inefficient; and it is equally obvious that the frequent repetition of that which should be a solemn religious act, in a hasty and irreverent manner, must have the effect of rendering it wholly inoperative upon the mind of the person whose conduct is intended to be affected by it.

Official oaths should never be administered unless to officers of high rank, and they should then be taken publicly, and with due solemnity. There is something imposing in the ceremony of installation, when conducted with proper decorum; and a solemn promise made by an individual under such circumstances, is not only calculated to render him more circumspect in his conduct, but invests him with a sacredness in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, which increases his respectability. But these advantages do not attend the mockery which is daily practised, of privately endorsing an affidavit on the back of a commission, and thus qualifying an officer by a secret act, which neither imposes any restraint upon him, nor attracts any respect from others.

The manner in which oaths are administered in courts of justice, has never failed to shock every reflecting mind, which has not become reconciled to this abuse by long habit. Who that has ever entered one of our courthouses during the trial of a cause, has not experienced a sense of humiliation at the gross impropriety and carelessness with which the sacred volume is treated, and a direct appeal made to the Searcher of all hearts? The clerk is seen sitting, perhaps surrounded by half a dozen lawyers and suitors; the counsel engaged in conducting a case, are either addressing the jury or examining a witness: a person is called to be sworn, and the clerk without rising reaches out the book to him, and pronounces the oath in a low, hurried tone, which does not reach the ear of the auditory, and is but indistinctly heard by the party to whom it is addressed; and thus in the midst of confusion is a ceremony performed, which is supposed to bind the conscience of a reasonable creature. Sometimes half a dozen witnesses are sworn at once; one grasps the book, another holds up his hand, a third gazes vacantly at the clerk, who in an awkward endeavor to suit the oath to each, includes parts of several forms, winding

up with a familiar nod to one, and the words 'so help you God,' and to another with 'and *you*, as you shall answer to God at the great day,' and to a third, 'and this you affirm.' The witnesses thus prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, are suffered to mingle again with the crowd, to be called upon at any future hour during the progress of the cause. We cannot imagine a scene more calculated to bring the solemnity of an oath into contempt, and to cause a practical and popular sentiment of irreverence towards the holy name. This habitual desecration of the oath is the more to be regretted as it is wholly gratuitous, and is a part of a great scene of carelessness and insubordination: all of which is as wrong as it is needless. It is bad policy in every respect, to conduct the proceedings of courts in this loose and unbecoming manner. It does not save time nor labor; but on the contrary impedes the progress of business, admits confusion in the place of system, and deprives the proceedings of the court of that order and solemnity which are necessary to its respectability. It has the direct effect also of lessening the confidence of the public in the purity of the bench; for however upright the judges may be, the looseness with which they administer justice, has an appearance of indifference and callousness, with respect to the solemnities with which the law has surrounded them, which cannot but lower them in the estimation of others.

There can be no two opinions about this matter. The purity of testimony in courts depends, in a great measure, upon the efficacy of the oath upon the mind of the witness; and that oath will be respected or despised by the careless and the ignorant, in the exact proportion, in which they see it treated with contempt or respect by the more intelligent. If the judges are whispering, the clerk sitting, and the lawyers cracking their jokes, during the repetition of the oath, can a by-stander be blamed for considering that an idle ceremony, which is thus disregarded by the officers of justice? And will not the habit of swearing in common conversation, appear less criminal, and less a breach of good manners, among a people who are in the daily experience of hearing the name of God flippantly and familiarly used, under the immediate sanction of the highest functionaries of the law?

The remedy for this abuse is easy. The oath should be administered with becoming solemnity. The crier should command silence, the clerk should rise, the business in hand should be for the moment suspended, the judges should give their attention, and the oath should be enunciated in an audible voice. The proper respect would then be paid to this

rite, which is due to an appeal to God, which cannot be made innocently, or effectually, unless it be made with reverence. The attention of the spectators would be drawn to the person taking the oath, who would feel the importance of the pledge, which he was giving in the presence of his assembled fellow-citizens; and the whole scene would wear an aspect of decorum, which would throw around the court the sanctity properly appertaining to such a tribunal, and without which it can never be either efficient or respectable.

We have not the least doubt, that a judicious action on these points by our legislatures and courts, the first reducing the multiplicity of oaths, never requiring them to be administered on trivial occasions, and strictly enjoining that such as might be thought necessary, should be taken in public and with due solemnity, and the latter substituting for the levity which has heretofore attended this branch of judicial duty, a becoming gravity, would tend not only to the advancement of justice, but would do much towards purifying public sentiment, in reference to the vulgar and alarming profanity, which now disgraces every rank of society in our country.

QUERIES TO THE LEARNED.

I WISH to submit a few questions, which have puzzled me in my studies in history, and for the solution of which I shall be thankful.

1. What became of the ten tribes of Israel?
2. Did Brennus and his Gauls penetrate into Greece?
3. Who and what are the gypsies?
4. The origin and history of the knight templars?
5. Was the unhappy lady of the haystack, who, a few years ago, wandered about in Somersetshire, England, sleeping out of doors, or in barns, a daughter of the emperor of Germany?
6. Was Perkin Warbeck the true Plantagenet?
7. Who first discovered the sources of the Nile?
8. Who built Stonehenge?
9. Who discovered the compass?
10. Where was gunpowder first used in war?
11. What was the golden fleece?
12. Was the siege of Troy a romance, or a grave historical fact?
13. Was the Iliad the work of one mind or many?

14. Was there an Alexandrine library, and was it burnt?
15. Who wrote the Letters of Junius?
16. Where was the garden of Eden?
17. Where was Ararat, where the ark rested?
18. How was America first peopled?
19. If Alexander the Great had attacked the Romans, would he have conquered them?
20. Was Richard III. the monster he is represented?
21. Were cats, and mice, and creatures all,
Such enemies before the fall?
22. Was there a rainbow before the flood?
23. What dreamt our sire of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side?
24. Whether the serpent at the fall,]
Had cloven feet, or none at all?
25. Can a philologist now guess
What tongue was spoke by Balaam's ass?
26. And can you tell, who first of men,
Did break all the commandments ten?
27. What is it you and I see ever,
A king sees seldom, God sees never?
28. Whence came the proverb, used till now,
Of being drunk as David's sow?
29. And of Job's turkey? is it sure
He had the fowl, and kept it poor?

An early reply will oblige a young gentleman whose education has been

NEGLECTED.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

WE do not know that we can present to our readers a greater treat, than will be found in the following narrative of Mr. Clayton, the intrepid aeronaut, whose ascension from this city was witnessed with so much delight, by an immense concourse of our fellow-citizens. Several circumstances contributed to give peculiar interest to that occasion. The flight of a balloon had never been witnessed at this place until the experiment of Mr. Kirkby, who, a few months since, ascended twice successfully, after having made one abortive attempt. Mr. Clayton was a

young mechanic of our city, who was determined to distinguish himself, and to achieve an exploit which should do credit to the artists of Cincinnati, by excelling all his predecessors. This is a way that we have of doing things in the west. To imitate others is not sufficient; we aim at taking the lead of all other people, and as the centre of political power will soon be here, we see no reason why we should not make our valley the seat of science and the arts.

Mr. Clayton accordingly constructed a balloon of very superior workmanship. The materials were of excellent quality, the proportions accurately calculated, and the mechanical labor bestowed with great fidelity. It was strong, and perfectly symmetrical; so that when launched into its destined element, it rose with an equable motion, and balanced itself with mathematical truth, and graceful beauty. The machinery for generating gas was unusually excellent and expensive.

The day was fine, and the concourse of spectators great; while the interest previously excited for the success of our townsman, was raised to the highest degree of intensity, on beholding the beautiful aerial ship, and bold navigator—the first having an appearance of strength, finish, and fitness, which in a great degree dispelled the idea of danger, and the latter displaying a coolness, alacrity and expertness, which showed that he not only possessed presence of mind, but had calculated the chances, and made himself perfectly master of all the elements of success that depended on his own exertions. He was sanguine and confident, but modest and unassuming. When about to ascend, instead of seating himself in the car, he mounted a hoop which was suspended horizontally about five feet above it, and through which the cords were passed, by which the car was hung to the netting. In this apparently insecure position, with his feet dangling in the air, and one hand grasping lightly by the cords, he went up with the most perfect composure, with a smile of exultation on his countenance, and an air of self-possession, that could not have been assumed. Never did a man rise above his fellow-citizens, more admired, and less envied—all seemed to rejoice in his success, but none to covet his elevated station.

Away he floated, swiftly and majestically, until himself and his silken globe, were lost in the distance. As he had announced his intention to remain in the air all night, great anxiety was felt for him, and many were the inquiring glances turned that evening towards the heavens, to ascertain if the weather was propitious to the intrepid navigator of the air—many the hopes expressed for his safety.

Day after day passed, and no news of Mr. Clayton. Could

he have floated invisibly through our crowded streets, he would have been flattered at finding himself the general subject of conversation. The politicians spoke of Mr. Clayton, as often as of General Harrison, Mr. Van Buren, or Judge White,—the ladies prattled sweetly of the balloon,—it was mentioned in the same breath with lard and bacon, at the pork exchange,—it was talked of at the Pearl Street House, and the Broadway,—even the speculators in stock paused in the interesting process of investing tens of thousands by single shares, to inquire for Mr. Clayton,—and the casual salutations of those who met in the street, instead of being followed by the usual remarks on the weather, were succeeded by the more novel interrogation, ‘any news of the balloon?’

Three, four, five days passed, and the anxiety of the public became painful. Sad presages began to be indulged—and the fear became general that this spirited young man had fallen a victim to his own ambitious daring. We need not add that his unexpected reappearance, before any notice of his safety had reached us, created a lively sensation of pleasure.

It seems that he landed in a wilderness region, among the mountains—where the inhabitants could hardly believe him when he told them that he had left Cincinnati on the evening of the preceding day. The first person to whose house he went was a farmer, who very civilly consented to accompany him to the spot where he had left his balloon, and to assist him in securing it, against the urgent persuasion of his wife, who was sure that Mr. Clayton was a dangerous man, with whom it was not safe for a decent person to venture into the woods alone.

We shall not detain our readers longer from Mr. Clayton's graphic narrative of his voyage. He is the Napoleon of æronauts: he has gone farther and fared better than his predecessors, and will persevere in his perilous enterprises. He will ascend again about the first of May, and if the wind shall be favorable, will remain in the air until he reaches the Atlantic coast.

MR. CLAYTON'S JOURNAL.

At five o'clock I took my departure from the amphitheatre—which was pretty well filled with spectators, and contained the beauty and fashion of the city—and ascended with celerity into the atmosphere, amidst the cheering sounds of music and the acclamations of my friends. In a few moments I had a full view of Cincinnati, of Newport and Covington, and of the thousands of spectators that surrounded the amphitheatre and covered every part which afforded a favorable opportunity of seeing the ascension. I soon arrived at a sufficient altitude to

give the spectators a good view of the descent of my parachute, which contained a dog of about twenty pounds weight. The parachute, on being liberated from the car, descended with great velocity for a considerable distance before it spread open; but when it did open, it descended slowly, and I watched its course downwards. I thought for some time that it would fall into the canal; but at last I saw it pass a little to one side, and I have no doubt it arrived safe upon terra firma. As I ascended, my scenes became more extensive and diversified; but every object more diminutive. The spectators shrank to Lilliputians; and the horses and carriages on the roads, were like the toys of children. The hills around the city, which form the boundary of our view when below, sank into the earth and seemed level with the plain; and far beyond them, amidst the vast woods, I could distinguish numerous towns and cultivated spots. The whole scene appeared like an extensive map, spread at my feet: every street, and alley, and building, and every improvement, plainly marked upon it. Through the centre of the picture, the river Ohio passed, and wound its serpentine course in each direction, until lost in the mist which bounded my view. For a number of miles I could trace the river Licking, the zigzag course of the Miami canal, and the turnpikes and different roads branching from the city.

At starting, the barometer stood at 29 3-10 inches—the thermometer at 72 deg.—and the wind carried me E. S. E., in the direction of Batavia. At half past 5 o'clock, the barometer stood at 19 inches, and the thermometer at 26 deg. I began to feel cold, and put on my great coat. At this time, I heard a report of a cannon, and even at this height, the noise of cattle and the woodman's ax. I soon passed over the Little Miami river, keeping the Ohio river to my right, and after descending a little I had a fair view of the towns and farms on each side of me. A few minutes before 6, I passed over Batavia, and continued in an E. S. E. direction—my altitude then, as indicated by the barometer, was two and a half miles. I began to feel cold: the thermometer stood at 23 deg. I sat down in my car and took some refreshment.

I was now moving delightfully through the air. The little agitation the balloon received on starting, had ceased, and there was not the least rotary or oscillatory motion perceptible—not a ripple in the silk of the balloon to be seen, and all was perfect silence. I could almost have imagined, that I was an inhabitant of a little world of my own, fixed in the immensity of space, from which I could view at my feet, the earth in motion revolving on its axis. At this altitude I experienced no

unpleasant sensation, no difficulty in breathing, no pain nor swelling in my head, as has been said by some æronauts, to be endured at great altitudes; but I have no doubt that at the height of three and a half or four miles, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, a difficulty of breathing, and a swelling in the head is experienced. At such an altitude, the scenery is not so beautiful as it is at a half mile from the earth; for the objects appear concealed in mist, and the whole has a monotonous appearance.

At 25 minutes after 6, I had a fine view of the setting sun. 30 minutes after 6, I passed over Williamsburg: at about 7, over Georgetown; and although I was several miles distant from the Ohio river, yet it appeared but a very little to the right of me. I could distinctly see Augusta and Maysville, and the towns and farms along the side of the river. A little before 8, I passed over West Union. The wind now changed a little to the South,—about one point—making S. E. by E. About 9 o'clock I passed something to the west of Portsmouth, and could see plainly the Scioto, and the canal. I was enabled to discern the different places over which I passed, by the light of the moon, and by the lamps and lights in the houses. These lights were numerous and in every direction that I could turn my eyes, forming a field of fiery stars at my feet: and contrasted finely with the brilliant stars that shone in the cloudless sky above me.

A little beyond Portsmouth I noted the iron forges and furnaces, whose fires illuminated the atmosphere for a number of miles around them. I could not by the light of the moon make any thermometrical observations—the quicksilver in the tube being so small that I could not see its height, but the quicksilver in the barometer I could plainly see move up and down; and, although, I could not see the figures on the scale, yet I could tell when I was at a safe distance from the earth, by the distance that the quicksilver stood above a piece of brass which formed a protection to the thermometer which was immediately alongside of the barometer. Whenever I felt tired, I would seat myself in the bottom of the car, and place my barometer opposite me—watch its height, and whenever I found it rising, I would throw out some ballast, to counteract its course. Now and then I would look over the car, and take particular notice of the direction and situation of the water courses which I had in sight nearly the whole of my aerial voyage, and without which, I should not have been able to trace my course.

Soon after crossing the Scioto river, I passed into another

current of air, which carried me due east, and immediately over Concord. Soon after, I passed into another current of air, which carried me E. N. E. and brought me, at 11 o'clock, nearly up to Gallipolis; a little below which I crossed the Ohio river. On entering a new current of air, the balloon was always slightly agitated. When this occurred, I would pay particular attention in ascertaining the new direction of the current. Soon after crossing the Ohio, the balloon was again agitated, and I found that I had passed from the E. N. E. current to another which carried me S. E. and soon brought me over the Kanawha river. From the rapidity with which terrestrial objects seemed to move, I found that my rate of travelling had increased. At half past 12, I passed over Charleston, and in a few minutes was carried over the furnaces of Kanawha salt works, and continued in this course until I was in sight of the fork formed by Gawley and New rivers. While in sight of New river, I approached the earth; and as my ballast was nearly exhausted, and as the part over which I was floating appeared an open country, I prepared for a descent. I threw overboard my anchor; which, after dragging for a little distance, caught firmly hold of a tree; but on coming close to the tops of the trees, I found, to my surprise, that instead of a fair open country, I was in a dense forest, on a considerable elevation.

The wind was blowing powerfully, and I found it impossible to liberate the anchor. The only way of getting out of this difficulty, was to cut away the anchor cable. This I did; and in a short time, I ascended to an altitude as great as I had previously attained. The cold was intense. I could not ascertain the height of the thermometer; but I have no doubt it was nearly as low as *zero*. I had now lost sight of the water courses. I could see no lights in any direction. I laid down in the bottom of the car, buttoned my coat tightly round me, put on my gloves, covered myself with two blankets, which I had taken as wrappers for the balloon, drank some brandy, and feeling comfortable and highly delighted with my novel trip, fell fast asleep. I was awakened at last by my car striking. I immediately sprang on my feet and found that I was dragging over the tops of the trees. I saw before me a river and, I thought, some buildings. They seemed but a little distance from me; but I afterwards found that they were about four miles distant. I attempted to stop my balloon by clinging to the branches of the trees—several of which broke; but at last I caught a strong bough; and by holding to it with one hand with all my might, and pulling the valve rope with the other, I

was enabled in a short time to draw my car down the tree several feet, and to secure it by means of a rope. After being confident that I had secured my balloon, I looked at my watch, and found it to be half past 2 o'clock. At this hour of the morning, I thought it would be useless to go in search of assistance; I therefore remained in the car, which was fastened to the tree forty feet, at least, from the ground; and in this situation I remained until daybreak. I then descended to explore the wilderness in which I had alighted. But there was no trace of human footsteps, no mark of change produced by man. A number of large trees were leveled with the ground, but there was no mark of the woodman's ax upon them. They had been evidently leveled by a hurricane. Perceiving that I was on a mountain, and that there was another part still *higher*, I ascended to the top of this elevation and could discern in the valley, and in the direction that I had seen the river the previous evening, a cultivated spot. After traveling along the side of a beautiful stream for about three miles, I found this spot; but had to follow a track two miles further to get assistance. I procured assistance, and we conveyed the balloon to the house of Mr. Joseph Graham, a respectable and intelligent farmer, with whom I remained three days until I could get a conveyance to return. During my stay at Mr. Graham's, I was visited by a great number of persons from the surrounding country.

The spot on which I *landed*, is the top of a mountain, 3000 feet (as indicated by my barometer) above the level of the sea; and is called *Stevenson's Knob*, or *Stinson's Knob*, near *Keeney's Knob*, Monroe county, Virginia, about four miles from *Green Brier river*, eighteen miles from *Union*, twenty miles from *Lewisburg*, within sight of the Allegheny mountains, and at a distance from Cincinnati, according to the route I traveled in the balloon, of *three hundred and fifty* miles; but according to the usual route of traveling, more than *four hundred* miles, which distance I went in nine and a half hours.

This voyage, I believe, has completely fulfilled the promises I made in my advertisement, and is the longest aerial voyage by *far*, ever performed by any person.

APOTHEGM.

The balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another, to read his heart with. TATLER.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS OF ISAAC WATTS, D. D.; to which is added, a new selection of between two and three hundred hymns from the best authors, by JAMES GALLAHER, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati. Cincinnati: published by Corey and Fairbank, 1835.

WE take great pleasure in offering our tribute of commendation to the spirited publishers of this volume; for we are old-fashioned enough to believe, that the lyrics of Watts, *entire and unaltered*, are far superior, as a collection, to any songs that have since been composed for public worship. As a poet, Dr. Watts stands in the first rank, and the unexceptionable purity of his mind, together with the fidelity with which he has pursued the doctrines of the original psalms, have won for him the confidence of Christians. The impertinence, the self-conceit, we might almost say, the daring impiety, with which his works have been altered, to gratify the prejudices of the sectarian, or the cupidity of the bookseller, have been as truly astonishing, as they were reprehensible. The most barefaced of these attempts, may be seen in the work called 'Church Psalmody,' which has lately been introduced into some of our western churches, although by the excision of nearly all the verses which inculcate the doctrine of original sin, that fundamental principle of orthodox christianity, is almost entirely thrown aside, while the metre has been injured by the substitution of mawkish home-made lines, for the vigorous poetry of Watts. No man has a right to alter Watts. We should take his poetry as it is, or else write better for ourselves. His lines should not be desecrated, by being stripped of the doctrines which he considered essential to salvation. The book, now offered, is Watts', *written by himself*—not the American imitation, manufactured to suit all sects, and adapted to all instruments from the organ down to the violin. The additional hymns selected by the Rev. Mr. Gallaher, give additional value to this book.

A WINTER IN THE WEST. By a New-Yorker.

ONE of the most agreeable gentlemen that we have lately had the pleasure of encountering, is Mr. Hoffman; whose 'Winter in the West' seems to have been any thing but a 'winter of discontent,' and whose liberal spirit needed not the genial influence of the 'sun of York,' to enable him to write a good book. His work is just what we expected from his good taste and gentlemanly tone of feeling. The intrepidity with which he undertook a journey of great extent, through some of the least practicable regions of our wilderness, in the depth of winter, the spirit with which he surmounted its difficulties, and the temper with which he bore its privations, gave ample earnest that he was not one of the 'fat and greasy citizens,' who speak 'invectively' of the country in which they meet with incidents more diversified than those attending a stroll in Broadway, or fare less sumptuous than that of a New York hotel.

We marvel indeed, how any native American, whose heart is in the right place, can traverse the mighty rivers and broad plains of the west, without a feeling of pride and exhilaration, sufficiently buoyant to raise him above the perils and misadventures of

the journey. Such personal considerations sink into utter insignificance, beneath the glow of patriotism which these scenes are calculated to awaken. As mile after mile is passed, and day after day closes upon the traveler, and his country is expanding before him—when wearied of a more tedious computation, he begins to count time by weeks, and distance by hundred and thousands of miles, and still finds new and broader plains spreading their fertile bosoms before his delighted eyes, and everywhere throughout this wide region, recognizes his vernacular tongue, beholds the influence of familiar laws and institutions, his bosom expands with the pride of country, and he rejoices in the greatness of the empire of which he is a citizen. He rejoices too in its prosperity. Among the millions of freemen who inhabit the land, which, fifty years ago, was a savage wilderness, he discovers neither pauperism, nor civil dissention—neither the indolence of luxury, nor the discontent of unprofitable labor. All that he beholds is new, and fresh, and growing. He is surrounded by an enterprising population, blessed with competency and buoyed with hope—by vigorous institutions, whose healthful youth gives promise of a gigantic maturity—by all the stir and excitement of a forming and flourishing state of society. He is in a land whose steamboats are counted by hundreds, the length of whose rivers is computed by thousands of miles, and where millions of acres of land are spoken of as familiarly as thousands of dollars in the city of New York. A foreigner may be pardoned for not feeling the influence of such associations—to him they may afford subjects for wonder, without awakening the sentiment of proud congratulation; but an American—a *young American*—whose blood should not course more rapidly through his veins in the contemplation of scenes so calculated to awaken a thrilling glow of patriotism, must have a colder temperament or a duller vision, than usually belongs to his name and birthright.

We can therefore account for the laudatory tone that pervades Mr. Hoffman's narrative, without supposing that he intended to flatter us, or to exaggerate the importance of our country. As a native and a citizen of New York, he was aware of the intimate commercial relations between our land and his own city, and knew that as the one grew in wealth, her treasures would be poured into the lap of the other. If as an American, he saw our teeming fields and busy marts with pride, that feeling would not be cooled as he beheld the lakes whitened with sails, that wafted our products to the warehouses of New York.

Those who are acquainted with the art of dancing or the mystery of horse-racing, are aware of the importance of starting with the right foot foremost; and it is perhaps, equally necessary to success in most other things, to make a good beginning. Mr. Hoffman did this, and showed his capacity to execute well that which he undertook, by making a judicious selection of his route. Instead of pursuing the beaten track hacknied by the footsteps of English travelers and city dums—by emigrants, merchants and missionaries—by all who come to the west 'to do good,' or to do business—he had the spirit and good taste to strike out a path for himself, which, though not the nearest and best, in the ordinary acceptation, was that which furnished the greatest variety of fresh and original matter for description. Leaving the comfortable boats of the Hudson, the canal, and the lakes, on the one hand, and the elegant extra-compensation post-coaches of Messrs. Reeside & Company, on the other, he struck at once into the mountainous region of Pennsylvania, and crossed the romantic valleys of the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Juniata, through Easton, and Harrisburg, to the waters of the Ohio, at Wheeling—at which place he wheeled to the right, and pro-

ceeded to Pittsburgh. Here he lingered among the ruins of Fort Du Quesne, and paused to gather the traditionary lore of Grant's Hill, and Braddock's field—luxuriating among the scenes, so famous in traditionary history, with all the zeal of the antiquary, and the fervor of the poet. Yet in the midst of these poetic transports, he does not forget the transportation of merchandise; but discourses, with proper gravity, of freights, steamboats, glass, and iron, with other sundries which give present dignity to that interesting spot.

From Pittsburgh he proceeded to Cleaveland, and presently we find him cleaving the waves of Erie, in a steamboat bound for Detroit, where he riots again among the battle scenes of other days—but 'we can't dwell,' as the auctioneers say, so we knock down Detroit to any reader who chooses to take up Mr. Hoffman's book—and follow our adventurous traveler through Michigan to Chicago. This part of the tour was attended with many incidents by flood and field, which are related with a fidelity and freshness, that keep the attention alive, and induces the reader to follow the tourist with pleasure, in spite of the badness of the roads, and the inclemency of the weather.

It was now the 10th of January—or, to use a more becoming collocation—it was two days after the 8th of January, the day that filled the measure of our country's glory, and which, the legislature of Missouri, at its last session, proposed to make a political sabbath, by prohibiting upon it the service of civil process—the thermometer was 23 below zero, and Chicago, with a lake on one side, and a boundless prairie on the other, is the coldest place in the world.

'The bleak winds,
Do sorely ruffle; for many a mile about,
There's scarce a bush.'

And when we are told that 'the town lies upon a dead level,' we are only surprised that our tourist did not lie upon a dead level himself—and congratulate ourselves that he has survived to write these agreeable volumes.

He was now in Illinois, where every gentleman should go, who wishes to see nature in its grandest features, and most beautiful attire—where the landscape is not shaded by forests, nor confined by hills, nor narrowed by the paltry embellishments of human labor—but where the eye may roam abroad as far as its power may enable it to exercise its functions. No longer cramped and jolted in stage coaches, nor condemned to solitary confinement in the penitential cabin of a steamboat, the traveler mounts his steed, and journeys, in consonance with the genius of our republican institutions, according to the dictates of his own conscience. He is now on the frontier, where there is no governmental interference with state rights, nor social restraint upon personal independence—there being but few roads, bridges, stages, or hotels. His path by day lies over broad plains, whose scattered inhabitants are scarcely noticed in the broad expanse of the wilderness, and his lodging by night is in the log cabin of the hunter, or the newly arrived emigrant. He rides alone through the livelong day, and would be happy if he sleep alone through the livelong night—a pleasure which is often denied him, by the arrival of other strangers having equal claims to the only spare bed of the host. This is traveling to some purpose; for the tourist sees what he would never see at home, nor upon the frequented highways of commerce or pleasure; and though he meets not with 'antics vast,' nor men 'whose beards do grow beneath their shoulders,' yet he certainly beholds 'deserts idle' of a magnitude that Shakspeare never

dreamt of, and sees a variety of the 'moving accidents,' which befall the emigrants who are moving to the west.

From Chicago, the author proceeded to Galena, the region of lead mines, where more money is made by that base metal, than ever will be realised by all the gold mines in the union, and where we may fancy the thriving miner, exclaiming

'Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence !
And here choose I.'

Mr. Hoffman, however, chose differently, and turning his back upon Galena, proceeded to Prairie du Chien, the highest organised settlement upon the Mississippi—halting only once on the way, at a border tavern, where he found a library, consisting of a Pelham novel, a volume of Shakspeare, a Bible, and a Western Songster. At the Prairie, he was fortunate enough to pick up an Indian love song, which he has paraphrased into English verse, and which we transfer to our pages, for the use of any congenial souls, who may relish the minstrelsy of the border.

'Fairest of flowers, by fountain or lake,
Listen, my fawn-eye'd one, wake ! oh, awake !
Pride of the prairies, one look from thy bower,
Will gladden my spirit, like dew drop the flower.

Thy glances to music my soul can attune,
As sweet as the murmur of young leaves in June :
Then breathe but a whisper, from lips that disclose
A balm like the morning, or autumn's last rose.

My pulses leap to'ard thee, like fountains when first
Through their ice chains in April, toward heaven they burst.
Then fairest of flowers, by forest or lake,
Listen, my fawn-eye'd one, wake, oh, awake !

Like this star-paven water, when clouds o'er it lower,
If thou frownest, beloved, is my soul in that hour ;
But when heaven and thou, love, your smiles will unfold,
If their current be ruffled, its ripples are gold.

Awake, love ! all nature is smiling, yet I—
I cannot smile dearest, when thou art not by.
Look from the bower, then—here on the lake,
Pulse-of-my-beating-heart—wake, oh, awake !'

As we have spent our winter in the west, we cannot now accompany this agreeable traveler, from the Wisconsin territory, back to Galena, thence over the scene of the Black Hawk war, to the beautiful lake Peoria, and through the flourishing towns of Springfield, Jacksonville, and Alton, to St. Louis ; nor can we pursue, in his society,

the meanders of the Mississippi and Ohio, to Louisville, where he only stopped an hour. We regret that he did not tarry longer; for our sister city is well worth seeing.

We are now getting nearer home. 'It was a still sunny morning,' says the New Yorker, 'when in rounding one of those beautiful promontories which form so striking a feature in the scenery of the Ohio, we came suddenly upon a cluster of gardens and villas, which indicated the vicinity of a flourishing town; and our boat taking a sudden sheer from the shore, before the eye had time to study out their grouping and disposition, the whole city of Cincinnati, embosomed in its amphitheatre of green hills, was brought at once before us.'

We should be glad to copy the whole of this chapter, which contains a brief, but animated and just sketch of our fair city, and presents a faithful picture of the impression which its first appearance makes upon an intelligent stranger. 'What would most strike you,' he says—we hope the ladies will listen—'What would most strike you in the streets of Cincinnati, would be the number of pretty faces and stylish figures, one meets in a morning. A walk through Broadway here rewards one hardly less than to promenade its New York namesake. I have had more than one opportunity of seeing these western beauties by candlelight, and the evening display brought no disappointment to the morning promise. Nothing can be more agreeable than the society which one meets within the gay and elegantly furnished drawing-rooms of Cincinnati;' &c.

Denying ourselves the gratification of repeating many other complimentary remarks in reference to our city, we hastily follow our light-hearted and courteous traveler, on his homeward journey. He says,

'It was a beautiful day, that on which I left Cincinnati; and when after crossing the Ohio at noon, I found myself upon the Kentucky bank of the river, and creaked my horse to look back for a moment upon the noble town and the fair stream that bathed its walls, I could but admit that the amphitheatre of green hills opposite to me did really shut in 'the pride of the west,' if not the most beautiful city in the union. But I confess I was not sorry to escape from its elegant and profuse hospitalities, and to find myself once more on horseback and alone, free to rove wherever fancy or caprice should lead me. The 'voice of spring' had long been abroad in the land, and the perfume of blossoms and flowers that met my senses as I rode by the scattered gardens in the little town of Covington, seemed to rebuke the taste that had kept me so long within a city's walls. From a green knoll on the edge of the village, I took my last look of the beautiful Ohio, and then pausing vainly a moment, to catch the words of a song which a young girl was warbling to her piano in a pretty cottage near, I struck down the side of a grassy slope, and crossing a brook, soon found myself riding through a tall wood on the high road to Lexington.'

Thus he proceeded cheerfully on to the beautiful town of Lexington, then to Frankfort, and afterwards by a meandering route, through some of the wildest and most romantic parts of the 'dark and bloody ground,' to the Cumberland Gap, on the borders of Tennessee. Delighted with this picturesque region, and more than ever pleased with the warm-hearted hospitality of the west, which he found in its most perfect state of development in the residence of the Kentucky gentry, he lingered along the mountains, prolonging his tour beyond its original limits, and quitting our valley with the regret of one who had gathered pleasant thoughts and kind associations in his wanderings among us.

From Tennessee Mr. Hoffman crossed into the Old Dominion, passed rapidly along

through that picturesque and mountainous region, which is famous for its numerous medicinal springs, its natural curiosities, and its scenic beauty, and thence proceeded by Charlottesville to Washington, and back to 'the place of beginning.'

Mr. Hoffman writes in a bold, flowing, and easy style, without being diffuse or careless; and is unquestionably shown by this work, to be one of our best American authors. His amenity, his light-hearted buoyancy, and the vividness of many of his sketches, with their unimpeachable fidelity, will give to the *Winter in the West* a high, and we hope a lasting place, among the better productions of native genius. It has been read on this side of the mountains with much gratification, and is spoken of with great respect by those who are capable of appreciating its accuracy.

LECTURES ON SCEPTICISM, delivered in Park street church, Boston, and in the Second Presbyterian church, Cincinnati: By Lyman Beecher, D. D., President of Lane Seminary. Cincinnati: Corey & Fairbank. 1835.

If there be any one faculty of the mind, of more importance than all the others, it is that by which we are enabled to discover truth. Without it, no man can trust the evidence of his own senses, and much less can he place confidence in any inference which he may attempt to draw from the testimony of others. Yet there are minds so weak, or so distorted, as to see every thing through a perverted medium, and to which doubt or error is suggested, by the same evidence which would bring conviction and truth to others. Such men are sceptics—not in reference to religion, merely—but in regard to any thing which must be believed upon evidence. If in relation to any matter, they could be said to be convinced, it would be an involuntary and accidental belief, in which the judgment would exercise no agency.

Others see truth partially, from indifference, carelessness, or dislike. They do not choose to gaze steadily at its light, and are either satisfied with a hasty glance, or with the imperfect echo which may be gathered from hearsay.

Yet what is so important as truth—what so valuable as that faculty, that frame of mind, that capacity—whatever be its name—which enables us to arrive, with readiness and certainty, at accurate deductions? What is that common sense, which is the great element of worldly success, but the ability to see things as they are—that sober-minded appreciation of evidence, which draws correct inferences from testimony? In the ordinary business of life, this is the faculty whose exertion constitutes the great secret of success; the men who possess it are able to concentrate the powers of their minds upon a single object, in fixed attention—to view that object dispassionately, to balance circumstances, to distinguish facts, and to arrive at conclusions.

In science, morals, religion—in all intellectual pursuits—the greatest errors have arisen from the want of a calm spirit of philosophical research, from a misunderstanding, or careless application of the rules of evidence; and differences of opinion in regard to matters susceptible of demonstration, can only result from the greater or less degree of fidelity bestowed upon their investigation.

Dr. Beecher's Lectures refer to scepticism in relation to the being and government of God, and our relations to him as accountable subjects, as disclosed in the Bible. He assumes that 'there are few who positively disbelieve the being of God, or the inspiration of the Bible. To doubt, is commonly the extent of human attainment,

in throwing off reluctant responsibility to the government of God. The atheist does not know there is no God. He merely believes it, and doubts. The deist does not disbelieve the inspiration of the Bible. He is merely not convinced that it is true, and doubts. Those who reject the received doctrines of the Bible, do not fully disbelieve them. They fear, often, that they are true—hope earnestly that they are not, and doubt.’

Dr. Beecher proceeds to point out, in a clear and forcible manner, the causes of scepticism, which are too numerous to be repeated here; nor would we, if it were in our power, attempt to follow this acute reasoner through a train of argument, which is so well arranged, and conveyed in language so concise and appropriate, that it could not be abridged without injustice to its author. If he had done nothing else for the great cause of truth, this production alone would entitle him to a high rank among the writers of his country, and the philanthropists of the age. Not the least of its merits, is its liberal and philosophic tone. Assuming nothing as a theologian, nor as a sectarian, he relies solely upon arguments, addressed to the reason. He asserts nothing as true, merely because it is taught in schools of theology, and believed by Christians; but draws his deductions from facts and propositions which are true or untrue in themselves, and the value of which may be appreciated by every unbiassed mind. The man who appeals thus boldly and frankly to the understanding of his hearers, elevating himself above the murky atmosphere of sect, and usage, and prejudice, must always be listened to with respect, if not with conviction. It is only to be regretted that one who can occupy such an eminence with credit, should ever permit himself to descend to the little squabbles, and party cabals of the fleeting hour.

We quote with great pleasure the following paragraph, as an evidence of the liberality with which the subject of this volume is treated by its author.

‘It is not the plan of heaven, that truths which lie within the sphere of evidence, should be obtained without mental effort. Acquisition by investigation, and delight in action, is a part of the mind’s everlasting employment and blessedness. Men ought to think for themselves, as really as they ought to eat for themselves; and if to prevent infidelity, you repress investigation, you may have uniformity, indeed, but it will be that of vacant minds. You may avert storms, but it will be to secure stagnation and putrefaction. It is not true, however, that free and independent thought tends to infidelity. There always have been minds, and there always will be, who will not submit to dictation, or tamely commit to memory other men’s opinions; and it is to such men that the reformation owed its birth, and from whom the Bible has received its most able defence. And if, as incident to such high action, there should be some who sometimes miss the mark, they are not to be treated as outlaws. You may intimidate the abject in this manner, but assuredly you will raise up around the church an army of powerful, embittered assailants, to make reprisals by the subversion of her sons.’

There are six of these lectures, and the subjects of them are, *Causes of Scepticism—Remedy of Scepticism—Political Atheism—Perils of Atheism to the Nation—the Attributes and Character of God*. These heads are treated with great ability, yet with the conciseness of language, and concentration of thought, which are characteristic of the energetic pen from which they have emanated. Dr. Beecher’s powers are those of the writer, rather than of the orator; his sermons acquire no additional force or beauty from the manner of their delivery. His ability

consists in his powers of analogy and illustration. He grasps his subject with great vigor, dissects it with a severe and accurate scrutiny, and lays down his propositions with brevity and clearness. His illustrations are copious and natural—often vivid, forcible, and grand—sometimes familiar, and even quaint, and occasionally such as provoke a smile, by some involuntary stroke of wit, which seems to escape the speaker almost unconsciously to himself. His language, as written, is idiomatic, vigorous, pure English—as spoken, it is the undiluted provincialism of Connecticut. Yet he speaks much, and writes little; his labors in the pulpit are incessant, the published productions of his pen are few, and were his career to be closed now, there would remain but few monuments of a long and industrious life.

The work before us, though contained in one hundred and sixty pages, would have been swelled by an ordinary writer into a thick volume. It is full of thought, closely condensed, and is entirely stripped of the amplification which attended the delivery. It is, properly speaking, a synopsis of what was delivered. To intelligent readers, this will be a recommendation; but it will not increase its popularity with the great mass of readers. It is a work which ought to be extensively read. Scepticism is a dangerous malady of the mind; and the man who vacillates, doubts, and disbelieves on the great subject of religion, ought to be satisfied that he understands the condition of his own intellect, as well as the true state of the question. A state of doubt, is not an agreeable or safe position to occupy, in relation to any question of interest; and a rational being should take the proper measures to place himself on the one side or the other. Men should *think*, on subjects of great import—they should think for *themselves*—but then they should employ the proper aids to reflection. A man must have the material of thought, and understand the process of ratiocination. He must have the evidence, and know the rules by which testimony is to be examined and weighed. He may then proceed safely to draw deductions, and arrive at conclusions.

We had the gratification of listening to these lectures, when delivered in this city. The reputation of the preacher, and the interesting nature of the topic, drew crowded audiences during the delivery of the whole course, which was listened to with great attention. The curiosity which the announcement of the series had awakened, was kept alive through several weeks, and the expectations of those who heard these admirable discourses, were amply fulfilled. We are glad to see them printed in a neat and beautiful form, by those enterprising publishers who have contributed so much to advance the art of publishing in this city, and we hope that the work will be extensively circulated.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE FLORA OF THE WESTERN STATES: By John L. Riddell, A. M., Lecturer on Chemistry; Member of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, Cincinnati Medical Society, &c. Cincinnati: E. Deming. 1835.

WE are glad to see any addition made to our stock of knowledge, in the very elegant and useful science of botany; and are not the less gratified, in receiving it from a gentleman, with whose diligent attention to his favorite study we are well acquainted, and in whose accuracy we have confidence. We learn from the preface to this little volume, that no small degree of research has already been devoted to the examination of the plants of this region. The botany of Ohio and Kentucky has

been most satisfactorily determined. Dr. Short, of Lexington, has very laboriously and successfully explored the forests and fields of his own state, in his persevering endeavor to develop its vegetable resources. We received from him, some time ago, an interesting catalogue of the plants of Kentucky, which, though not noticed at that time, was not forgotten. Mr. Riddell has personally examined the plants of Ohio. The regions about St. Louis have been very successfully explored, by Dr. L. C. Beck, whose observations are published in Silliman's Journal; while the more western wilds have been traversed by Nuttall, Bradbury, and James, whose contributions to this science are familiar to the botanist. We are not aware of any researches into the botany of Tennessee, Indiana, or Illinois, whose wide fields will doubtless add something to the mass of knowledge in this interesting branch of natural history.

Among the scientific gentlemen residing in the west, who have devoted their attention to botany, Mr. Riddell points out to his brethren the following, as those to whom the student may refer with advantage: Dr. C. W. Short, Dr. R. Peter, and Mr. H. J. Griswold, of Lexington, Kentucky; Dr. D. Houghton, Detroit; Dr. D. Townsend, Wheeling; Mr. J. R. Paddock, Worthington, Ohio; Mr. J. W. Van-Cleve, Dayton, Ohio; Dr. J. Eberle, Dr. J. Locke, Dr. Colby, Dr. Frank, and Mr. R. Buchanan, of Cincinnati.

We never look into a work on botany without a feeling of regret, that labors so minute, so toilsome, so widely expanded over the physical world, should produce results so little accessible to the ordinary reader—results which seldom extend beyond a dry, scientific nomenclature, unintelligible to all but the initiated. Surely there is nothing throughout all the splendid creations of the Almighty hand, so beautiful to the eye, as that exquisite drapery of verdure which adorns the earth, studded with its endless diversity of ornamented hues, and disclosed under its innumerable gradations of shade and sun-light. If man is fearfully and wonderfully made, scarcely less astonishing is the being and organization of the plant. The physiology of plants, is a subject of intense interest—their growth, habits, and incidents, are full of curious phenomena, and exquisitely delicate arrangement. From the simple fungus, the moss, or the lichen, up to the majestic tree, through every gradation of size, and every diversity of flower and fruit, there is a regular system of organization, of growth, and of re-production, whose laws are as immutable as those which regulate the motions of the planetary orbs.

How various, too, are the uses of the vegetable tribes—how numerous the articles of subsistence which they furnish to man, and to the inferior animals—how various their medicinal stores—how infinite their luxuries of beauty and fragrance! What a field for thought and description, would the floral kingdom spread out before the botanist, who, to the patient and laborious habits of the immortal Wilson, should add his philosophic and poetic temperament, and should love the society of plants, as he loved the companionship of the songster! What instructive and cheering developments, what elevating and delightful commentaries on the volume of Nature, what beautiful and glorious views of the exquisitely perfect works of God, might be given to the world, by that man, who, to an accurate knowledge of the vegetable kingdom, would add the fervor of St. Pierre, divested of his mawkish sentimentality.

Botany should be stripped of its dry and forbidding character. Its laws, its secrets, its history, are suited for general diffusion, and it should be made a popular science. Its treasures of knowledge should be brought into useful application. The book of

nature should be unsealed, and its pages of wisdom rendered accessible to all the world. We should be enabled to converse of plants in our vernacular, and to canvass the axioms of an agreeable science, in the familiar language of the fire-side.

Instead of a cold, scholastic list of hard names, indicating simply the class, or species of the plant, we should have its whole history—its parentage, culture, habits, uses, and associations. We know of no study, which, treated with the happy union of philosophy, poetry, and common sense, which distinguishes the work of Wilson, could be rendered so useful, or so delightful, as that of botany.

The work before us is small, and professes only to give a list, which may aid those who are attempting to develop our western botany, by showing its present state of advancement. It is therefore unnecessary to say more of it, than that the writer has performed what he proposed, and that while he has evinced a highly creditable degree of diligence on his own part, he has rendered just credit to the labors of those who have preceded, or are contemporary with himself.

A DIGEST OF THE STATUTE LAWS OF KENTUCKY, of a public and permanent nature, from the commencement of the government to the session of the legislature ending on the 24th February, 1834, with references to Judicial Decisions, in 2 volumes: by C. S. Morehead and Mason Brown. Vol. II. Frankfort, Ky. Printed by Albert G. Hodges. 1834.

SOME time since, we had occasion to notice the first volume of this very valuable digest of the laws of our sister state, and to express the opinion that it was executed with much ability. An examination of the second and closing volume, has satisfied us that what we then said was well merited; and we take pleasure in again commending this work to the attention of the legal gentlemen who may not have met with it.

These volumes contain about sixteen hundred pages, handsomely printed on fine paper, and substantially bound. They embrace all the public statutes now in force, passed by the legislature of Kentucky since the adoption of its constitution, together with such English and Virginia statutes as have not been repealed. These are arranged under their respective heads, alphabetically, and in the order of their passage; with their dates, and copious marginal notes of judicial decisions, growing out of, or explanatory of the statutes. At the close of the second volume, there is a digested index to all the important local acts of the legislature, with references to them, as printed in *Littell's Laws of Kentucky*. More than this need not be said, to show the value of this work, not only to those connected with the administration of justice, in Kentucky, but to legal gentlemen and public officers in the surrounding states. Those who know the character and professional standing of the two gentlemen, who have, with great labor, accomplished this enterprise, will need no assurances of the fidelity with which it has been executed. They seem, indeed, to have performed with care and legal acumen, more than is promised by the title-page of their book. For instance, connected with the statute regulating 'set-offs,' the marginal notes refer to about seventy-five judicial decisions; and the statute of 'limitations' is explained and sustained by a digest of upwards of one hundred and fifty authorities, touching that department of our jurisprudence.

A PLEA FOR THE WEST: by Lyman Beecher, D. D. Cincinnati. Truman and Smith. 1835.

THIS is called a Plea for the West, but is intended to be a plea for Lane Seminary, and is in fact a plea against the catholics. It is comprised in a book of one hundred and seventy-two pages, and is said to be 'a discourse delivered by the writer in several Atlantic cities last season, while on an agency for Cincinnati Lane Seminary.' If this be so, we must acknowledge that the people of the Atlantic cities are remarkably polite listeners, for it would have required at least three hours to declaim all that is set down in this volume; and nothing but the novelty of its topics could have compensated for the tediousness of its details. These topics are the greatness of the West, and the wickedness of the catholics; the first of which occupies about one-third of the volume, and the latter the whole of the remainder.

The very important proposition, that 'the West is destined to be the great controlling power of the nation,' is argued by Dr. Beecher with his usual force of language; and as this *very* original idea has not been advanced more than about fifty-two times a year, throughout the last twenty years, the doctor has properly supported it by facts, which must have been quite new to his audiences. Such, for instance, as that the territory of the West 'is eight thousand miles in circumference, extending from the Allegheny to the Rocky mountains, and from the gulf of Mexico to the lakes of the north'—that 'it is the largest territory, and most beneficent in climate, and soil, and mineral wealth, and commercial facilities, ever prepared for the habitation of man'—together with a variety of other statements equally novel and instructive.

The magnitude of the West, and its giant strides to greatness, are indeed noble themes—but as we happen to have seen them treated in nearly a hundred books, and to have heard them reiterated from the pulpit times out of number, we must be excused from following our learned author through the thousandth plagiarism upon the fortunate man, who first found out that the West was very big, and was growing bigger very fast.

Indeed we should not think it worth while to notice at all, a discourse which is but the echo, still living upon the ears of all our readers, if it was not for some curious facts attending its history, which require disclosure.

It will be recollected that in December last, we published an extract from the Lowell Journal, a highly respectable newspaper, published in Massachusetts, in which the sermon preached by Dr. Beecher, in behalf of Lane Seminary, was represented in the following language:

'In the course of his remarks, he alluded to the diversity of character in the West, the larger portion of their society being emigrants from different parts of this and other countries; spoke of their limited means of education, and of the importance of introducing the social and religious principles of New England among them—New England principles, the matchless bounty of a bountiful Providence! He dwelt upon the importance of early and immediate action—the importance of sowing the seeds of virtue before vice had taken root among them—bade us remember that *uncultivated* virtue was cultivated vice!—and called upon New England's sons to go among them—not in a mass, to excite an envious feeling—but to mix with them as *leaven* in the loaf, and thus produce a saving and enduring influence.' The same sentiments were attributed to Dr. Beecher in the *Annals of Education*, published at Boston.

Believing these sentiments to be both pernicious and absurd, we commented upon

them in the terms we thought they deserved. They were pernicious, because they drew a broad line of distinction between the east and the west, assigning a degree of moral purity and elevation to the one, and of darkness and degradation to the other, not justified by the actual condition of either; and the remarks, if true, were calculated to awaken jealous and unkind feelings. But we thought it not improbable, that Dr. Beecher was sincere in his admiration of the 'matchless' principles of New England, as well as in the exaggerated picture which he drew of the 'uncultivated vice' of our western states—for we could well imagine that a man who had spent a long life in the goodly land of the pilgrims, where there is much that is pure and noble, and whose two years' residence in the West had been passed chiefly at Cincinnati, and in the society of New England people, might honestly admire the land of his birth, and as honestly depreciate, from the representations of others, that which he knew nothing about. We chose, therefore, to treat the matter with ridicule—and to place the man, who would publicly advocate such narrow and puerile notions, in the position which would naturally be assigned to him by every person of common sense. We supposed the error of the writer to lie, in the mistaken vanity of advancing dogmas, in relation to a country whose threshold he had barely passed, whose laws and institutions he seemed not to have examined, and with whose population he could have but a slender acquaintance; and we imagined that none would have greater reason to rejoice in the exposure of those falacies, than the recent emigrants from New England, whose interests alone were jeopardized, by such unjust and injudicious sectional comparisons.

Some of the better class of our readers, however, took it into their wise heads to be very much offended—not at any thing said of them or their country—for we did not utter a disparaging word in reference to either; but because we had the hardihood to use the weapon of sarcasm against a grave doctor of divinity, who chose, for the purpose of advancing his own ends, to flatter one people at the expense of another. Some of the newspapers, edited by gentlemen from that much lauded region, railed at us in good set terms, as if we had desecrated the graves of the pilgrims, or treated with irreverence 'the matchless bounties of a bountiful Providence;' and a sedate personage who holds an office in Lane Seminary, to which the faculty have attached the ambitious prefix of 'honorable,' honored us with half a column of scurrility in the Cincinnati Journal—a paper devoted to Dr. Beecher—in which it was clearly shown that a man may be an honorable, and an officer of Lane Seminary, without possessing the homely virtue of veracity—for he said of us what was not true.

But during all this complaint and vituperation, not a whisper was heard from Dr. Beecher. He never, on any occasion, *publicly disclaimed the sentiments reported to have been uttered by him*, at Lowell and at Boston, by the editors of the Lowell Journal, and the Annals of Education; and while his friends were endeavoring to defend the sentiments thus imputed to him, *he was silent*.

Under these circumstances, it was with no small degree of surprise that we read this discourse, which purports to be the one 'delivered by the writer in several of the Atlantic cities last season, while on an agency for Cincinnati Lane Seminary,' and is asserted to be '*as it was delivered*, with a little enlargement on a few points which demand more ample illustration;' but which does not contain a syllable of the objectionable matter alleged to have been delivered by its author at Lowell and Boston. On the contrary, Dr. Beecher now adopts the views advanced by us in the article which gave so much offence to his friends; and argues against the positions attributed

to him by the Lowell and Boston editors, and so zealously defended by his friends. How this discrepancy will be reconciled between him and them, is not for us to decide. It is a matter *between them*, with which we shall not interfere, further than to show that however they may differ among themselves, we have been consistent. It is enough for us to know, that we have converted the doctor to the true faith, in reference to our social and religious principles, and that the idea of bringing out people to mix with us *as leaven*, was either a humbug invented at Lowell, or has been abandoned; as being not exactly consonant with the republican feelings of the western people.

To show the sincerity of his conversion, or the difference between his sentiments as delivered, and the narrow-minded partyism imputed to him by the Lowell editor, Dr. Beecher assumes some of the positions in relation to the western people which we have always maintained, and which are too well known to our readers to need repetition; and then adds, in a note, 'I am happy since my return, to find myself so ably sustained by my friend, Judge Hall, late of Illinois, whose long residence at the West, and extensive opportunities for observation, entitle his opinions on this subject to great respect. In the Illinois Monthly of 1831, speaking of emigration, he says:

'We have heard lately of several colonies which have been formed in the eastern states, for the purpose of emigrating to Illinois; and we always hear such information with regret. Not that we have any objection to emigration itself; on the contrary, few have done more than we, to encourage and promote it. We ardently long to see the fertile plains of Illinois covered with an industrious, an enterprising, and an intelligent population; we shall always be among the first to welcome the farmer, the mechanic, the school-teacher—the *working man*, in short, of any trade, mystery, or profession—and we care not from what point of the compass he may come; but wish to see them come to Illinois, with a manly confidence in us, and with feelings, not of New Englanders, or Pennsylvanians, but of Americans.'

The quotation of that paragraph places Dr. Beecher before the public in a position by no means enviable. When we objected to the language held by him at Lowell, in which he called upon New England's sons to go to the West, to introduce the social and religious principles of New England, 'and to mix with the people as leaven, and thus produce a saving and enduring influence,' directing our satire at the narrow-mindedness exhibited by the speaker, Dr. Beecher and his friends asserted that *we* had used the same sentiments, and we were threatened with the publication of our own words. How has that pledge been redeemed? Dr. Beecher abandons the language and sentiments to which we objected, adopts our views, writes a text to suit a certain passage of ours, and then introduces that passage as a note, to support his text! Nothing could be more disingenuous than such a course. Our language had reference to an emigration by which the physical strength of the country should be improved—and not the slightest allusion was made by us to the social and religious principles of New England. We indicated no preference in favor of New England people, but said that 'we should be among the first to welcome the farmer, the mechanic, the school-teacher—the *working man*, in short, of any trade, mystery, or profession, *from any point of the compass*.' We spoke not of 'the West,' but of Illinois alone, into which a valuable population was pouring from Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York, as well as from New England; and the application of our language to one of those classes, in exclusion of the others, is a perversion of its meaning.

Nor is this all: Dr. Beecher has *not quoted our language correctly*; that which he gives as a connected paragraph, is taken from different places, and arranged together to suit his own purposes. The first part is taken from page 417, and the rest from page 421, of the first volume of the Illinois Monthly Magazine. The doctor is perfectly welcome to quote the language of '*his friend*, Judge Hall,' whenever he pleases, but not to alter it.

In reference to another note, in which the language of the editor of this work is quoted, it is only necessary to remind the reader that it was written with reference to *Illinois*, four years ago, and can have no application, whatever, to the condition of the whole West, nor to the present time.

We now leave this subject, which we should not have touched, but for the abuse formerly lavished on us by the partizans of Dr. Beecher, and the unauthorized liberty taken by himself, in misquoting our language, and perverting its meaning to a purpose which he knew we could not approve.

When we say that this discourse includes none of the objectionable matter contained in the remarks reported in the Lowell Journal, we should except that anomalous proposition, '*uneducated mind is educated vice*,' which we find repeated, and italicised, to render it emphatic. We are still unable to discover the slightest glimmering of common sense in this remark. Uneducated mind is not only, not necessarily educated in vice, but is absolutely not educated in any thing. It is certainly the most palpable *non sequitur*, ever uttered by the president of a college, and we should be tempted to doubt the value of the education which taught such logic. Dr. Beecher's dreams about Rome, and Vienna, and Metternich, have unsettled the usually steady balance of his mind, and raised up images which have neither form nor comeliness. We are happy to learn, however, that he did not neglect, in his great love for '*the West*,' and his terror of Austria, and ignorance, and papacy, and the wild Irish, the main object of his visit to New England, which was to raise money for Lane Seminary, but procured by an appeal to party feelings, that which would as cheerfully have been given to benevolence.

About two-thirds of the latter portion of this volume are filled with a labored argument against the catholics and the emigrants from foreign countries. Dr. Beecher attempts seriously to show that '*this emigration, self-moved and slow in the beginning, is now rolling its broad tide, at the bidding of the powers of Europe, hostile to free institutions, and associated in holy alliance to arrest and put them down.*' The evidence should be ample, indeed, upon which a christian minister undertakes thus to denounce a whole class of laborious foreigners, who have chosen our country as their home, and have quietly submitted themselves to our laws. It is a charge of conspiracy against our liberties, which includes in its denunciation, the whole body of catholics in the United States, whether native-born or foreign. It is a charge made without the support of a single tittle of testimony—without the production of a single overt act of hostility, towards our government, on the part of the Roman Catholics. It is a charge made against a body, in which were numbered many of the patriots of the revolution, and of those who, at a later period, have participated in the counsels of the nation, or have bared their breasts in battle to the enemies of our country, and among whom are found thousands of reputable, industrious citizens, whose integrity is above suspicion, and whose love of country is too pure and elevated to be tainted by the breath of a calunny so gratuitous and unfounded.

Will any person in his senses believe that a native American, who happens to have been educated in the catholic faith, would on that account, blast his reputation, barter away his birthright, sell his country, and submit himself and those who are dear to him to the withering grasp of a despot, in obedience to the mandate of the pope, or the emperor of Austria? Can it be credited that the Irish who have fled from the oppression of a ruthless tyranny, could be prevailed upon to forget their hatred of kings, and forge new chains for their own hands? Did *they* come 'at the bidding of the powers of Europe hostile to free institutions?' Are the illiterate, hard-working Germans, who are scattered over our land as peaceful cultivators of the soil, the secret conspirators sent hither by the pope? Or are the French, whose own king can scarcely keep his head on his shoulders, so besotted with the love of monarchy, as to be engaged in the promising design of giving us a kingly ruler? If it were possible to believe that the pope and the despots of Europe were so weak as to imagine such a design, it is difficult to see where, in this country, they could find the materials for their party. The last place that we should look for royalists, would be among our catholic population, a large proportion of whom are poor, and inclined to the most radical school of democracy.

The absurdity of this alarm about the catholics, is not more monstrous than some of the arguments used to support it—as for instance, the following :

'The simple fact that the clergy of the catholic denomination could wield in mass the suffrage of their confiding people, could not fail, in the competition of ambition and party spirit, to occasion immediately an eager competition for their votes, placing them at once in the attitude of the most favored sect; securing the remission of duties on imported church property, and copious appropriations of land for the endowment of their institutions.' To this text is appended the following maginal note: 'Senator Benton, of Missouri, we understand, has introduced a bill to give two thousand acres of land to a catholic college.'

Here it is assumed, that the catholic clergy could wield, in mass, the suffrage of their people, and that this power, in the competition of party spirit, &c., would place them in the attitude of the most favored sect. This is taking for granted both cause and consequence—it is supposing that the catholics would suffer their priests to control their votes, which never can be the case in a free country, and it is also supposing them to derive legislative favor from this cause, which is prohibited by the constitution. And the writer entirely overlooks the fact, that the catholic priesthood have always held the same influence over their people which they now possess—yet we have no evidence that they have ever controlled the votes of their people in mass, nor that they have been favored as a sect; and we know no reason why the writer should assume that these consequences *would* flow from the action of the catholic church, which have not yet appeared in the half century during which they have lived peaceably under our government. The note about senator Benton, needs no commentary to explain what would be the conduct of some protestants that might be mentioned, if they possessed the power which is attributed to the catholics. Why should not the catholics share the munificence of congress with other sects? Would congress dare, with that clause of the constitution before them which guaranties *equal* rights to all sects, to make a distinction? And if other colleges are endowed with land, why not a catholic college? In all the western states, land has been given largely for education; the college lands, under the fair operation of that rule of republics which gives

power to the majority, have fallen solely into the hands of protestants. The catholics have supported their own colleges. Yet they have higher claims than any other sect. They were the first settlers of all that is now Louisiana, Mississippi, and Missouri. They first introduced education into our valley, and their schools and colleges were, for a series of years, the only nurseries of learning, west of the mountains. They have not proved less patriotic than any other denomination. At the college at Bardstown, hundreds of young natives of the west have been educated, and among them, the sons of some of our most distinguished men. It will not be contended that those gentlemen are less estimable as men, or less true to their country as citizens, than others, who were educated elsewhere. With these facts in view, the denunciation of this sect, and the attempt to hold up a member of congress to public indignation, by an insinuation of impure motives, for doing that for a portion of *his constituents*, to which they conceived they had a fair claim, is most ungenerous. It is an appeal to the most unkind feelings and narrow prejudices of our nature, and seeking to rob a large body of unoffending citizens of those rights which are guarantied to them by the constitution of our country.

Dr. Beecher says: 'Let the catholics mingle with us as Americans, and come with their children under the full action of our common schools and republican institutions, and the various powers of assimilation, and we are prepared cheerfully to abide the consequences.' This is an instance of the mystification, in which this author sometimes indulges, when he attempts to dress his thoughts in language which will bear one construction to the world, and another to the initiated. To the latter this means, let the catholics cease to be catholics, and we will be satisfied, but not till then; to the world it addresses a specious proposition, rounded off with great apparent candor, but which, when touched, proves to be mere sound. The catholics do already nearly all that Dr. Beecher asks of them in that sentence. They *do* mingle with us as American citizens, and come under the full action of our republican institutions and various powers of assimilation. They have their own schools, and have a right to have them; and no sect could with less propriety complain of this, than that to which Dr. Beecher belongs, which has grasped at the control of schools and colleges beyond any other sect, and done more for the cause of learning.

We have gone into this subject because it is one which imperiously demands the attention of those editors who are friendly to peace and good order. The recent excitement of the public mind against the catholics, founded in ignorance, error, and gross prejudice, is greatly to be deplored; and it is with the deepest regret that we see such a man as Dr. Beecher lending the sanction of his name to an illiberal cabal of demagogues, who, under the name of religion, are disturbing the peace of the country, with their own ambitious intrigues. What candid man, what liberal christian, can read without astonishment such language as the following:—'For what was the city of Boston for five nights under arms—her military upon the alert—her citizens enrolled, and a body of five hundred men constantly patrolling the streets? Why were the accustomed lectures for public worship, and other public secular meetings suspended? Why were the citizens, at sound of bell, convened at mid-day in Faneuil Hall? to hear catholicism eulogized, and thanksgivings offered to his reverence the bishop, for his merciful protection of the children of the pilgrims! And why, in the cradle of liberty, and under the shadow of Bunker's Hill, did men turn pale, and whisper, and look over their shoulders, and around, to ascertain whether it were safe to speak aloud,

or meet to worship God? Has it come to this? that the capital of New England has been thrown into consternation by the threats of a catholic mob, and that her temples and mansion stand only through the forbearance of a catholic bishop? There can be no liberty in the presence of such masses of dark mind, and of such despotic power over it in a single man. Safety on such terms is not the protection of law, but of single-handed despotism.' *Plea for the West*, p. 91.

What reader, unacquainted with the history of passing events, would imagine that this inflammatory appeal to the most vindictive passions of the human breast, was elicited by the occurrence of a most brutal and cowardly outrage, in which the catholics were sufferers, and the protestants aggressors? by an event, in which a religious house was desecrated by violence and crime—when an infuriated mob rushed under cover of night, upon the sleeping inmates of a convent—upon a society of unprotected females—whose sex, whose religious character, whose threshold, were alike insufficient safe-guards, and in whose defence neither benevolence, nor law, nor gallantry, interposed a shield! Would it be believed, if the facts had not transpired within our own knowledge, that the offence of 'his reverence the bishop,' consisted in his restraining the natural feelings of resentment, aroused by persecution in the bosoms of his people, and in exercising the proper functions of his holy office, by admonishing them to the practice of forgiveness and forbearance? In a protestant minister, such conduct would have been termed christian meekness—in a catholic bishop, it is *despotic power*, and *single-handed despotism*, and is tauntingly spoken of as *his merciful protection of the children of the pilgrims!* Can any one read without amazement, such logic from a venerable and veteran minister of the gospel, who has no condemnation for the mob that destroyed a convent, not a word of censure for the community whose laws become inert, when the catholic claims their protection, yet can pour out bitter sarcasm upon the catholic bishop, whose piety, or whose good sense, induces him to obey literally, the mandate of our Savior, by restraining his flock from resenting such flagitious injury—who passes over in silence, the atrocities of robbery and arson, which *caused* the very consternation that he describes in such glowing language, and can indulge himself in the exclamation, 'how felicitous the condition of American citizens, who depend gratefully upon the hand and will of a catholic bishop to protect them from clubs, and conflagration, and the knife!'

There must be a reaction of the public mind on this subject. No people have ever yet been persecuted, who have not gained strength by oppression, and in a free country like ours—in a country of generous feeling, and liberal opinion, intolerance cannot long stalk abroad unrebuked. The incessant stream of vituperation poured out upon the catholics in our religious papers, has wearied out the patience of the public. The appeals to the passions of the ignorant, by which mobs have been arrayed against them, have opened the eyes of reflecting men to the true nature of the controversy; and public sentiment will not sustain any body of men in a course of conduct which is unjust in itself, and which brings religion into discredit, while it stirs up an angry fanaticism, awakens the fierce antipathies of a past age, and brings disorder into the bosom of a peaceful country.

We might add many arguments to show the danger to our country from the violence of sectarian controversy; but we hope they are not now necessary. We have said that which the occasion demanded of us—we have given our suffrage against that iniquitous warfare, which men professing to worship the same God, and acknowledging

the same Redeemer, are waging against each other, to the disturbance of the public tranquility, and the destruction of vital religion. The whole land is fretted into high excitement by irritating dissensions in politics and religion, and it becomes those who are for the country, the *whole country*, to shake off the fetters of party, and throw their influence in favor of an universal peace. Let patriots and christians unite in frowning down these discreditable brawls. Let protestants and catholics alike abstain from those unchristian contests, which block the doors of their several churches to the approach of the sinner, who would be taught the way of peace, and makes infidels of those, who imagine there is no religion where there is neither meekness, nor charity, nor forgiveness.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

TAKEN AT BELLEVILLE, ILL. IN DECEMBER, 1834, AND JANUARY AND FEB'RY, 1835.

The times of observation are, V o'clock, A. M. and I and IX, P. M.

The mean temperature for each of these three hours, and for each month, is as follows:

	V.	I.	IX.	Mean of the Month.
For DECEMBER, . . .	30.07	38.89	33.62	34.15
JANUARY,	30.45	40.87	34.47	35.26
FEBRUARY,	17.37	28.12	21.67	22.44

For the WINTER, . . . 25.96 35.96 29.92 30.62

Thus, the mean temperature of the whole season is 30.62.

The maximum and minimum for these times of observation, are:

For December, max. 54.50, on the 7th : min. 10.75, on the 8th.

January, „ 55.00, 1st „ 11.50, 6th.

February, „ 56.00, 21st „ -16.00, [or 16 below zero] on 7th and 8th.

The mean temperature of well water, and the amount of rain that has fallen each month, in inches and hundredths, are

For December, well water, 53.50—rain, .68

January, „ 52.00 „ 2.59

February, „ 50.75 „ .20

Whole amount of rain during the winter season, 3.47; and the amount of snow has been only sufficient to cover the ground a few times.

For December the fair days are, 15; cloudy, 11; variable, 4; rainy, 1: January, fair, 17; cloudy, 8; var. 3; rainy 3: February, fair, 19; cloudy, 8; rainy 1.

For the whole winter the fair days are 51; cloudy, 27; variable, 7; rainy 5. Thus nearly two-thirds of our winter has been favored with the bright shining of the sun.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,
For the Month of MARCH, 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. MAR. 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer. mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM-PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath- er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.						
1	1.0	27.0	17.6	29.666	SW-SW	str.wd.		clear.	
2	17.0	32.0	24.0	29.669	W-W	lt.wd.		fair.	
3	21.0	33.0	25.0	29.750	NW-NW	lt.wd.		fair.	cloudy morn.
4	9.0	33.0	20.6	29.856	W-W	lt.wd.		clear.	
5	9.2	42.0	24.1	29.786	NE-NE	lt.bre.		clear.	
6	13.0	48.0	29.3	29.523	E-E	lt.bre.		clear.	fine day.
7	22.0	51.0	35.5	29.363	NW-NW	lt.bre.		clear.	smoky morn.
8	24.0	55.0	40.1	29.296	NE-SE	lt.bre.	.11	vari.	well water 43°
9	38.5	45.0	40.8	29.216	SW-S	str.bre.	.29	cloudy.	slight snow night.
10	34.0	43.5	37.2	29.316	W-W	str.bre.		cloudy.	
11	25.0	49.0	35.3	29.537	W-W	lt.bre.		clear.	heavy white frost.
12	29.0	59.0	47.1	29.366	SW-SW	lt.wd.	.21	fair.	rain night.
13	40.0	55.0	44.3	29.456	W-W	lt.wd.		clear.	
14	32.2	53.0	43.3	29.230	E-E	lt.wd.	.31	cloudy.	wet day.
15	42.0	65.0	54.3	29.043	SE-SW	str. wd.		cloudy.	
16	40.0	66.0	51.0	29.050	W-W	hg. wd.		vari.	spr. at 9 P. M.
17	31.5	43.0	35.3	29.340	W-N	str. wd.		vari.	clear evening.
18	25.6	59.0	43.5	29.140	NE-NE	lt.wd.	.04	vari.	clear morn.
19	39.0	54.0	44.0	29.167	NW-NW	str. wd.	spr.	fair.	drizzly morn.
20	34.0	68.8	52.3	29.190	E-SE	str. wd.		vari.	
21	41.0	66.0	51.0	29.010	NE-NE	str. wd.	.66	vari.	rain 8½ P. M.
22	30.0	39.0	33.3	28.999	NW-W	str. wd.	spr.	cloudy.	snow A. M. sli'y.
23	23.0	42.0	32.0	29.427	W-NW	str. wd.		vari.	clr. at sunrise.
24	32.2	65.0	48.7	29.490	W-W	lt.bre.		fair.	cloudy morn.
25	39.0	69.0	54.0	29.543	S-S	str. wd.		fair.	hazy.
26	44.0	60.0	50.0	29.363	S-SW	str. wd.	.24	cloudy.	rain at sunrise.
27	33.0	62.0	47.0	29.386	W-SW	lt.wd.		fair.	hazy morn.
28	40.0	55.0	45.0	29.153	W-W	hg. wd.		vari.	
29	34.0	53.0	42.7	29.297	NW-N	hg. wd.		vari.	
30	29.8	59.0	43.9	29.423	N-NW	lt.wd.		clear.	fine day.
31	31.0	70.0	50.3	29.361	NW-NW	lt.wd.		clear.	white frost.

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 40° 08

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 70°

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 1°

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 69°

Warmest day, March 15th.

Coldest day, March 1st.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - 29.3681

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.89

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 28.74

Range of barometer, - - - - - 1.15

Perpendicular depth of rain, (English inches) - - - - 1.86

Direction of Wind: N. 1½ days—NE. 3½ days—E. 2½ days—SE. 1½ days—S. 2 days—SW. 4 days—W. 10 days—NW. 6 days.

Weather: Clear and fair 16 days—variable 9 days—cloudy 6 days.

The mean temperature of this month was 3°.68 lower than that of the same month in 1834.

The perpendicular depth of rain in March 1834, was 3.87 inches; being more than double that of the same month the present year: on the whole, it has been remarkable for the number of fair days, and the absence of the usual quantity of rain.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1835.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY. By the author of the Sketch Book, No. 1. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

THE return of Washington Irving to the United States, has been welcomed, not only by the literary circles of our larger cities, but by the acclamations of a whole people, who claim him with pride as their countryman. If fame be his object, he should be satisfied; for no living author is more widely known, or more universally admired. Bulwer creates a greater stir; because his writings are of a more exciting character, and his admirers are of a class that talk loudly and positively, and write without reflection. But he will pass away like a brilliant meteor, while the name of Irving will continue to adorn the firmament of letters, shining mildly, but steadily, through all coming time. Bulwer has written much that is brilliant and striking—much that startles the reader, and awakens admiration; but Irving writes that which is beautiful and true. The former is most attractive on a first perusal, because there is a freshness and vigor about him, which is always agreeable. But if we recur to the pages of Bulwer, we discover that the charm has ceased to bind us in the pleasing illusion which it once threw around our senses, because the novelty—which after all, is the great secret of Bulwer's power—is gone. The striking metaphors, the bold antitheses, the daring solecisms in morals, which had enchained our attention, when unexpectedly thrown before us, with all the glare and gloss of newness around them, cease to produce the

same effect when we examine more deliberately their merits, and find that we have been tricked by the meretricious imagery of a bold style, into a hasty admiration of hollow sentiment, and false morality.

We are never thus disappointed with Irving. True to nature, he does not draw exaggerated pictures; faithful to his duty as a moralist, he never shocks the delicacy, nor alarms the moral sense of the reader, by a violation of decorum, or a perversion of any of the great rules of right and wrong. Polished, correct, and elegant in style, we recur to his writings with renewed pleasure, because every perusal discloses some new beauty.

Mr. Irving has produced some things which have never been excelled, and will never become obsolete. Among the early efforts of his pen, when his genius was in its full vigor, and the materials out of which he wove his inimitable sketches were abundant, are productions which combine wit and invention with richness of thought, purity of sentiment, delicacy of feeling, and an exquisite felicity of language. Superior to Addison in genius and taste, we know of no English writer, to whom he can be so properly compared as Goldsmith. It is of course understood, that we do not attempt to compare him with writers out of his own class—with poets, novelists, or metaphysicians. We could draw no parallel between the genius of such a man, and that of Byron, Moore, or Scott. He is, strictly speaking, an essayist, and should be compared with Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, and the periodical writers who have succeeded to them. Tested by this rule, he will be found to stand at the head of his class.

We have not forgotten that our gifted countryman, has written the life of Columbus, and has in the successful execution of that noble task, displayed the research, the patience, the vigor of intellect, the clearness of thought, the accuracy and elevation of style, which marks the accomplished historian. America has not produced another work of history so finished as this; and Great Britain has nothing more elegant. It places Irving by the side of Robertson, and shows that if he had not chosen to be the best essayist of his time, he might have been among the most eminent of modern historians.

But in classing a writer, we must examine his genius in that department in which its productions have been the most numerous—we must follow him into the path which he selected, as that which afforded him most pleasure, and which he trod with the greatest confidence. Mr. Adams wrote a poem, and so did Mr. Paulding; yet, admirable as each of these gentlemen is, in his proper sphere, neither of them will be

ranked among American poets. The Backwoodsman, and Dermot Mac Morrough, had they been written by other persons, would have brought celebrity to their authors—but emanating from men who had given higher and more splendid testimonies of genius, in other walks of literature, they are lightly estimated in comparison.

Irving's history is not inferior to his other works; it is a noble monument of intellectual vigor and industry: but it will never be half so popular as Knickerbocker or the Sketch Book. The former will be read by the scholar and statesman, the latter, by the great mass of English readers. The name of Columbus is the property of the world, and his history is identified with that of several nations; but Rip Van Winkle, Ichabod Crane, and the Little Gentleman in Black, belong to American literature and to Washington Irving.

We have not been among those who have railed at Irving for his long residence abroad, or who have supposed that his absence from his own country, was the result of any want of patriotism, or alienation of affection. There was a degree of indelicacy, as well as intolerance, in the spirit of those criticisms. The private concerns of an author should be as sacred from impertinent remark, as those of any other gentleman; and if he chooses to reside in London, rather than New York, no one should inquire into the reasons of an election which he has an undoubted right to make. Mr. Irving's character and history were too well known to his countrymen, to require any explanation or defence, in reference to a residence abroad, from which his country has derived honor and instruction.

Mr. Irving has not been a voluminous writer. He has composed with deliberation, and finished with great care, whatever he attempted. In this respect, he is a benefactor to the literature of his country, and a model for its writers. His purity of diction, his exquisite finish, and his labored accuracy of style, demand the highest commendation. He has had the good taste and independence to write English, when the fashionable compositions of the English themselves, were clothed in a mongrel dialect made up of the shreds and patches of every modern language—when a gibberish, in which all the living tongues of Europe were mingled in inextricable confusion, was the courtly medium of fashionable conversation in London—and when the great mass of polite literature professedly written in our vernacular, was so interlarded with scraps of trashy songs or proverbs, picked up by conceited travelers abroad, as to resemble a decent garment

of broadcloth, patched with a variety of flimsy, and gaudy, and party-colored materials.

We have more than once alluded, in terms of reprehension, to this vicious practice, which has pervaded especially the higher species of composition that have emanated from the London presses, and has turned polite into impolite literature. That which should have been pure and elegant, has been rendered impure and barbarous; and what was intended for popular reading has been clothed in a confused dialect alike unknown to the learned, and unintelligible to the mere English reader. The most pestilent sinner in this way, is lady Morgan; the most illustrious offender is Bulwer; and some of our traveling scribblers, who are amusing us with bad sketches of European manners, while they are praising themselves and their friends, in the anonymous articles on American literature which they furnish to the English periodicals, have adopted the same artificial slang, as the vehicle of their flimsy remarks.

Mr. Irving has not been ashamed of his country, or of his mother tongue, and has not been seduced by bad models, or deluded by the popularity which his genius gained for him in the fashionable circles of London.

It is long since we have been favored with any thing from the elegant pen of this favorite writer; and the public have been anxiously looking for his reappearance. Since his return to America, and especially since his tour through the western states, it has been currently reported, that his genius was again luxuriating in its native atmosphere, and his pen employed upon a subject, the scene and character of which would be American. But so well was his secret kept, that, in this region at least, not the most distant conjecture could be formed, of the nature of the anticipated work. That it would be shaped out of materials collected in the forests and prairies of the West, seemed to be probable; but whether it would turn out to be a collection of facts, or a work of fiction—the diary of a traveler, the sketches of a Geoffry Crayon, or a new series from the port folio of Deidrick Knickerbocker, none could tell, or guess.

The long expected volume has arrived at last, and we have the pleasure of accompanying our favorite author through scenes, which are new to him, and fresh in themselves. Irving on the prairies! Washington Irving among the honey-bees, the wild horses, and Osages of the frontier! The very idea has a novelty about it, which will induce many to read this captivating volume, who might not otherwise be allured either by the writer, or the subject. It is the combined attraction of an old favorite, with a new topic, which induces

us to open this book with avidity, and to linger among the delightful periods of Mr. Irving, with a sense of enjoyment scarcely inferior to that with which he beheld the grassy plain, the wild buffalo, and the picturesque Indian horseman.

But many will be disappointed when on first opening the book, they discover that nothing is said on subjects and scenes most familiar and most interesting to themselves. The return of our long exiled countryman to the United States, and his visit to the West, caused quite a sensation among us. To see Mr. Irving was a high treat to all who admire genius allied with purity of character—but to see the author of the *Sketch Book*, the biographer of Columbus, veritable editor of the writings of Deidrick Knickerbocker, on the shores of the ‘beautiful river’—to behold him hailed with acclamation in the theatre of Cincinnati, a city not older than himself—to greet him in the ‘dark and bloody ground’—was something so out of the common way, as to be noted among the extraordinary occurrences of the times. Next to seeing and hearing, in proper person, the amiable and highly gifted man, who is the most popular of our native writers, was the anticipated pleasure of perusing his forthcoming book. We felt a very natural and laudable curiosity to know what would be said of us and our country, by one who has traveled over many foreign lands, and looked attentively at all that is worthy of observation, in the wealth, the industry, and the arts, of other nations. On these points we were in the dark, for although Mr. Geoffry Crayon looked pleased, while among us, he said little, but journeyed courteously and quietly along, with a placid air of satisfaction, which only made us the more inquisitive, in reference to the pleasant musings in which his fancy appeared to find enjoyment.

Those who had formed such expectations, will not find them gratified—and it is perhaps well that such is the case—for Mr. Irving’s transit was too rapid to enable him to form any just appreciation of the people, the industry, or the institutions of the newly settled states. Passing these in silence, he commences his narrative at ‘Fort Gibson, a frontier post of the far West, situated on the Neosho, or Grand River, near its confluence with the Arkansas,’ and after a spirited recital, of the adventures which befel him in a tour of several weeks, through the hunting grounds of the Osages and the Pawnees, closes his tale at the same point.

From the hasty perusal which we have been alone able to bestow upon this volume, we should say, that it contains more incident than is customary in the works of this writer, but bears all the features of ease, polish, and elegance, which

render his style so exquisitely felicitous. We do not find, nor do we expect, those beautiful touches of quiet thought, and happy illusion, and chastened humor, which distinguish the other writings of our favorite; but in their stead, we have lively narrative, comprising a series of admirable pictures of border life, drawn with a rare fidelity, and finished with inimitable spirit. The writer rises in our estimation as we remark the versatility with which he adapts himself to scenes so foreign from all his former experience, throwing aside the indolence of the scholar, and the associations of the closet, and entering with all his heart into the spirit of the wild scenes, and bold companions, that were grouped around him. When we add that his style, and train of thought, are happily adapted to his subjects, and that among the variety of topics suggested by such a tour, he has judiciously selected those which are least hacknied, and most strikingly picturesque, we have expressed what have occurred to us as the peculiar excellencies of this agreeable volume. It is one of the best of the author's productions, and will be as acceptable to readers in the Atlantic states, on account of its originality and truth, as it will be popular on our side of the mountains, in consideration of the kind and partial tone in which the manners, employments, and diversions of the dwellers upon the border are described. We have witnessed much that he has described, and are more familiar with many of the scenes that engaged his attention, than we are with the customs of the city, in which we now reside; and we are sure that we have read this book with a relish, that could be produced only by the fidelity and gracefulness of the author's recital. Nothing can be more natural, for instance, than his description of a bee hunt.

‘The beautiful forest in which we were encamped, abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees, in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far West, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say, that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the beehive with the farm house and flower garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man, and I am told that the wild is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the

West pretend to give the very year when the honey bee crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets, and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.'

'At present the honey bee swarms in myriads, in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, 'a land flowing with milk and honey;' for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea shore, while the flowers with which they are enameled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.'

'We had not been long in the camp, when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow in a homespun garb that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat, shaped not unlike a beehive; a comrade equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulders. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles, for no one stirs far from the camp without his firearms, so as to be ready either for the wild deer or wild Indian.'

'After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honeycomb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.'

'Two of the bee hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the mean time, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree, and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of

the ax seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack which announced the disrapture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain; at length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.'

'One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge; they seemed stupified by the catastrophe, and unsuspecting of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of honeycomb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown color, others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire, were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered by the fall, were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.'

'Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community; as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honeycombs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full-freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his breeches pocket, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.'

'It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive, who had been absent at the

time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, at the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, from which they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the "melancholy Jacques" might have moralized by the hour.'

This is by no means the most interesting passage in the book; but is a fair specimen both of the style and matter. Other scenes occurred, which, however, familiar to those who have roamed over the western prairies, were new to him; and these are described with the freshness of language, produced by a glowing first impression.

We hope that this will not be the last of Crayon Miscellanies, but that the author will continue for many years to enrich the literature of a country of which he is one of the greatest and most cherished ornaments.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TOURIST.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1828, I embark at New Orleans on board the steamboat *Washington*, captain Holden, for Cincinnati, the great commercial emporium of the West. The weather is pleasantly warm, winter dress is getting burdensome, and musquitoes are becoming quite an annoyance. The Mississippi is within a few inches of high water mark, which is considered a fine stage for steamboat navigation. On the left bank of this mighty river, New Orleans is handsomely situated, containing a population of about forty thousand. The appearance of the city indicates a high degree of prosperity, and notwithstanding its unhealthiness, it is destined to hold a distinguished rank among the cities of the South and West. Almost every country on the globe has its representative in New Orleans, though the greater portion of the citizens are French, Spanish, and American. In consequence of the heterogeneous character of the inhabitants, almost every living tongue is spoken, which renders a residence there, to some extent, unpleasant to those acquainted with but one language. In religion, the inhabitants are almost entirely catholic, there being but one or two protestant churches in the city. One

of the catholic churches is a fine specimen of architecture, and for elegance and splendor, is perhaps unsurpassed in the western country. The market of New Orleans may be considered excellent, being abundantly supplied with animal and vegetable food. Wild fowls are brought by the Indians in great quantities, from the lakes and bayous adjoining the city.

There are a French and an American theatre in New Orleans, both of which seem to be well sustained. The celebrated tragedian Booth, is performing in the American theatre before large audiences. The French theatre is frequently open on Sunday nights, from which I infer, that the citizens of New Orleans—particularly the French portion of them—are not very punctilious about the observance of the Sabbath. The harbor, for more than a mile in length, is handsomely lined with brigs, schooners, steamboats, and flatboats, amounting in the aggregate to several hundred. The flatboats are only destined to float with the current, and are employed in bringing produce from the 'upper' to the 'lower' country, large numbers being thus constantly employed. Steamboats have taken the place of keelboats and barges, the latter being only employed in the navigation of small streams.

About sunset, the bell is rung, which is the signal for starting, and in a few moments the engine is put in motion, and the Washington is under way, and moves off in fine style, against the current of the 'great father of waters,' with nearly a full cargo, and one hundred and fifty passengers, two thirds of whom have taken deck passage. Cabin passengers are furnished with boarding, while those on deck supply themselves with provision, and assist the crew withal in 'wooding.' The expense to the former is forty, to the latter eight dollars. The passengers on deck are generally young men from Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, who had gone 'down the river' with flatboats, and who, in consequence of the low wages given to boatmen, are unable, or from motives of economy, unwilling to take the more expensive passage in the cabin.

The plantations on either side of the Mississippi, are protected from inundations by the *levee*, a bank of earth several feet in height, extending on the left bank of the river to Baton Rouge, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles above New Orleans, and on the right bank, to Point Coupee, which is twenty miles farther up the river. The prospect, as far as the *levee* extends, is truly charming, presenting the appearance of a continued village.

February 2d, we pass the 'Red church,' a name which has become as familiar to boatmen on the 'lower Mississippi,' as 'household words.' It is an ancient catholic chapel, beauti-

fully situated within full view of the river. Also pass the splendid residence and delightful plantations of General H——, who has been by many considered a soldier of somewhat doubtful patriotism. To-day we land on the coast, and take in a quantity of sugar and molasses, an operation furnishing ample time to inspect the buildings and apparatus of a sugar plantation: this was duly attended to by my fellow-passengers. This evening we run up with the 'Rob Roy,' a steamboat engaged in the 'cotton trade,' which left New Orleans several hours in advance of us. For the distance of ten miles the race was of doubtful issue; victory, is however at length declared in our favor. The Washington is a splendid double decker, calculated to carry three hundred tons, with a handsome and extensive cabin, furnishing ample accommodations and sumptuous fare; and in addition, is a boat of considerable speed.

In latitude 31° , and about two hundred miles above New Orleans, Red river, a stream of considerable magnitude, enters the Mississippi, below which there are many outlets or bayous, by which great quantities of water are carried to the ocean. Before our arrival at the city of Natchez, which is three hundred miles above New Orleans, we fell in company with the steamboat Cincinnati, with which we had an interesting contest of several hours duration; the Washington, however, proved to be the speedier vessel.

Natchez is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, on a bluff of considerable elevation, containing a population of several thousand, with a market-house, theatre, and several protestant churches. The inhabitants are more decidedly American in their character than those of New Orleans, though the French is considerably spoken.

February 4th, near the 'Walnut Hills,' above Natchez, we hove in sight of the steamboat Cleopatra, and soon came along side, and passed her in handsome style, which confirmed the favorable impressions entertained with regard to the speed of the Washington.

The Yazoo, a navigable stream, enters the Mississippi from the west, with a mouth several hundred yards wide, in latitude between 32° and 33° . Sugar seems to be the principal article of production upon the plantations, for a hundred miles above New Orleans, and from thence to the mouth of the Yazoo, cotton is the staple. The cypress tree grows on the banks of the Mississippi, and is beautifully decorated with Spanish moss, which is suspended from every branch, giving it a venerable and antique appearance. The liveoak also grows on the coast for a considerable distance above

New Orleans. Immense numbers of sea fowls are seen in the air, and on the water. The pelican, swan, loon, and several varieties of the duck, are particularly numerous on these waters. Alligators are also observed in considerable numbers and frequently fired upon.

Between 33 and 34° the Arkansas river enters the Mississippi from the west. It is about five hundred yards wide at the mouth: navigable many hundred miles for steamboats; next to the Missouri, is the largest western tributary, and is computed by geographers at twenty-five hundred miles in length. About thirty miles above the Arkansas, White river enters the Mississippi from the west, with a mouth several hundred yards wide. It is also a navigable stream, and its length is computed at twelve hundred miles. Near the mouth of this river we struck a 'sawyer,' which carried away the wheel-house and guards, fore and aft. Sawyers are very serious impediments to the navigation of this noble river. Many boats annually run foul of them and are lost.

February 6th, we encounter a chill northern atmosphere, and towards night a violent snow storm, which leads to a change of light clothing for the cloak and winter garments. The trees, when we left New Orleans, and along the coast, for several hundred miles, were nearly in full leaf and bloom; while here they are leafless and bloomless as in the middle of a Canadian winter. There, were constantly echoed the notes of the feathered tribe; but here, the forest appears as dull and *unmusical* as the tuneless harp described by the poet as hanging silently on Tara's walls. There, vegetation was considerably advanced; but here, nature is still clad in the robes of winter. The country, for the distance of five hundred miles above the Yazoo, is chiefly wilderness, there being but three villages within that distance, and occasionally a hut, occupied by woodchoppers, who supply steamboats with fuel. The cottonwood tree abounds on both sides of the Mississippi, to the mouth of the Ohio, and cane-brakes are occasionally interspersed, to change the dull monotony of the scene. The companions of my voyage are fellows of 'infinite jest,' many of them having just arrived at the period in their minority,

'When their fingers begin to feel the soft down
That grows on the chin,'

have been 'down the river' for the first time, to see the wonders and curiosities of New Orleans. They are, however, peaceable and well-disposed, spending their time at games of amusement, singing songs, and telling stories and anecdotes; but notwithstanding all their expedients to wile away their time, complaints of the tediousness of the voyage are heard.

February 9th, we leave the milky and turbid waters of the Mississippi, and enter the noble, magnificent, and enchanting '*la belle riviere.*' It is the largest eastern tributary of the Mississippi, and enters it between 36 and 37°, with a mouth more than half a mile wide. It is clear of the formidable snags and sawyers of the Mississippi, and is consequently a safer stream for navigation. We have now left the wilderness and the land of alligators and musquitoes; villages abound on both sides of the Ohio, at many of which we stop to land passengers and freight, which adds much to the tediousness of the voyage.

In latitude about 37°, the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, both large, navigable streams, discharge their waters into the Ohio, from the south within less than twenty miles of each other, including the meanderings of the river. The Wabash which is also a navigable river, empties into the Ohio from the north, in latitude 38°, and is the boundary line between Indiana and Illinois.

February 12th, we pass over the 'falls of Ohio,' at the head of which is situated on the left bank of the river, the city of Louisville, which appears to be in a thriving and prosperous condition, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The 'falls' are occasioned by a ledge of rocks that stretch across the river, and are difficult to pass at certain stages of the water. Within the distance of two miles, the descent is upwards of twenty feet; but the obstructions which have hitherto presented themselves to the navigator, will soon be obviated, by the canal which is now excavating.

The Kentucky, another tributary of the Ohio, enters from the south, a considerable distance above the 'falls.' It is navigable to Frankfort, the Kentucky metropolis. Still farther up the river, the Miami enters from the north. It is a navigable stream, and is the dividing line between Ohio and Indiana. In the 'north bend,' above the Miami, is the residence of general Harrison, the commander-in-chief of the northwestern division of the army, during the late war with Great Britain.

February 13th, 1828, arrive at Cincinnati, the city of the wilderness in the 'far off West,' which, within the recollection of many that are now actors on the stage of human life, had neither a 'local habitation nor a name.' Scarcely twenty years have passed into the receptacle of 'things lost upon earth' since the days of keelboats and barges, when three months were required to perform this voyage, while with the steamboat it is readily performed in twelve days, for which we are indebted to the genius of the immortal Fulton.

THE BUCKEYE CELEBRATION.

CELEBRATION OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE STATE OF OHIO. By native citizens. Cincinnati: Lodge, L'Hommedieu, & Co. 1835.

WE have designated this festival, by the appellation which has been adopted in reference to it, by those who are most interested in giving it a name, and not from any partiality of our own, for this exceedingly homely epithet. The word buckeye, has long been used in this country as a term of derision; and we confess we cannot see the good taste of the attempt to bring it into serious use. It has nothing to recommend it; a nickname can never be elegant, and in this one it is difficult to discover any appropriateness or peculiar adaptation. Its connexion with such a festival is singularly unfortunate. The anniversary celebration of the first settlement of a state, by native citizens, should be an occasion of high dignity, as it is certainly one of intense interest; and the introduction of a ludicrous epithet has a tendency to turn the whole affair into ridicule.

It has been asked, what shall we call ourselves, if not Buckeyes? We reply, that we do not discover any particular necessity for any nickname whatever. The Jack Downing and David Crockett taste, which has been gaining favor even in polite circles, for several years past, is one which should not be encouraged; and we think it far from creditable to the nation, that it has been so far introduced into our literature, as to be spread through the newspapers and periodicals. There is neither wit nor meaning in the terms *Hoosier*, *Sucker*, *Corncracker*, and *Buckeye*, which have become so current; and it is not without mortification that we hear strangers inquiring the origin and meaning of these names. They have in reality no meaning, but are mere slang, accidentally or arbitrarily introduced.

We perceive that senator Ewing, in his dinner speech, uses the word Ohian, a term which seems to be chosen with great felicity. The term Ohioan, as heretofore used, is neither euphonous nor classical; while that which has been so judiciously substituted, is supported by precedent, and recommended by its own elegance and smoothness.

The natives must not be offended at the freedom of these remarks, which are made in a spirit of perfect respect and kindness towards those to whom they may apply. If we did not honor the memory of the noble pioneers of the West, to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude, the weight of which has never yet been properly appreciated, we should

not have taken the trouble to point out what we consider an error in judgment, on the part of those who are piously endeavoring to perpetuate the remembrance of their deeds and sufferings. The festival is one which ought to be celebrated annually, so long as Ohio remains a sovereign state; with pomp—with rejoicing—with eloquence and poetry—with all that may contribute to render the hardy virtues and patriotic actions of the fathers of the state, illustrious in the eyes of their posterity, and their successors.

In the criticisms with which we commenced this article, we have comprised all our objections—we shall not even speak of the eatables, which might have been better, nor of the wine, of which others are more suitable judges—in all other respects, the festival was one of the best of the kind that we have ever witnessed. The pamphlet before us contains a full account of the proceedings. The oration of William M. Corry, Esq., is a spirited and elegant production, written in pure and felicitous language, and strongly imbued with patriotism and common sense. The indisposition of the orator prevented him from adding to the merits of his composition the advantage of the graceful and emphatic elocution, which would have been expected of him under other circumstances; but the perusal will fully vindicate the choice of their orator, by the native Ohians.

The pamphlet contains a number of letters written by gentlemen who were invited, and unable to attend. There is one from the venerable Madison, the annunciation of whose revered name at the dinner table, caused a thrill of feeling throughout the assembly, and awakened a sentiment of filial kindness and patriotic gratitude, towards the distinguished statesman, the pure patriot, the amiable man, who at the age of eighty-five, was permitted the unusual gratification of mingling his sentiments with those of the children and grandchildren of his former compatriots. We noticed also a courteous letter from Mr. Clay, and a polite epistle from Washington Irving. The letters that pleased us best, were those of James K. Paulding and John P. Kennedy. There was a cheerful vein of wit and pleasantry about the latter, and a glow of national feeling in the former, that elicited bursts of applause from the company. There is much point, as well as elegance, in the following part of Mr. Paulding's letter:

‘For myself, gentlemen, my most earnest admiration accompanies the past history of Ohio, whose very name seems to point it out as the abode of happiness, the land of music and of song; and my most earnest good wishes are for its future prosperity. The great West has been to me always,

an object of interest and wonder. I have often wished, but as often failed, to go and see it with my own eyes; and have endeavored to make myself amends, by describing it from books and from imagination. It is the region of poetry, romance, and adventure, and those who imagine our country does not afford ample materials for all these, can never have heard of the courage, fortitude, perseverance, hardihood, and sufferings of the gallant pioneers of the Great Valley of the West.

‘Such being my feelings and impressions, I would at this moment rather visit that region of physical, moral, and political wonders, than make the tour of the old world: I would rather realize the miracle of the growth of Cincinnati, than ponder over the ruins and ancient glories of Rome: I had rather gaze on the graceful windings of the Ohio, than on the muddy currents of the Arno and the Tiber; and it gives me a thousand times more heartfelt pleasure to look forward to the future glories of my country, than back on the ancient renown of nations, whose former virtues now stand contrasted with their present degeneracy.’

Mr. Kennedy says to the committee, who addressed him:

‘It has long been my purpose, to which I have looked forward as a source of much future pleasure, to make a visit to the West, and especially to your beautiful city. I have deferred the enterprise from summer to summer, I can scarcely tell why, unless it be from some lingering remains of a feeling, which was common to my boyhood, that it was well to wait until the West grew ripe and roads grew better, and towns more populous. For we had a current prophecy then, that the West, from being the child, would become the mother of nations—and in this boyish fancy I have waited that I might see her as a matron. Suddenly, before I was aware, the prophecy has become truth—the West that I dreamed of is no longer there—the wilderness is gone—the Indian is gone—and even your old boatmen have vanished. You have sent colonies still farther towards the setting sun—and the West is a thousand miles away. Ohio was then the chubby and blooming girl of the family, who grew too fast for her garments, in spite of all the tucks and drawingstrings, and broad plaits, made ‘to let out.’ But she is now in vigorous womanhood—not following in the train of civilization and refinement—but leading it, and swaying the balance of the union by her moral and intellectual strength.’

The following ode, from the pen of Dr. Bird, the accomplished author of *Calavar*, contributed by him for the occasion, and having reference to a decayed tree of majestic size, which

lately stood on the shore opposite to Cincinnati, was very elegantly recited at the dinner-table, by Robert T. Lytle, Esq.

THE SYCAMORE.

RUDE tree, now gaunt with eld,
Storm-worn and thunder-scarred, without a spray,
Dodder, or moss, or misletoe, to deck
Thine antique nakedness; majestic wreck
Of the great wilderness now past away;
What tales of blood, of wild and woodland fray,
Lie in thy hollows 'cell'd,
Haply couldst thou but speak the scenes thou hast beheld.

A monarch in past years,
Thy speckled boughs, though now so leafless, roll'd
Billows of verdure in the summer gust,
And to the swelling river swept, like dust,
Clouds of autumnal tribute: thus of old,
When the red Shawnee rotted in thy mould,
The grave-yard of his peers—
The Dark and Bloody Ground—the lonely land of tears.

Yes, at thy root, the roar
Of wrath has sounded, and the death-song woke;
The tortured Huron, dying at the stake,
Dream'd of his green paths by his surging lake;
Or captive maiden, from the hills of oak
And pine, blue Unikas, beneath the yoke,
Wept her rough play-grounds o'er,
Peaks, vales, and gushing springs, ne'er to be look'd on more.

And here, perhaps, when Boone
Stole from the dusky forest; and, at night,
Gazed on the sweeping river, here he kept
His lonely vigils pleasantly, or slept,
Dreaming the dream of home; and woke with fright,
To conjure yells of Indians on the height,
From the nocturnal tune
Of boding owl or night-hawk, fitting in the moon.

Such scenes as these hast thou
Look'd on, old Sycamore; but ne'er again
Shalt thou behold them; from the runlet bed
Beaver and bear, and lapping wolf are fled;
The bison-path is empty, and the den
Of the hill-roaming elk, a place for men.
Up to thy blasted brow
I look with joy and pride, and ask what see'st thou now?

Where is the wilderness,
That once was wide around thee? ay, so broad,
That the keen vulture, o'er thee in the air,
Saw not its confines? Where the Indian? Where
The smoking cabin and the fresh-turn'd sod,
Wet with the blood the settler gave to God—
His purchase and his cess,
For the Elysium lands his sons possess?

Up to thy cloud once more,
 Keen vulture! stretch the wing, and scale the sky:
Where is the wilderness? Adown the steeps
 Eastern the flood of emigration sweeps;
 On the north lakes a thousand squadrons ply;
 And o'er the western prairies, where thine eye
 Wearies, the smoke-drifts pour—
 Vain search! vain thought! the wilderness was but OF YORE.

Of yore—for, sweetly seen
 O'er the smooth tide, the rotting boughs behold
 The magic city—wall, and roof, and spire,
 Blazing in sunset, and their pictured fire
 Glass'd in the river rolling on in gold—
 A scene of Heaven! What say'st thou, patriarch old,
 That view'st the latest scene—
 Ohio sleeping at the foot-stool of his Queen.

Enough—It is the last
 Of all the changes; and thy ruins grim,
 But ill besem the pageant smiling near,
 Yet fall not; life thy mouldering hatchments sere
 Still for the musing passer. Every limb,
 Plunged in the flood, shall tell its tale to him,
 Better than trumpet blast—
 Its legend of the wilderness, its story of the past.

The following lines, written for the occasion by an unknown hand, were recited by Mr. Joseph Longworth, jun.

THE PIONEER.

THE forest was silent, the gaunt wolf was there,
 Crouching low in the shade of his brush-covered lair;
 The panther was watching, and fiercely the snake
 Awaited his prey in the marsh and the brake.

The red man was there—who so swift in the race?
 So fearless in battle, so keen in the chase?
 He was there in the might and the pride of the brave,
 To vanquish his foeman—or purchase a grave.

The forest was cheerless—no mansion arose
 To give food to the hungry, the weary repose;
 The hurricane swept through the region of gloom,
 And the pestilence gathered its prey for the tomb.

Who is he that so boldly, his weapon in hand,
 Unappalled by the dangers that bristle the land,
 Unmoved by the tempest, unawed by the yell,
 Treads proudly the forest, and sleeps in the dell?

He has scaled the tall cliff where the bald eagles scream,
 He has passed the deep valley and forded the stream,
 He has slept on the rock by the rattlesnake's den,
 And roamed with the wolf in his own wild glen.

Say, who is that stranger who comes from afar,
 To the land of the savage, appareled for war;
 Alone, yet undaunted—no friend at his side—
 No comrade to counsel, no leader to guide?

'Tis the white man that comes—'tis the bold pioneer,
Long trained to the chase of the elk and the deer;
A child of the border, familiar is he
With the whoop that he heard on his mother's knee.

And *why* comes the stranger to this lone wild?
Why leave the endearments of home, wife, and child?
Why roam from his birth-place, his kindred and name?—
Ye sons of Ohio, ask *ye* why he came?

Look around o'er the valley—where, where is the land,
Whose soil is so teeming, whose sun-light so bland?
Whose streams so majestic?—what valley so blest,
So fruitful, so fair, as *the Vale of the West*?

Why left the fierce North-men their snow-covered home
To ravage fair Italy, conquer proud Rome?
Why sought the bold Saxon, the Norman, the Dane,
New homes in the far distant isle of the main?

Our fathers!—what star guided *them* o'er the wave,
To seek in the desert a home or a grave?
What lured the plain quaker, the puritan band,
And the bold cavalier to our wood-covered strand?

They *were* brave, they were free—they were tempted to roam
To a sunnier clime and a happier home:
And they searched every ocean, and tried every zone,
For a country, a climate, more bright than their own.

And thus came the bold, in the vigor of youth,
From the ocean-bound East, and the North, and the South,
To conquer a home and to win them a rest
On the redolent plains of the tree-studded West.

Ye natives! 'twas thus your adventurous sires,
Forsaking their father-land, altars, and fires,
The homes of their childhood, the graves of their kin,
Gave all that they valued for all they might win.

They climbed every barrier—no peril could daunt—
Through storm and through pestilence, battle and want,
And marching still on with the path of the sun,
Regained a lost home, in a paradise won!

Their star was the day-star, and westward it led,
Till around them in beauty the bright eden spread,
And the garden of gardens that blooms round us here,
Was found, and *was won*, by the *brave Pioneer*.

As we have already quoted largely in the way of poetry,
we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of copying the
contribution of Mr. Curry, a native Ohian, and one of the
most highly gifted poets of the valley.

ODE.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

LAND of the brave, and beautiful, and free!
Ohio, thy glad children celebrate
Thy high and wondrous destiny,
And, rallying on thy free soil, emulate

The chivalrous deeds of those who have won and wore
 Unfading laurels, gathered in thy name:
 The patriot band, whose martyrs went before,
 To wear in brighter worlds the diadem of fame.

The pioneers of the old days were led,
 By the high hand of Heaven, to thy green shore;
 The warriors of the wild before them fled—
 The dark-browed braves renowned in Indian lore—
 And theirs was joy unmingled, when they trod
 Thy forest depths, and thy savannahs wild,
 And thankfully their hearts went up to God,
 Light as the dreaming thought of a young sleeping child.

They wandered then along the verdant vales,
 Where brightly the careering rivers ran:
 Above the inland floods, their tiny sails
 Rose to the view of wild and savage man;
 And bird, and brute, from forest bough and lair
 Came stealing forth, the timid and the strong,
 To gaze upon the pageant of the air
 That past them with the breeze—went wondrously along.

Anon, the gloomy and titanic trees,
 That shadowed o'er the ancient burial mounds—
 Whose foliage, greenly quivering in the breeze,
 Gave music forth that seemed like lingering sounds
 Of other times—were by a spirit rude
 Torn down, and fashioned into mansions strange
 And new, that filled the hoary solitude—
 The prelude to a wide and wonder-stirring change.

A change of times—of men—of sleeping dust!
 Strong spirit of adventure, thou canst spurn
 Compassion's plea, and from his own home thrust
 The red man, to that land whence none return.
 And thou hast rent the sepulchres, and torn
 Their inmates from the calm repose of death,
 To be down-trodden heedlessly, or borne
 Abroad upon the earth by the tornado's breath.

The blight of scorn should fall and rest on him
 Whose reckless hands a brutal warfare wage;
 Who spoils for gain, the mausoleum, dim,
 And worn with storms of many a passing age.
 These old memorials of the dead were piled
 By nations striving for the breath of life,
 To tell of toils and battles in the wild;
 Save these, they have not left a relic of their strife.

Are there not visions vague and undefined,
 With which our death-like sleep is strongly fraught,
 Apart from the volition of the mind,
 And from the clogged and torpid spirit's thought?
 The dead! the silent, the unwaking dead!
 Perchance in Earth's green bosom, where they lie,
 Even thus their rest is broken by the dread,
 The shuddering, dreaming dread, of the rude spoiler nigh.

Then let the dead repose. There is a voice—
 The 'still small voice,' which cheers the wild and wave—
 Which bids the wanderers of the sky rejoice,
 And calls the weary to the sheltering grave.

Oh! let not that immortal voice, which now
Is ever whispering angel Virtue's name,
Wake even one hope to light the spoiler's brow,
Or meliorate his doom of never-ending shame.

But evil thus with good will ever blend,
In every earthly change. *Here good prevails.*
Our thankful pæans from the hills ascend;
Our songs of gladness from the populous vales,
Rich fields and gardens, from the desert won,
And flowery plains in happy stillness lie;
And steeples glitter in the noon-day sun,
Where erst the Indian hurled the feathery shaft on high.

Their countless stores in all our wide domain,
Fair Commerce and the arts prolific yield:
Greeting the sunshine, and the genial rain—
The plough-boy wins the harvest from the field.
The whistling plough-boy! Oft in summer morn
Behold him, rapt in spirit, musing stand,
Beneath the tassels of the waving corn,
The volume of the lore of ages in his hand.

And science with her all-enchanting wand,
Is ever pointing to her native sky—
To the bright stars, and the far heaven beyond:
The home for which her toiling children sigh.
And poesy, whose golden lyre first rang,
The rising of the infant world to bless—
Who erst of peace and joy in Eden sang—
Hath many a wild and chiming in the wilderness.

Green land of freemen! Thou and these were bought
With mortal sufferance; blood, and tears, and wo:
Here the stern Indian with his rifle fought,
Or sped the arrow from his twanging bow.
Here in the midst of clangor and alarm,
The strong man perished by a savage hand:
And here, when vanquished by the white man's arm,
The red chief turned in wrath to seek the spirit-land.

Dark years of danger, and of stormy strife,
Ye are a portion of the hoary past.
Fair star of freedom! Light of human life!
Thy rising beams illume the lonely waste.
They haunt the Indian in his gloomy dream—
They prompt the minstrel's happy heart to sing,
And crown thine image in the purling stream,
With the first emerald leaves, and flowers of early spring.

We add a gem from the delightful pen of Miss Gould, which was communicated under the following circumstances:

Mr. B. Drake being called upon for a sentiment, rose and said: 'Sometime since, Mr. President, a lady* of the pilgrim land, whose name is not unknown to fame, wrote to her correspondent in this city, for a drawing of the leaf and flower of our emblem buckeye tree. A circumstance so indicative

* Miss H. F. GOULD, of Newburyport.

of good taste and laudable curiosity, led to her being informed, a few weeks since, of the proposed celebration of the first landing of the emigrants in Ohio; and as a consequence, has placed in my hands a little poetic offering for the intellectual part of this festival. It is entitled 'The Emigrants from the Granite Hills,' and bears upon it the impress of her graceful pen. Being more beautifully appropriate to this hour, Mr. President, than any thing which I could say, with your permission, I will read it.

O, why do they go, as a lost roving planet,
A bright group of souls, to a region afar,
As sparks stricken out from their own hills of granite,
Combined but to make up a wandering star?

'To find them a home where the wild deer is leaping
O'er the turf that the white man has yet never trod;
Where free and unstartled the foxes are sweeping
The flower from the grass and the dew from the sod!'

But what will they do when the heavy rains, pouring,
Shall stream from the boughs o'er their shelterless heads;
When through the dark forest the night-winds are roaring,
And near them the bear or the Indian treads?

'While echo to echo is merrily telling
The blows the tall trees in their pride cannot stand,
They'll smite their firm trunks till they turn to a dwelling
To lodge the bold bosom that's nerving the hand!'

And what, for a seedtime and harvest to tame it,
At first, will they do with the wild fallow ground,
While still, as the land of his father's, to claim it,
The savage is gloomily stalking around?

'A price they will offer, and prompt to bestow it,
To share with the red man the soil for its worth.
But then, they are men! and they'll soon let him know it,
If yet he denies them a portion of earth!'

And how will they do by their sons and their daughters,
Who hear how their boat glided o'er the blue stream;
And touched the wild shore of the soft curling waters,
While all seems to them, as the things of a dream?

'They'll leave them, a beautiful Eden! and CLIO,
Delighting to wave o'er a region so fair,
Will waken her lute to the land of Ohio,
And show the green BUCKEYE leaf decking her hair.'

Mr. President, I offer you the following sentiment:

The female poets of the Granite Hills: the land of the buckeye is everywhere redolent of their beautiful minstrelsy.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

THE history of the human race, in relation—not to epochs and events—but, to *character* and *pursuit*, is the most instructive portion of the great volume of human knowledge. It solves the problem, so often asked, by those who live in a *medley of particulars*, and not a system of *principles*—whether the world is in a progressive, or retrograde state—and by solving it *favorably*, furnishes ground of hope and enthusiastic joy, to those who think they can see through the twilight of morning, the ruddy beams of a more glorious day. It determines also, *the means*, by which it has progressed, and thus furnishes the friend of human happiness with the self-multiplying power of carrying that happiness to its *ultimate* limit—when, according to the vision of prophecy—the last ray of the setting sun shall fall upon a more than Eden, a world of blooming gardens and rejoicing spirits.

As there is a progression in the life of men, from infancy to age, so has there been, in the life of *every nation*, whose entire being has yet been recorded. And, in the same manner, as the individual and the nation have the *organic* principles of progress, so also there is, in the aggregated life and constitution of the whole race, fixed elements of growth, and maturity. It is no objection to this, that all nations have not progressed with equal rapidity, or, that the Scythian and the Greek, the savaṇ and the savage are found side by side. So is it with nations and individuals: A Newton, and the veriest brute which ever represented humanity, might have been found together, in the most brilliant period of the most brilliant nation in modern Europe. It is sufficient for us, that the *national mind* had progressed—however much some of its members may have lagged in the race: it is sufficient now, that the *aggregate mind* of the human race has progressed through all time—contains the elements of progression—and may not end, till it has entered upon a richer field of inquiry, and been ennobled by higher results. Those who believe these propositions, and feel their force, have within themselves sources of happiness, and means of improvement—than which, there is no higher intellectual enjoyment. The *end* that shall be, we know not—except, as revealed to us in the scriptures of God—but the past is matter of record, upon which, that scripture has thrown new light and new illustration.

The *aggregate mind* of humanity seems to have three stages of being; each strongly marked; and each, as in individuals, flowing imperceptibly into one another. And

these three bear relation to three different functions of the human constitution: the *physical*, the *intellectual*, and the *moral*. These are the various forms of *power*. And, as power has ever been the object of human desire and veneration, these three have, in turn, swayed the sceptre over the opinions and the works of men. They will prevail in the order of excellence; and when the last shall have attained its growth, according to the christian system, the life of the race will draw near its close; a few years of joyous existence, by green pastures, and still waters, will be vouchsafed its evening here—then time shall be no more.

We can notice now, but one stage in this progress of intellectual life. It is that of its primitive condition, when concerned chiefly with the things of the physical world.

There is a very marked relation between a primitive people, and childhood. In studying the progress of intelligence, in either of them, we find the same defects, the same wants, and the same results. They equally want experience, and the comprehension of what they have experienced; and are equally capricious—either slaves or tyrants. The first superiority which they conceive of, is that of *physical force*; and as they have been exposed alike to its protection, or its oppression, it is, by turns, the object of their veneration or their terror. If we reascend to the primitive ideas of men, we always find *gigantic* creation, as the *Titans*, *Hercules*, the god *Thor*, and *Odin*, king of men. Everywhere *force* obtains the first homage, and this sentiment is so enrooted in man, that he reproduces it with a thousand modifications, till it finally yields to moral power. As masses move slow, and require long to be enlightened, they long preserve their primitive belief; hence, the gigantic heroes of popular tales, who are the simplest and grossest expression of physical force. They are higher than the trees of the forest, live upon human flesh, and take seven leagues at a step. The imagination yields every thing, which can produce vigorous prodigies; but, by a sort of compensation, these giants are *stupid*—easy to be duped—and grossness envelopes their darkened minds. But, there is already a degree of civilization beyond this, in the primitive conceptions. The child, or rather infant humanity, has a confused sentiment of another power, which it cannot yet explain to itself; but which is developed, as it has become engaged with physical force. Argus sleeping by Mercury, Ulysses escaping from the cave of Polyphemus; the little child playing with the Ogree; all ending, by taking away the seven-leagued boots, and putting out the eyes, among both ancients and children, are but the manifestations

of an idea newly acquired. They have learned, that they can successfully oppose *cunning* to *force*, and have hastened to inscribe this step in their annals, with the dramatic forms, which please them. It is a grand step to take; but the step, which remains to take, is longer and more difficult.

Force no longer imposing upon him, man seeks another idol. It is always power; but, to what shall he give it? He has overthrown physical force—*cunning* is not sufficiently grand—and although approving, he cannot admire it. Here again he acts by a sort of presentiment—he deifies *intelligence*. And the prodigies produced by science, discoveries, present and future, are to him sources of the marvellous. He creates supernatural beings; magicians who traverse the regions of the air in flying chariots—who plunge into the depths of the sea, and live in coral caves—who penetrate the bowels of the earth, to withdraw its gold and its jewels. These were the magi of the Egyptians—the sorcerers of the Pagan—the gheber of the Persian. It is sufficient for them to *desire*, in order to *accomplish*. What is this other principle, which draws the gaze of man in the fulness and the entirety of his intelligence—reigning over every thing material—forcing earth and ocean to give up their riches? At this stage, *females* come in to participate in the new distribution of power. They are kind *fairies*, who protect those who torment the magicians, and combat the enchantments of the latter, by subterfuge; for they rarely struggle with equal hand. Their means are metamorphoses, sorceries, and rings to render themselves invisible. It is still the combat, under another form of *cunning* against *force*. And we here find again the admiration of both children and primitive people, for every thing which pleases the eyes; the love of beauty, and the hatred of age and of ugliness. The good fairies are young, charming, filled with graces; the old are bad, ugly, toothless.

The reign of these supernatural beings is long, and is lost in the religious belief of good and evil spirits—angels of light and angels of darkness. Little by little man has arrived at an interest in himself, without an intermediate. He has recourse only to the *passions* for emotion. Love, hatred, vengeance—all the primitive sentiments, if I may so express myself, furnish him with the most dramatic recitals. He paints grand features, and their positions are simple and strong. It is the epoch of heroic, and often also of religious songs, which arise from the same sources—admiration and devotion.

The characteristics of this poetry are strength and rude-

ness. Its necessary accompaniment, is the resounding of arms, and the place of its lonely *improvisatising*, in the midst of precipices where the vegetation is strong and abundant—where the plants have a perfume, a thousand times more intoxicating than that of the flowers of the field—where the trees lift, unobstructed, their long arms towards heaven—and where nature displays herself, in native and rude magnificence. Such was the poetry of Ossian. It harmonizes with the noise of torrents—with the low rumbling of wind through the trees—with the wild cry of the eagle, as he dashes on his prey. Born in heroic times, it survives them, resists oppression, recoils before it, takes refuge in the mountains, in the caverns of the savage, reanimates itself, burns and dies with liberty, to be born again with it in other times. In England, it existed among the Cambrians, then among the Anglo Saxons, and finally, on the frontiers of Scotland among the border clans, who desolated the land which they defended. In our day, chased from civilized Europe, it finds a refuge in Greece, and the songs of the Klopiti reveal it, in all its savage and malign beauty. The *aggregate* of mankind have, however, long past this epoch in human progression, whether we consider it amidst the semi-civilization of China, the temples of the Brahmin, or the history of the ‘Eternal City.’ The dominion of *force* slowly yielded to the power of *intellect*: And we, henceforth, enter upon that brilliant and active period of humanity, which extends its years through the empire of science and the arts. Its history is the history of triumphant genius—genius borne on the wings of immortality through the regions of matter and of mind—taking its sunward flight to the heavens—ceasing not its course till that sun goes out, before the light of a more perfect day.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

TIME has been, and that not long since, when the *title* of this article would have excited surprise; and the fact, that the *air* had been successfully navigated, be received with more credulity, than any fiction of the Arabian Nights Entertainment. In fact, when untaught imagination sought for means to invest the *magician* and the *fairy*, with most surpassing powers, it represented them as moving through the air with wings, and *flying chariots*. Invention could no further go. Yet, how much does *reality* exceed any vision of

fancy! It is so in the moral world, where all the pictures of genius, though painted in the hues of heaven, fall short of the simple, touching scenery of real life. It is far more so with *science*—the scriptures of nature—which convert the dreams of one generation into the realities of the next. Does Fancy paint some wandering spirit, who descends below the ocean tide, and sees

‘In dead men’s eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo’d the slimy bottom of the deep.’

Science steps into a diving bell, with quiet philosophy, investigates the secrets below, gazes with admiration on the coral groves of the poets, and deliberately withdraws from the repose of centuries,

‘A thousand fearful wrecks;
Wedges of gold—great anchors—heaps of pearl,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.’

Does the poet want an ariel, who can rise above the elements of air and earth—

—————‘be ’t to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl’d clouds’—

Science sends the *æronaut*, at midnight hour, from the splendor of Paris, through the storms of the sky; with rolling thunder about him, thick darkness and rushing winds around; it bears him safely till the morning glory discloses a scene which no fancy, even in its highest phrenzy, could ever equal. But, she stops not here. As if utterly to defy any vision of mere imagination, Science puts an umbrella in his hand—drops him from his palace, in the air, through four thousand feet, gently and safely to the earth. In fact, into whatever department of modern science we may go, we shall find a thousand *realities*, to which the exaggerations of fiction bear no comparison, either in the beautiful or the marvellous.

We shall discuss briefly the subject of *aerial navigation*—not because we are believers in its *utility*, even when arrived at the utmost perfection—but because there is an obvious ignorance in the public mind, with respect both to the *probabilities* of *success*, and the *dangers attending* it.

I. With respect to its *history*. As boiling water suggested the first idea of *steam*, so the blowing of soap bubbles may have originated *balloons*. However that may be, Roger Bacon, the philosopher of the dark ages, was the first to record an opinion in favor of aerial navigation. He asserts, that a machine for such purpose was known in his time: ‘not that he had seen it, or was acquainted with any one who had;

but that he knew a person who had contrived one.' It does not appear, however, that he alluded to balloons, but rather to a mode of navigating with wings. At a much later period—1672—Wilkins, bishop of Chester, and Lana, a jesuit, suggested the true mode of *supporting* aerial machinery, viz: that a body filled with air of *lighter density* than the atmosphere, must of course be supported in it. In the year 1782, the two Montgolfiers of France, conceived that air of a *less specific gravity* might be obtained, upon the same principle that the clouds and smoke ascend, viz: the *rarefaction* of the air by *heat*. They accordingly constructed a silk bag, containing about forty feet of air, and leaving an aperture at the bottom, rarefied the air, by the application of heat. The bag immediately ascended, and thus settled the correctness of the principle. We may here observe, how difficult is the acquisition of *elementary principles*; for it was more than one hundred years after Wilkins had suggested the true principle of ascent—a lighter density—before inquirers upon this subject hit upon the obvious and practicable mode of applying it, by *heated air*. When that was discovered by Montgolfier, the French Academy of Sciences immediately patronized his experiments. Balloons were made larger and larger, till it was ascertained they would ascend with great weight, and to a great height.

About the year 1783, occurred the second great epoch in aerial navigation, by the first successful *ascension* of persons in a balloon. This was performed by *Pilate de Rozier*, and the *marquis d'Arlandes*, who volunteered to make an aerial voyage. The balloon in which they ascended, was seventy-four feet high, and forty-eight in diameter. Its construction is worthy of notice, to show the greater *danger* attending an ascent then, than at the present time. Instead of a car, there was suspended below the aperture a *gallery* of wicker work, about sixteen feet long, three feet wide, with a ballustrade three feet high. Below the aperture, there was an iron *grate* hung with chains from the side of the balloon, which the aeronaut was to supply *with fuel*, in order to keep up the *rarefied* air; hence the danger of all the ascensions. The whole weighed one thousand six hundred pounds, and Mr. Rozier with the marquis ascended three thousand feet, and descended five miles from the place of departure.

From that time to the present, numerous balloons have ascended from various points, both in Europe and America; but we shall here notice only a few of the most remarkable.

In the beginning of the year 1784, a balloon was constructed at Lyons, illustrating by its immense size and weight,

to what an extent this species of engine may be carried. It was one hundred and thirty feet high, by one hundred and five in diameter, and contained five hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet of rarefied air! It ascended more than three thousand feet, with seven persons in the gallery, but in consequence of a rent, soon descended.

It was not till the year 1766, that the properties of *hydrogen gas* were discovered, one of which is, that of being much *lighter than common air*. In 1783, it was applied to fill balloons, by the Messrs. Roberts, and found perfectly successful. At the close of that year, Messrs. Roberts and Charles ascended ten thousand feet, and passed over twenty-seven miles, in a balloon filled with this gas, and prepared with a valve for allowing its escape, when expanding in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

Soon after this, various expedients were resorted to, in order to direct the balloon, and some of them were comparatively successful. The Messrs. Roberts and Collin Hullin ascended in a balloon, having the shape of an oblong spheroid, the longer axis being parallel to the horizon. The car was provided with *oars*, as wings disposed around it for the purpose of directing its course. They ascended fourteen thousand feet, and becoming becalmed, plied their *oars*, and in thirty-five minutes, by their aid, described the segment of an ellipsis, six thousand feet in diameter. In six and a half hours they descended, having traveled one hundred and fifty miles.

On the 7th January, 1785, Dr. Jeffries and Mr. Blanchard, departed from Dover Castle, England, in a balloon, and landed near Calais, on the coast of France, in the forest of Guiennes. Soon after, the first *æronaut*, Rozier, and another person lost their lives, by the *burning* of a balloon, in which they had ascended, filled with heated air.

In 1786, Mr. Testu of Paris, encountered a storm in the heavens, under peculiar circumstances. Having ascended, he descended to take in ballast, when some people in the fields, by means of a cord fastened to the car, attempted to carry him and his balloon before a magistrate, as disturbers of the peace; upon which he immediately *cut* the cord, which detained him, and ascended just at sunset, to the upper heavens. Darkness came on, and he was soon surrounded with a thunder storm. The lightnings flashed around him, and an iron point fixed to his car, exhibited the phenomena of *positive* and *negative* electricity. The storm continued three hours, during which the *æronaut* dare not allow the escape of the gas, for fear of its inflammation. This was the most daring and sublime ascension ever made. The *æronaut*, after twelve

hours, beheld the sun rising in unusual splendor, and at length descended seventy-five miles from Paris.

In 1794, Mr. Cantel, accompanied by a general and an adjutant, ascended from the camp of general Jourdon, on the plains of Fleures, and remained in the air four hours, making observations on the hostile army, which they communicated by signals. They are said to have been the means of gaining the victory. They were fired at, and narrowly escaped being killed.

As ingenuity had been much excited, to discover means to avoid the dangers of navigating balloons—especially that of violent descents—it soon invented the *parachute*, founded upon the *principle* of *resistance* in proportion to the *surface*, made by the air, or other medium of passage. Experiment soon tested its practicability, and in 1797, Mr. Garnerin separated himself, with no protection but a parachute, at the height of two thousand feet from the earth, and descended in perfect safety. He afterwards repeated the experiment, by descending through eight thousand feet, with the parachute only, in safety.

Various other strange and eventful flights of æronauts are recorded, in some of which scientific gentlemen of great distinction shared, and made valuable observations. One of the most remarkable voyages ever made, was that of count Zambecari and another gentleman, from Bologna. Having attempted a descent, the anchor caught in a tree, which gave a shock to the balloon, oversetting a spirit lamp. This immediately set fire to a vessel containing thirty gallons of spirit, which exploded and set fire to the clothes of the æronauts. The count succeeded in extinguishing the fire in the car; but his companion managed to escape down the anchor-rope to the tree, which lightened the balloon so much, that it again ascended, and was soon out of sight. The current of air drove the count over the Adriatic gulf, into which it was finally precipitated, at the distance of many miles from the coast. There, after being four hours in the water, he was taken up by some fishermen.

Among the aerial voyages made at Paris, should not be omitted those of Biot and Lussac; the one a distinguished chemist, and the other an eminent mathematician. Lussac ascended *higher* than any other individual is known to have done; having gone twenty-three thousand feet, or four and a half miles above the earth! At that immense height, he was astonished to find clouds still above him, although in most ascensions, the clouds were found to be at a much less height.

About the years 1806–7, M. Garnerin made repeated *noc-*

urnal excursions in balloons brilliantly illuminated. In one of these, after being beat about by storms and whirlwinds, he was dashed against the mountains, rendered insensible, and finally, landed upon Mont Tonnere; having traversed three hundred miles, in seven and a half hours.

In America, there have been many balloon ascensions, but till the recent one of Mr. Clayton, from Cincinnati, none in any way remarkable. The voyage of that gentleman, is the *longest* on record, and considering its accomplishment, as almost wholly in the night season, the *most successful*, in all respects, ever undertaken. In point of *height*, *danger*, and *sublimity of scenery*, it was inferior to many voyages accomplished at Paris. The celebrated Gay Lussac, whom we have mentioned, ascended much higher than any other æronaut; and the voyage of Mr. Testu amidst darkness and thunder clouds, was unequalled in danger and unrivalled in sublimity. The voyage of Mr. Clayton is, however, in a *practical* point of view—the only aspect in which the subject should be considered—of greater *results* than either of them.

II. *Discoveries* made by aerial navigation. Upon this point, little need be said. It might have been supposed, that personal observation, at the height of four miles in the air, would have added something to philosophical knowledge. But it has done little more than establish, by experiment, what reason had before anticipated, or observation discovered upon the surface of the earth. The facts thus established, may be briefly stated as follows:

1. The air of the atmosphere is composed of *parallel currents*, or *strata*, which frequently *move in opposite* directions, and exist under very different circumstances of *action* and *temperature*. This was observed before the ascension of balloons, by watching the progress of the clouds, which were observed to move sometimes in different directions, and be charged with different contents, at different heights. Thus also, the æronauts, as they ascended, would find themselves at one height, moving in one direction, and at another, in a different one. They would also be now in a tempest of wind, and then becalmed.

2. *Storms are local*. The balloons would pass into a violent storm, and then emerge in a higher altitude, into a cloudless heaven, with the storm below them. The same fact may be observed in ascending high mountains.

3. The *composition of the air*, as observed by Gay Lussac, is the same at the height of twenty-two thousand feet, as upon the surface of the earth; and the *magnetic influence* is the same.

4. But *electricity* is not the same—*increasing* according to the height.

5. *Temperature diminishes*, as you ascend; and *respiration* is rendered more *difficult*.

6. Balloons may travel at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour, when driven by a tempest.

7. The gas in the balloon, through all changes, preserves a temperature *higher* than that of the atmosphere.

These are all the material results obtained by *aeronauts*, in the department of natural philosophy, and they are such as were obtained with nearly equal certainty, by other means.

III. We will now consider the *practicability* of subjecting *aerial navigation* to fixed rules, and rendering it *useful* in the affairs of life.

In examining the *practicability* of *useful aerial navigation*, several questions arise: 1st. Is the *danger* too great for ordinary use? 2d. Can an aerial vessel *remain* sufficiently long in the air? 3d. Can it be propelled *forwards* at all times? 4th. Can it be *guided* under the influence of the *wind*? 5th. Is it too *expensive*? 6th. Lastly, is it a better mode of conveyance than any other?

1st. We answer at once, that aerial navigation is *not more hazardous* than any other navigation. Danger to an aerial car can only arise from three sources: A *rent* or *leak* in the car; *burning* of the car; or violent *concussions*, either by falls or striking against objects, as mountains, trees, &c. As to the first of these, there is no more danger of a rent in the *material* of the car, than there is in the bottom of a ship; glazed silk is as strong a material for the pressure of the atmosphere, as timber is for the waves, and there is less danger of its occurring, than of the bursting of a boiler. A rent made from the expansion of the gas, in the upper regions of the air, may always be obviated by observing the size of the balloon, and letting off the gas; no accident from that source has ever happened, except where balloons, from a rent, have come down sooner than was desired, but not injuring the *aeronaut*.

2. Accidents from *burning*, are not as likely to happen, as in a ship, as there is no fire carried; and they are both equally exposed to the effects of lightning. In fact, the danger of combustion has been almost wholly removed, by the use of hydrogen gas, instead of *heated air*.

3. Danger from *concussion* against trees, mountains, &c., by tempests, or by sudden descent, is almost entirely the fault of the navigator, who has let out too *much gas*, or neglected observation on his situation. This was the case with Mr.

Clayton, in his late ascent, and was partially so with Mr. Garnerin, in his storm-tost voyage to Mont Tonnere. With respect to *lightning*, or electricity in general, the voyage of Mr. Testu and others would seem to show, there could be very little danger from that source.

The best commentary on the idea of *excessive* danger is, that in all the numerous ascensions made in Europe and America, but *five* or *six* lives have been lost, and all of them, but one, from *fire* occasioned by the use of *heated air*, which is now wholly disused. The only other instance, was that of Mr. Mesmot, who in some way or other, accidentally fell out of his car.

2d. The next question: can a balloon be *sustained* sufficiently *long* in the air, is already answered by many long voyages. It can be sustained, at *any point*, and for any *reasonable period*, by the proper regulation of the gas. The gas lasts much longer than is commonly supposed. Balloons were filled in France, and kept for many days without material diminution.

3d. Can it be propelled *forwards*, at all times? No; and neither can a ship; as much so in one case as the other. Both may be *becalmed*; but it does not often happen, and forms no material objection to the theory of aerial navigation.

4th. Can it be *guided* under the influence of the wind? Not now; and this forms the serious impediment to the successful navigation of the atmosphere. But this much may be said: there is no *impossibility* in it. The birds and the fish both show us, that a body may move through the same medium, without aid from any other, and without any power but its own. They not only move in a single medium, but they move frequently against wind and tide; a convincing proof, that there is *some principle* upon which that can be accomplished, by a body suspended in the air. In fact, this was so far accomplished by the French mode, of *oars* attached to the car, that the balloons were sensibly under their influence. Were balloons in *all other* respects likely to be useful, we think the genius of science would soon overcome this difficulty.

5th. But another, and perhaps greater difficulty, in the way of practical *utility*, is the *expense*. *Silk* and *sulphuric acid*, the chief materials used for the balloon, and the gas, are both expensive, and required in large quantities. A balloon which would carry up two persons, would probably cost from \$500 to \$800, and without the remuneration attendant upon its *exhibition*, this expense would scarcely be incurred for the mere purpose of carrying two passengers, at a little more rapid rate than usual. It must be observed, however, that the *expense*, by no

means, increases with the *ascending power* of the balloon; for the latter increases with the *cube* of the *diameter*, and the *silk* for the surface, only as the *squares*. With the *gas*, there would be no relative difference. The *expense* would, however, as a matter of common use, preclude their adoption as a conveyance, unless a cheaper mode of filling them could be devised.

6th. But, the most *fatal objection* to aerial navigation is, that if perfectly successful, they would not equal in *rapidity*, *certainty*, or *convenience*, the conveyance by *rail-road cars*. As to *rapidity*, this will appear manifest from the following facts: 1st. The average rate of moderate gales, is not more than forty or fifty miles an hour; even a tempest does not exceed seventy; this was the rate at which some balloons have gone, for a short time; but when we look at the average of balloons in France, we find it a great deal less. Thus,

Mr. Garnerin, - - - - 300 miles, 7½ hours.

Mr. Roberts, - - - - 150 miles, 6½ hours.

Mr. Clayton, (America) - 350 miles, 9½ hours.

Taking the *average* of these, it amounts to thirty-four miles per hour. This may be regarded as the highest *rate* of motion, by aerial vessels; for, although Mr. Roberts was becalmed a portion of the time, yet the average is much greater than the average motion in currents of air. Comparing this with rail-road motion, we find it is no more than what rail-way cars have frequently accomplished, and not as much as they are capable of accomplishing; besides which, steam power is constantly improving and increasing, with scarcely a *limit* to confine it, whilst the power of the *winds* cannot be increased or controlled.

In respect to *certainty*, there is no comparison, for one is altogether certain, and the other altogether uncertain. In respect to *convenience* or *cheapness*, also, there is no comparison—the homely mode of cleaving to the earth, being altogether the preferable.

There is one other aspect, in which the subject may be viewed in a more favorable light. If it is supposed—as we do—that aerial navigation may be greatly improved, we think, it may be made to serve the purpose of *signals* in time of *war*, and *telegraphic* communication at all times, with great advantage; for this requires particularly high *elevation* and extensive *view*—circumstances which concur in balloon ascensions.

We may now conclude our extended observations, with these propositions:

1st. That we believe *aerial navigation* will be greatly improved.

2d. That we believe human genius is capable of solving

the problem—to navigate the air with nearly the same ease, as the ocean.

3d. That after it is done, it will be *utterly useless* as navigation, and only useful for the purpose of temporary signals.

That the continent should be crossed with safety, or that the ocean itself should be crossed by aeronauts, will not affect the last conclusion; for the power of *steam* on land, is infinitely superior, and on the water *may* be made so. In fact, *steam* is yet to be improved to an almost indefinite extent. The three-score and ten years allotted to man, will probably not pass away, before men will go from New York to Cincinnati with more ease and safety, in twenty-four hours, than they now do in five or six days, and that is a result vastly more sublime, and more beneficial, than any aerial navigation can become, whether viewed in the light of utility or curiosity. E. D. M.

EXCERPTS.

‘ORIGINAL AND SECOND-HAND.’

‘Nihil dictum, quod non dictum prius.’

Terence.

‘There is nothing new under the sun.’

Solomon.

It is not a little amusing, to listen to the different ideas expressed or evidenced by actions in this community—for what I am about writing, is about ourselves—as to the state of society; ‘its form, its pressure.’ Some think this to be an highly intellectual age—that the human mind has made wonderful strides to perfectibility. Others imagine, that the great mass of human intellect, is freed from the bonds of religious intolerance—except the catholic armies of prince Metternich, that some have seen marshalled in their rhapsodical dreamings, to establish monarchy and papacy in this country; an event we will underwrite, that the prince never dreamed of, even under the milder influence of his best Johannisberger—and that new and shorter roads have been discovered to eternal happiness, and that eternal misery is a relic of feudal barbarism, ‘shocking to ears polite.’ Others think, that man is now much better qualified for selfgovernment, and that the human passions, instead of being strengthened by the increased objects of indulgence and temptation, are capable of being restrained by human efforts in an inverse proportion. Now, Mr. Editor, I have been a collegiate student—that is no passport, say you, in this community; you should be a *self-made* man)—and lead a life somewhat seques-

tered from the tumults and troubles of the world; but still I hear and see what is done abroad—a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts. Amid all the varieties, shiftings, changes, and accidents of the scene, *one truth*, as old as Petrarch in expression, (and how much older, I know not) remains: 'Men change manners, customs, laws, habits, and language, but not *vices*, not *diseases*, not the *symptoms* of *folly* and *madness*; *they are still the same*;' like the great river on whose borders this city rests,

'Labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.'

See the vice of superstition and fanaticism in this age; the unknown tongues of Irving, the miracles of Hohenlohe, the religion of Mormon, the imposture of Matthias, the crusade against the catholics, the madness of sectarianism; so many professors of christianity, so few imitators of Christ; so much talk of religion, so little conscience; so much knowledge and preaching, so little practice among such a variety of sects; and then to see the people flocking after some particular bell-wether, over the gates and bars—crediting all things, examining nothing, pretending zeal, desiring reformation, and yet in their lives, selfish, cruel, usurious. All things are measured as the Turks do, '*by the event*;' and frequently the foulness of the fact vindicates the offender. There are fine subjects for individual portraits among the nabobs of the city: the lineaments of character are striking; a tyro might hit them off; but my purpose is with the whole, not a part; and with that whole, as drawing its complexion and character from a part. I am bent on attacking what I consider the ruling vice, the engrossing passion of this city and community. And if I shall succeed by this and succeeding numbers, to rouse any feelings of resentment or wounded self-love, then I propose to furnish a remedy. The crying sin of the age, in the United States, and particularly in this city, *is the making of money, the acquisition of wealth, and the consequent respect which is paid to its possession*—how frequently the appendix of a fool. The *summum bonum* is money, that most powerful goddess to whom we daily offer sacrifice; for which we sweat and run, and grunt and ride, and labor and contend, as fishes in a glass for a crumb of bread thrown upon the surface of the water. Now, is it true, that the appetite for property is not thrown upon man in vain. It has given birth to many arts; it is highly beneficial, by furnishing opportunity for gratifying the most dignified natural affections; for without private property, what place would there be for benevolence or charity? 'Without private property, there would be no industry, and

without industry, men would be savages.' But I speak of its degenerated condition, when passing the bounds of moderation this appetite becomes a curse, instead of a blessing. Then habitual wants multiply—the appetite for property becomes headstrong, and must be gratified at the expense of honor and justice. 'Affection for property! it is a double-faced Janus, productive of blessing, degenerating to a curse. In thy right hand *industry*, a cornucopia of *plenty*; in thy left, *avarice*, a Pandora's box of deadly poison.' Go with me reader, into the public marts, the place where men most do congregate, and strive to cozen each other. One is empty, another is full. Each man's bargain and profit, the consumer's loss. It is a vast gambling shop, into which we enter under the broad sun, and capital and credit are staked upon the hazard of a market, by those who would damn the credit, strip the last dollar, withhold the crumb of bread and cup of cold water, from some other child of fortune, who should stake his capital upon the turn of a card, or the speed of the horse. Thus great men—(*communis error facit jus*)—are to be excused, and if they fail in their gambling speculation—as many do—are straightway assisted to their feet again; but the meaner sort have no evasion, but turn their faces to the wall *and die*. If old-fashioned honesty should happen to peep into the *exchanges* of merchants, they would cry out, 'what masque is that?' 'Off with the disguise!' But let us look a little further out upon the congregated mass, the little world. Here you may see so many lawyers, and so many tribunals, and so little justice; so many magistrates, and so little care of public morals; so many laws, and so many criminals. 'See *Latro* arraigned, and *Fur* passing sentence.' 'Hark, in thine ear! change places; and handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?' 'Plate sin with *gold*, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.' The world is the school of giddiness, the academy of vice, the nursery of fraud, the play of hypocrisy, in which all have their entré and exit, and fret and foam their hour upon the stage. Every man is for himself—each for his own ends. No charity, friendship, nor consanguinity, can bear a touch upon the chords of self. They snap and can never be united. Old friends become bitter enemies, for slight causes; and men who formerly would seemingly do kind offices, when there was no jarring of interest, or so long as there might be mutuality in the exchange, the moment the string of selfishness is touched, do revile and hate each other. And if no more good can be expected, do with their friend, as by an old dog, hang him, curse him, fling him out on the dunghill of public scorn.

Learning, wisdom, or private virtues, are *dross, tinsel*; money and office are your 'immediate jewels.' Honesty is folly; knavery is policy. One boasts of the temperance cause; another, abolition; another, colonization; another, missions; another, a crusade against the catholics. When he, and he, and he, and all want money; they root after it; nothing, say these disinterested philanthropists, 'can be done without money,' and you cannot take up a newspaper or magazine, or religious periodical, but that trumpet the names of the twenty-five cent and five thousand dollar donors, to any or all of the thousand and one devices for getting money. What would Peter and Paul, and those who labored without scrip or purse, through dangers and tribulations, and imprisonments, and stripes, and persecutions even to martyrdom, say? Then again, to see the Protean shapes of a wealth-getter; the difference between his words and actions, protestations of friendship and intents to overreach. Ha! who is that, that all men seem to admire, their judgment not allied to reason. That! oh, *he* is patronized by our Dives—all the world applauds. In the next scene of the puppet show, the patron has been offended, and the world in an hour, hates that to which an hour before it 'crooked the pregnant knee.' Fortune turns the kaleidoscope. Then suddenly you may see a man roll up like a gathering snow-ball, from abject poverty, to riches. Mark, he *scorns* his old friends and familiars, on whom he was once wont to rely; he *insults* his betters, and *neglects* his kindred. But I cannot in this paper speak of all—

'Ab uno, disce omnes.'

But these are all trite examples, familiar in all time. If that which Tully wished—and which the American Cicero, so eloquently applied, in his remarks on the three million grant, for the 'de propaganda' of Van Burenism—were to come to pass, 'that it was written in every man's forehead, quid quisque de republica sentiret, i. e. what he thought,' that one could hear and see all at once—what a scene it would present! Democritus and Heraclitus, would have ages of indulgence in laughing and crying. How we should be all confounded. Yet the *time will* come, when this will all happen. 'When the veil will be taken from each man's heart, and from each man's eye.' Now, each thinks himself sound and free, and can make merry with the obliquities of others, when he might 'take himself by the nose for the fool.'

In former times, the world acknowledged but seven wise men, Thales, Bias, Solon, &c. How is it now? You could not obtain the acknowledgment of so many fools. If, as

Plutarch relates, another golden *tripod* should be found, and there were any oracle commanding us implicit obedience to its ambiguous sayings, as that at Delphi, which directed, that which in the time of Thales was found by a fisherman, to 'be given to the wisest,' what a scramble we should have! We are all so wise. But still we are miserable, discontented, *heaping* animals.

If we will examine the causes of our miseries, we shall find them in the indulgence of some passion or immoderate affection. And, that man is, or may be relatively happy or miserable, precisely in proportion to his obedience to the physical, organic, or moral laws of Nature, which operate independently of each other, and reward obedience, or punish disobedience in their own specific way. For example, an individual who neglects a corresponding physical law of nature, will be *drowned* or *burnt*, *however he may obey the moral law*. And so if he obey the organic law, he will have health, nor will any *moral turpitude*—that does not involve a breach of the moral law, as sensual excess—diminish his bodily health. So he that regulates his conduct by the moral law, his body by the organic law, and guards against breaches of the physical law, will enjoy the most health of body and comfort of mind *here*, and will have a surer passport for happiness complete *hereafter*. This is a key to much that appears strange and inscrutable in the moral government of this world; and the name of George Combe, should be transmitted with that of Newton, for having by his *principia*, thrown such light on the elements of the human constitution, and demonstrated '*that the world is actually arranged on the principle of favoring virtue, and punishing vice, and that it is throughout its constitution, framed in admirable adaptation to the faculties of man, as a moral, intelligent, and religious being.*' But to return to our fault-finding. St. James asks whence are wars and contentions among you? The answer of humanity is, from the fountain of covetousness; greediness in getting, sordidness in spending. 'The desire of money is the root of all evil, and they that lust after it, pierce themselves through with many sorrows.' I said before, that nothing could be done, either in science, morals, religion, or its propagation but by money. I am told, that in this caravansary of all nations, the *pious fair*, of all the castes of religion, hold *fairs* for the sale of knickknacks, eatables, drinkables, flowers, dolls, ribbons, and all other varieties of vanities—to suppress which true religion is directed—and this is all done, under the thin specious veil, of obtaining a charity for a church, or a minister's wife, or an organ, or a bronze pulpit. Bah! It is an age

of metal! But somebody asks, '*who am I?*' that 'so boldly censures others? Have I no faults? Yes, inquirer, more than thou hast, whatsoever thou hast; and evening and morning do I confess them, with a lowly heart. If in seeking to reform what is amiss, and pointing out, what I call the crying sin of the day, I probe wounds, and pour a little vinegar into those that are old, it will be in accordance with puritanical pharmacy, and cannot be objected against by their descendants. But I have a more serious intent at this time, if I should live to complete it; it is to follow up the plan of Combe—prevent the increase of the general disorder by education, and if the remedy will not reach the adult, it may the adolescent race. After this explanation, if any man takes offence, 'let him turn the buckle of his girdle.' I care not—I owe thee nothing, reader.

'Let the stricken deer go weep,
The ungalled hart may play,
For some must laugh, while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.'

If any man be displeased with what I have said, 'let him be angry with himself, that so openeth his faults in applying it to himself.' As Phædrus has it, 'if he be guilty and deserve it, let him amend, whosoever he is, and be not angry. If he be not guilty, it concerns him not.'

"Sharp sauces increase appetite."

But I presume of thy good favor and gracious acceptance, gentle reader. *Vale!*

DEMOCRITUS.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

IMLAY'S KENTUCKY, a Topographical description of the Western Territory of North America; containing a succinct account of its Climate, Natural History, Population, Agriculture, Manners and Customs; with an ample description of the several divisions into which that country is divided. And an accurate statement of the various tribes of Indians that inhabit the frontier country. To which is annexed a delineation of the laws and government of the State of Kentucky. Tending to shew the rise and grandeur of the American Empire. In a series of letters to a friend in England. By G. Imlay, a Captain in the American Army during the late war, and a Commissioner for laying out land in the back settlements. New York. Samuel Campbell. 1793.

In the vast influx of current literature, which inundates our bookstores, and surfeits the appetite of the most rapacious reader, there is much danger that many choice volumes of an earlier date, may become entirely obsolete—not from any want of absolute merit, but in consequence of the incumbent mass of

lighter matter which conceals them from observation. We have determined, therefore, that we will occasionally take a retrospective glance at the years that have gone by, and when we chance to discover a choice old book, dusty, worm-eaten, and forgotten by the giddy, novelty-seeking world, draw it up from the dark abyss of oblivion, and expose its contents to the notice of the sensible readers of the *Western Monthly*.

This office is the more necessary, as the want of public libraries in our western world, renders such books difficult of access, and keeps many inquiring minds in ignorance of the contents of works of genuine value, which are no longer in the market, and are to be found only in the hands of the few individuals who have been careful enough to preserve these choice relics of the past.

There have been more books written in, and about, the western country, than most persons are aware of, and should we do no more than record the titles of some of those that are least known, we shall at least discharge a duty that will be acceptable to such as are curious with regard to the history and literature of this interesting region. With the assistance of a few gentlemen who have employed themselves in making researches into the past, and whom we take this mode of inviting to contribute their aid to this design, an exposition might be given of our early literature, and of the best sources of historical narrative, which would be useful to the scholar, and creditable to the country.

The Western States are growing with such astonishing rapidity, that we are daily reminded of the importance of preserving the few records which remain of the early history of this region. The pioneers were not persons of literary habits, nor did the country, until lately, afford those facilities which are requisite to produce and nourish a native literature. But few of those who visited the western frontier, at an early period, have described it as it then existed; and although some of the first settlers, who saw the beautiful shores of the Ohio arrayed in their native magnificence, are still in existence, they must soon pass away, and carry with them the traditions which supply the place of history, in reference to that interesting period. Yet there were some writers, even then, whose works are now for the most part out of print, and only to be found in the cabinets of the very few gentlemen who take the pains to preserve those interesting relics of a past age. One of the best of these was Captain Inlay, a gentleman of respectable talents, who from actual inspection, was enabled to furnish a variety of interesting details, respecting the country, as it appeared when visited by him previous to the year 1793.

This old book contains one of the earliest published accounts of the district of country which it professes to describe, and we were surprised to find with how much accuracy it depicts all the strong features of a region which was then but little known. The writer seems to have been intimately acquainted with Kentucky from personal observation, and to have written chiefly from the stores of his own experience. Like all others who visited the western forests, while yet in their pristine luxuriance, while the native vegetation still flourished in wild and vigorous beauty, and the eye feasted on a profusion of luxuriant verdure, he was delighted with these refreshing scenes, which he sometimes describes with all the animation of genuine feeling. The following passage shows the effect produced by this scenery, on the mind of a sensible man—for Capt. Imlay was certainly a sensible and very honest writer—and testifies that our own generation is not singular in its admiration of the splendors of the great west:

‘The east side of the Ohio for about ten or twenty miles below Wheeling, which is about one hundred below Pittsburg; is generally well settled. There are few settlements on the opposite shore until you come to the Muskingum, and the country now wears the face of a wilderness on both sides of the river, there being no habitations worth notice, except at the mouth of the Great Kenhaway, until we arrive at Limestone.

‘Every thing here assumes a dignity and splendor I have never seen in any other part of the world. You ascend a considerable distance from the shore of the Ohio, and when you would suppose you had arrived at the summit of a mountain, you find yourself upon an extensive level. Here an eternal verdure reigns, and the brilliant sun of lat. 39, piercing through the azure heavens, produces, in this prolific soil, an early maturity, which is truly astonishing. Flowers, full and perfect as if they had been cultivated by the hand of a florist, with all their captivating odors, and with all the variegated charms which color and nature can produce, here, in the lap of elegance and beauty, decorate the smiling groves. Soft zephyrs gently breathe on sweets, and the inhaled air gives a voluptuous glow of health and vigor, that seems to ravish the intoxicated senses. The sweet songsters of the forest appear to feel the influence of this genial clime, and, in more soft and modulated tones, warble their tender notes in unison with love and nature. Every thing here gives delight; and, in that mild effulgence which beams around us, we feel a glow of gratitude for the elevation which our all bountiful Creator has bestowed upon us. Far from being disgusted with

man for his depravity, we feel that dignity which nature bestowed on us at the creation: but which has been contaminated by the base alloy of meanness, the concomitant of European education, &c.

‘From Limestone to Licking creek, the country is immensely rich, and covered with cane, rye grass, and the native clover. The cane is a reed which grows to a height frequently of fifteen or sixteen feet, but more generally about ten or twelve, and is in thickness from the size of a goose quill, to that of two inches in diameter; sometimes, yet seldom, it is larger. When it is slender, it never grows higher than from four to seven feet; it shoots up in one summer, but produces no seeds until the following year. It is an evergreen, and is, perhaps, the most nourishing food for cattle upon earth. No other milk or butter has such flavor and richness as that which is produced from cows which feed upon cane. Horses which feed upon it, work nearly as well as if they were fed upon corn, provided care is taken to give them, once in three or four days, a handful of salt, &c.’

It is exceedingly interesting to contrast the anticipations which were indulged forty years ago, in relation to the then approaching political character of this country, with the results that have been produced within that period. After predicting the formation of several new States south of Kentucky, the author proceeds to speak of the probable divisions of the country northwest of the Ohio. He says:

‘That ridge of hills which divides the waters of this river from that of the lakes running southwestwardly, until they run northwestwardly and divide the sources of the Wabash and Illinois rivers from the southern branches of the lakes, will be most likely to mark the limits to the west of the upper state upon the western side of the Ohio. The ridge of hills which divides the waters of the Allegheny river from those of the Genesee, will bound it on the north; the Allegheny river and the Ohio to the east, and the Muskingum to the south. The next State, I should form between the Muskingum and Scioto, the Ohio and that ridge of hills between the sources of these rivers and those of lake Erie. The third, between the Scioto, the Great Miami, the Ohio, and the same ridge of hills. The country lying between the Mississippi, Ohio, Wabash, and the same hills, I would put into another state; and the country lying between the Wabash, Ohio, Mississippi and Illinois rivers, I would establish into a fifth state.’

‘Between the mouth of the Illinois river and the waters of lake Michigan, lies a district of country equally fertile with any part of the western country; but in the progression of

our settlements, it will be some years before any settlement can be formed there, except in the fork of the Mississippi and Illinois; which may be erected into a state, by running a line from St. Anthony's falls, in such a direction as to strike the head branches of the Illinois.'

These paragraphs are entertaining, as they show the notions of an intelligent man who wrote forty years ago, and who doubtless expresses the opinions of others, as well as his own.

The writer's remarks on the productions of the country are accurate, and would be nearly true even now.

Of the wild animals and game of the country he says:

'The buffaloe are mostly driven out of Kentucky. Some are still found on the head waters of Licking creek, Great Sandy, and the head waters of Green river. Deer abound in the extensive forests; but the elk confines itself mostly to the hilly and uninhabited places.

'The rapidity of the settlement has driven the wild turkey quite out of the middle counties; but they are found in large flocks in all our extensive woods.

'Amidst the mountains and broken country are great numbers of the grouse I have described; and since the settlement has been established, the quail, following the trail of the grain which is necessarily scattered through the wilderness, has migrated from the old settlements on the other side of the mountain, and has become a constant resident with us. This bird was unknown here on the first peopling of the country.'

The following passage is quite curious. The author having described the boats then in use, and suggested some improvements, adds, 'these boats must be worked up with steam, and sails.' He then proceeds:

'The invention of carrying a boat against the stream by the influence of steam, is a late improvement in philosophy, by a Mr. Rumsey, of Virginia, whose ingenuity has been rewarded by that state with the exclusive privilege of navigating those boats in her rivers for ten years; and as this grant was given previous to the independence of Kentucky, the act of separation guaranties his right. Some circumstance or other has prevented his bringing them into use. However, there can be no doubt of the success of his scheme, for the assembly of Virginia had the most unequivocal assurances before they gave the privilege, in a certificate signed by Gen. Washington and Mann Page, Esq.; setting forth that they had seen a boat, which they believed to be constructed by Mr. Rumsey, ascend a stream without the aid of manual labor, but without mentioning the operating cause, which has since

appeared to be steam. If this principle should fail, (and from such authority I do not see how it is to be presumed,) I flatter myself that philosophy is capable of supplying the place in the appropriation of some one of the secrets with which mechanics abound.'

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to notice the anticipations which were current forty years ago in reference to the production of some of the necessities of life, as for instance, the article of sugar. The writer remarks:

'The extensive climate of this country I believe is no where warm enough for the cultivation of the sugar cane with success; and to import it would be too expensive by reason of its great weight; but nature has superseded that necessity in the supply of the sugar maple tree. It has long been known that sugar could be made from the juice of this tree; but from the imperfect knowledge of the business of sugar making, the samples from this liquid were such as promised no great expectations in future experiments: however, the necessity the people were under of making them, or doing without sugar, proved that with care and proper management it could be made, equal to the finest sugars of the West Indies or Brazil. Some samples shewn to a sugar refiner in Philadelphia (which astonished him) produced several instructions in the art, which occasioned immediate success.

'The people began to treat sugar trees more tenderly; and instead of chopping a large gap in their trunk, which had always been the practice, and which was sufficient to destroy a less tender tree, the juice was found to ooze as effectually from an incision made with a screw auger of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. But this was the smallest of the improvement. All the means made use of in the West Indies for the perfection of the art were soon ascertained and practised: so that the country is not only equal to supply itself with sugar; but might with increase of hands supply the inhabitants of the globe.

'The sugar maple tree not only grows in the greatest abundance throughout this country, within limits I have mentioned, but it is known to be the hardiest, and the most difficult to destroy, of all the trees in our forests, (the beech not excepted,) by the planters, who have a method of chopping or girdling the trunks of trees about one foot and a half above the ground, in order to kill them, &c.

'It is known that old trees produce the most and the richest juice; and it is also known that trees which have been used for years are better than fresh trees. It is a common remark that whenever you see a black tree of this sort, it is a sure

sign it is a rich one. The blackness proceeds from incisions made in the bark by the pecking of the parroquet, and other birds, in the season of the juice rising, which oozing out, dribbles down its sides and stains the bark, which in the progression of time becomes black.

‘I have mentioned these particulars with a view to prevent your falling into the general error, that the resource of making sugar from the maple will soon be destroyed from the very nature of producing it; believing, as many do, that it is impossible for the tree to be able to bear the annual wounds which are necessary to be made in its trunk in order to draw off the juice; and that a few years must necessarily extirpate them. Now, so far from their being any danger of that, experience has shewn that the longer they are used in a proper manner, the more plentiful and rich will be their juice, to a certain age, which will be in proportion to the life of those trees. No exact estimate can be made of that; but I conclude their decay is not earlier than that of other trees.’

The author proceeds to speak of the salt springs, beds of coal, limestone, clay for making brick, &c., in relation to all which essential articles, his account has been more than realized by subsequent experience. Few countries can boast such a remarkable variety and abundance of natural resources as this.

The following observation is amusing enough:

“When you arrive in Kentucky you experience a milder temperature of air than in any country I have ever traveled in, Farenheit’s thermometer seldom falling below 35 deg. in winter, nor rising above 80 in summer.”

Had the captain’s lot been cast among us during the last summer, he would have found the temperature rather above 80 degrees, and some of recent winters would have taught him that the thermometer can sometimes fall below 35. Can it be, that our seasons have changed so much, or has Imlay, with all his candor and accuracy, made so wide a mistake? According to him, the thermometer only ranges about 45 degrees, in this country, in the whole year; when in fact in the single month of August last, the maximum heat was 99, and the minimum 51, showing a range of 48 degrees.

There is no subject whatever, in relation to a new country, about which such gross mistakes, and wild guesses, are made, as that of climate. It is a matter upon which every one forms an opinion, and in reference to which opinions are as numerous as the nature of the subject will admit. The reason is that people judge of the weather from their own feelings, and decide not by the variations of the thermometer, but by the

rise and fall of their own spirits, or the sufferings of their bodies from incidental exposure. In older countries there are established facts which serve as standards for popular comparison; tradition has handed down a series of circumstances which enable the most ignorant to compare one season with another, and which serve to correct the hasty judgment of the traveler, or the diseased imagination of the valitudinarian. There are actual experiments also, and scientific observations, founded on principles which cannot deceive, and corrected from year to year. In a new country, also, people are more exposed to the changes and inclemencies of weather, than persons who are surrounded by the comforts of life. A large portion are travelers or emigrants, or persons recently settled in frail habitations, which do not afford complete protection from the extremes of heat or cold—and all these being interested in every change of the atmosphere, feel and notice such vicissitudes. This is the true cause of the idle remarks which we so often hear about of western climate. Every traveler and emigrant has a theory of his own. It is a common remark that the changes of atmosphere are greater and more sudden here than at the east. The truth is that persons residing in cities and well built towns, pay little attention to the weather, because it interferes comparatively but little with their comfort, and not at all with their business. If it rains, the citizen unfurls his umbrella, and walks on a good pavement; if the sun shines intensely hot, he takes the shady side of the street; if it freezes, he closes his door, and increases his fire. The traveler feels the inconvenience of all these changes, and becomes a sensitive observer, and often an ill-natured critic in matters about which he had before scarcely ever thought; and the new settler, subjected to more exposure than he has ever been accustomed to, finds out capricious varieties and evil qualities in the climate, which exist only in his own diseased imagination.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

THIS question has become so important in the United States, that it is time to begin to inquire into its bearings, and to know whether the public are really interested in the excitement which has been gotten up with unusual industry, and has been kept alive with a pertinacity that has seldom been equalled. For several years past the religious protestant papers of

our country, with but few exceptions, have teemed with virulent attacks against the catholics, and especially with paragraphs charging them substantially with designs hostile to our free institutions, and with a systematic opposition to the spread of all free inquiry and liberal knowledge. These are grave charges, involving consequences of serious import, and such as should not be believed or disbelieved upon mere rumor, or permitted to rest upon any vague hypothesis; because they are of a nature which renders them susceptible of proof. The spirit of our institutions requires that these questions should be thus examined. We profess to guaranty to every inhabitant of our country, certain rights, in the enjoyment of which he shall not be molested, except through the instrumentality of a process of law which is clearly indicated. Life, liberty, property, reputation, are thus guarded—and equally sacred is the right secured to every man, to ‘worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.’

But it is idle to talk of these inestimable rights, as having any efficacious existence, if the various checks and sanctions, thrown around them by our constitution and laws, may be evaded, and a lawless majority, with a high hand, ravish them by force from a few individuals who may be effectually outlawed by a perverted public opinion, produced by calumny and clamor. It is worse than idle, it is wicked, to talk of liberty, while a majority, having no other right than that of the strongest, persist in blasting the character of unoffending individuals by calumny, and in oppressing them by direct violence upon their persons and property—not only without evidence of their delinquency, but against evidence—not only without law, but in violation of law—and merely because they belong to an unpopular denomination.

The very fact that the Roman Catholics are, and can be with impunity, thus trampled upon, in a country like ours, affords in itself the most conclusive evidence of the groundlessness of the fears, which are entertained by some respecting them. Without the power to protect themselves in the enjoyment of the ordinary rights of citizenship, and with a current of prejudice setting so strongly against them, that they find safety only in bending meekly to the storm, how idle, how puerile, how disingenuous is it, to rave as some have done, of the danger of catholic influence!

We repeat that this is a question which must rest upon testimony. The American people are too intelligent, too just, too magnanimous, to suffer the temporary delusion by which so many have been blinded, to settle down into a permanent national prejudice, and to oppress one christian

denomination at the bidding of others, without some proof, or some reasonable argument.

We have not yet seen any evidence in the various publications that have reached us, of any unfairness on the part of the catholics, in the propagation of their religious doctrines. If they are active, persevering, and ingenious, in their attempts to gain converts, and if they are successful in securing the countenance and support of those who maintain the same form of belief in other countries, these, we imagine, are the legitimate proofs of christian zeal and sincerity. In relation to protestant sects, they are certainly so estimated; and we are yet to learn, why the ordinary laws of evidence are to be set aside in reference to this denomination, and why the missionary spirit which is so praiseworthy in others, should be thought so wicked, and so dangerous, in them.

Let us inquire into this matter calmly. Why is it that the catholics are pursued with such pertinacity, with such vindictiveness, with such ruthless malevolence? Why cannot their peculiar opinions be opposed by argument, by persuasion, by remonstrance, as one christian sect should oppose each other? We speak kindly of the Jew, and even of the heathen; there are those that love a negro or a Cherokee even better than their own flesh and blood; but a catholic is an abomination, for whom there is no law, no charity, no bond of christian fraternity.

These reflections arise naturally out of the recent proceedings in relation to the Roman catholics. A nunnery has been demolished by an infuriated mob—a small community of refined and unprotected females, lawfully and usefully engaged in the tuition of children, whose parents have voluntarily committed them to their care, have been driven from their home—yet the perpetrators have escaped punishment, and the act, if not openly excused, is winked at, by protestant christians. The outrage was public, extensive, and undeniable; and a most respectable committee, who investigated all the facts, have shown that it was unprovoked—a mere wanton ebullition of savage malignity. Yet the sympathies of a large portion of the protestant community are untouched. On the other hand, when an individual stated in one of our papers, that he had been forced at a catholic meeting to take off his hat—a circumstance unsupported by any proof, and if proved, perfectly immaterial—the religious papers took up the matter in high dudgeon, the affair was magnified into a catholic mob, and the most severe animadversions were made upon this supposed instance of catholic domination. There was a perfect storm in a teakettle over Mr. Alexander Duncan's hat.

and Cincinnati was supposed, by persons at a distance, to be in a state of civil commotion, when in fact the legend of the hat had not been heard of by a majority of its citizens, and to this day there are thousands who doubt the story. Now let the dispassionate reader mark the difference. In the one case, admitting the printed statement to be true, a piece of rudeness is practised by uncourteously taking a hat from the head of an illmannered person, who chose to wear it irreverently in the presence of a religious assembly—in the other, there is actual crime—riot, robbery, and arson. Yet there are editors whose judgments are so completely warped on this subject, that the outrage upon the Ursulines, which should cause the spirit of every American freeman to kindle into indignation, is coldly stated by them as an item of news, while the rape of the hat is a tremendous affair, which is thought fit to be noised forth in the shrillest notes of the trumpet of party discord.

Is another instance required, of the pervading character of this prejudice? How common has been the expedient, employed by missionaries from the west, in the eastern states, of raising money for education or for religion, upon the allegation that it was necessary to prevent the ascendancy of the catholics. How often has it been asserted, throughout the last ten years, that *this* was the chosen field on which the papists had erected their standard, and where the battle must be fought for civil and religious liberty. What tales of horror have been poured into the ears of the confiding children of the pilgrims—of young men emigrating to the west, marrying catholic ladies, and collapsing without a struggle into the arms of Romanism—of splendid edifices undermined by profound dungeons, prepared for the reception of heretic republicans—of boxes of firearms secretly transported into hidden receptacles, in the very bosom of our flourishing cities—of vast and widely ramified European conspiracies by which Irish catholics are suddenly converted into lovers of monarchy, and obedient instruments of kings!

If further evidence of the extent of this infatuation was required, it might be found in the astonishing circulation of the absurd and mischievous book of Miss Reed, and the unanimity with which it is attempted to be sustained by a certain class of editors. That volume bore upon its face internal evidence of its utter worthlessness. No discriminating person could read it without arriving at the conclusion, that its author was weak, prejudiced, ignorant, and devoid of rectitude. If ever there was an apt illustration of that remarkable solecism in language, 'uneducated mind is educated vice,' it

seems to be found in the production of this noted person, whose uneducated mind has exhibited a fecundity in the conception of cunning stratagems, to deceive her patronesses, and to gull the public, for which a parallel can scarcely be found in the annals of deception. If the book was true, there is little in it, except the singular display of credulity and deceit on the part of the author; if false, which it is now proved to be by irrefragable testimony, it is a wicked affair: yet thousands of copies have been sold, and scores of gentlemen, who would not themselves be guilty of perpetrating a falsehood, and whose personal integrity is above reproach, continue to laud the book and to sustain its author.

A prejudice so indomitable and so blind, could not fail, in an ingenious and enterprising land like ours, to be made the subject of pecuniary speculation; accordingly we find such works as the 'Master Key to Popery,' 'Secrets of Female Convents,' and 'Six Months in a Convent,' manufactured with a distinct view to making a profit out of this diseased state of the public mind. The abuse of the catholics therefore is not merely matter of party rancor, but is a regular trade, and the compilation of anti-catholic books of the character alluded to, has become a part of the regular industry of the country, as much as the making of nutmegs, or the construction of clocks.

The elements of this prejudice may therefore be readily traced. Much of it is inherited, is interwoven with our nature, has been ingrained by education, and has grown with our growth. The consequences of the Reformation were momentous, and widely spread, and we look back to that period as the dawn of many of the principles of liberty which we cherish dearly, and of privileges which we now hold to be as inviolate as they are valuable. Of course we involuntarily regard the catholics as the adversaries with whom we have combatted, and from whom have been wrested, both power and the acknowledgment of principles. The history of that contest is rendered familiar by our early studies, and impressed upon the mind throughout the whole course of education; the books that we read as children, and those which employ the more mature reflection of manhood, teem alike with the details of this controversy. But unfortunately the studies of the man receive a tinge from the prejudices of the child, and certain propositions are assumed gratuitously by each party against the other, not because they are true, but because we have been accustomed to believe them. We read of the corruptions of the catholic church previous to the Reformation, and we assume that they still exist, as a characteristic and component part of the Romish system. We discover

arrogance, intolerance, rapacity, cruelty, and laxity of morals, pervading the action of a church, which was the *only church*, during an era of violence and moral darkness; and we do not inquire whether any other church similarly situated would not have become equally depraved—whether the same causes would not have produced the same effects, upon any other equal number of individuals who should have been placed in like circumstances. Philosophy sanctions the belief, that power held by any set of men without restraint or competition, is liable to abuse; and history teaches the humiliating fact that power thus held has always been abused. To inquire who has been the greatest aggressor against the rights of human nature, when all who have been tempted have evinced a common propensity to trample upon the laws of justice and benevolence, would be an unprofitable procedure. The reformers punished heresy by death as well as the catholics; and the murders perpetrated by intolerance, in the reign of Elizabeth, were not less atrocious than those which occurred under ‘the bloody Mary.’ We might even come nearer home, and point to colonies on our own continent, planted by men professing to have fled from religious persecution, who not only excluded from all civil and political rights those who were separated from them by only slight shades of religious belief, but persecuted many even to death, for heresy and witchcraft. Yet these things are not taken into the calculation, and the catholics are assumed, without examination, to be exclusively and especially prone to the sins of oppression and cruelty. The remarkably tasteful engraving in the primer, which represents the Rev. John Rodgers, and the afflicted Mrs. John Rodgers, surrounded by their interesting little family of ten small children including one at the breast, with the accompanying horrors of the stake, and the myrmidons of power armed with battle axes, has settled the belief of many a child in regard to the horrors of popery, and closed every avenue of his mind against the ingress of light and knowledge. Sec-tarians have taken advantage of this perversion of feeling—not because their own form of belief really required such adventitious support, but because some men choose to accomplish their ends by indirect methods; some require excitement and can only operate efficiently on others by playing on the passions, while a large number have identified the devil and the pope, and made up of the two a personification of sin, against which they feel conscientiously bound to do battle even unto death. Thus men, who in their hearts despise the littleness of these proceedings, give into them from considerations of expediency—the end sanctifying the means.

Experience has proved that men are most prodigal of their money when in a state of excitement, and that they will give more freely to gratify passion, than in the practice of abstract benevolence. If, therefore, money is needed to build a college, the approved plan of asking it, is not, 'we need such an institution to educate our youth,' but, 'the catholics are erecting colleges—if we do not educate our youth, they will do it for us'—if a church is to be erected, the phrase is not, 'aid us with your substance to build a house for the worship of God,' but 'help us to fight the catholics.' Thus the vulgar prejudice against this sect of christians is perpetuated, by holding them up as the enemies of religion and education; and there are individuals who devote themselves to the office of deepening the impressions of dislike against them which were engraved on our hearts in childhood, with a zeal less amiable, but quite as zealous, and almost as respectable, as that of the Scottish enthusiast, who devoted his whole life to the task of retouching the inscriptions on the tombstones of the Cameroneans.

There are unhappily persons enough in this world, who have sufficient wisdom—speaking after the manner of men—to know that wherever there is delusion, there is money to be made; and there is no hallucination which has furnished a richer harvest than the one now under discussion. The printer, the engraver, the book peddler, have thriven upon it. Every corner of the union has been visited by the itinerant vender of books—a person of grave deportment, professing himself the disinterested messenger of benevolence, entering the dwelling of the farmer with demure aspect, and breaking to him in scarcely audible whispers, the intelligence, that he brings to him an invaluable volume, which discloses all the dark and dreadful secrets of the inquisition—illustrated with elegant engravings, price one dollar—*only*. The farmer hates the catholics, suspects the book peddler, and dislikes to part company with the dollar; but the curiosity of the wife, or peradventure his own, prevails, and as the volume usually turns out to be a cheat, he takes out the worth of his money in heartily hating both priest and peddler, during the remainder of his natural life. Not so his children. To them the books thus actively disseminated through the land by a legion of unprincipled mercenaries, are rank poison. They agonize over the sufferings of the martyrs, and stand aghast as they contemplate the engines of torture,—the thumb screws, the gridirons, the pincers, and the red hot pokers, which decorate these delectable volumes; and they grow up with inveterate prejudices, unjust to others and injurious to themselves. Even the affair to which we have alluded, as having been

supposed to have taken place in Cincinnati, has been the means of turning an honest penny for an ingenious artist in New York, who has executed an engraving representing that persecuted young gentleman, Alexander Duncan, in the hands of a catholic mob. In the foreground stands the suffering martyr, clinging, for conscience sake, close to his hat, which a furious, two-fisted Irish catholic, is endeavoring to force from his head—a priest holds up the cross, and an armed mob are rushing upon the devoted heretic—while a gallows in the background shows the fate that awaited the unfortunate Alexander Duncan, had he not been rescued by the civil authority from the hands of the infuriated papists!

There is another description of opposition against the catholics, which is laudable, and which we should be the last, either to condemn or to treat with levity—the lawful war of principle, waged against their tenets, or their practice, and conducted according to the established usages of courtesy, and christian forbearance. Those who believe this form of belief to be unscriptural, to be pernicious in its tendencies, to be inefficient in its code of morality, or to be unsafe as a guide to salvation, have an undoubted right to erect a barrier of moral antagonism against it, and to oppose it with all the weapons which may be used consistently with truth and fairness. To combat error is a duty incumbent on every man whose sphere of action is such as to give him sway over the minds of others; but it is not allowable to oppose even error, by artifice or injustice, by violating private right, or disturbing the public peace.

It will be perceived that in all we have said, we have not touched the question, whether the catholics are, in fact, theologically, or politically, in error. We have not the slightest partiality for their form of belief, their mode of worship, or the practical operation of their system. We like our own faith and practice better. But these questions are not material to the issue now under discussion. However wrong they may be, they have a right to be considered as being conscientiously wrong, and to be treated with kindness.

We come then to the point, and inquire, is there any part of the present or past conduct of the catholics, which would authorize us to thrust them out of the pale of christian charity, and carry on a controversy with them on principles different from those which regulate the intercourse of other christian sects. We have shown that much of the prejudice against them had its origin in historical reminiscences, partially and injudiciously preserved—much of it is mere fanaticism—a great deal is sheer pretence got up on speculation—and

a respectable portion is founded on honest difference of opinion.

In examining into the character of the catholics as a body, it is absurd to appeal to those atrocities which throw a gloom over the history of past centuries. The catholics of the present day are no more responsible for those acts, than we are for the execution of Servetus, or for the decapitation of Charles I; and an inference to their prejudice, drawn from the acts of the church in the dark ages, would be just as unfair as to charge any part of the American people of the present day with the intolerance and superstition of the puritans. In both cases, the errors were those which were peculiar to the times, rather than to a class of actors. The misdeeds of the catholic church in the days when it was both corrupt and intolerant, should be viewed now only as abstractions, with which living individuals cannot be properly connected, and which can only be referred to as points of history, affording evidence of the depravity of the human mind, humiliating to all alike, who are liberal enough to look at such matters in a calm spirit of philosophy.

It is with the catholics of our own times and country that we have to do, and especially in reference to the liberality of their civil, political, and religious opinions. At a period nearly contemporaneous with the settlement of the British colonies in America, the French began to settle Canada and Louisiana; and if we compare the early colonists, we find decidedly more toleration and benevolence on the part of the French catholics than on that of the English puritans. In the treatment of the Indian tribes, the French were, with a few exceptions in lower Louisiana, just, kind, and considerate, while the English colonists, all but the followers of Penn, were decidedly reckless, cruel, and unjust. We are not aware that catholicism produced, in this instance, any difference; the disparity between the policy of the two nations arose out of the native amiability of the one, and the natural ruggedness of the other; but it is worth while to show that papacy, if not more efficacious than other forms of faith, was not less so, in the forming stage of our society, so far as either influenced the political relations of the colonists.

The French catholics, at a very early period, commenced a system of missions for the conversion of the Indians, and were remarkably successful in gaining converts, and conciliating the confidence and affections of the tribes. While the Pequods and other northern tribes were becoming exterminated, or sold into slavery, the more fortunate savage of the Mississippi was listening to the pious counsels of the catholic

missionary. This is another fact, which deserves to be remembered, and which should be weighed in the examination of the testimony. It shows that the catholic appetite for cruelty is not quite so keen as is usually imagined, and that they exercised, of choice, an expansive benevolence, at a period when protestants, similarly situated, were bloodthirsty and rapacious.

Advancing a little further in point of time, we find a number of colonies advancing rapidly towards prosperity, on our Atlantic sea board. In point of civil government they were somewhat detached, each making its own municipal laws, and there being in each a predominance of the influence of one religious denomination. We might therefore expect to see the political bias of each sect carried out into practice, and it is curious to examine how far such was the fact. It is the more curious, because the writers and orators of one branch of this family of republics, are in the habit of attributing to their own fathers, the principles of religious and political toleration, which became established throughout the whole, and are now the boast and pride of our nation. The impartial record of history affords on this subject a proof alike honorable to all, but which rebukes alike the sectional or sectarian vanity of each. New England was settled by English puritans, New York by Dutch protestants, Pennsylvania by quakers, Maryland by catholics, Virginia by the episcopalian adherents of the Stuarts, and South Carolina by a mingled population of roundheads and cavaliers from England, and of French huguenots—yet the same broad foundations of civil and political liberty were laid simultaneously in them all, and the same spirit of resistance animated each community, when the oppressions of the mother country became intolerable. Religious intolerance prevailed in early times only in the eastern colonies, but the witchcraft superstition, though most strongly developed there, pervaded some other portions of the new settlements. We shall not amplify our remarks on this topic; it is enough to say, that if the love of monarchy was a component principle of the catholic faith, it was not developed in our country when a fair opportunity was offered for its exercise; and that in the glorious struggle for liberty—for civil and religious emancipation—when our fathers arrayed themselves in defence of the sacred principles involving the whole broad ground of contest between liberty and despotism, the catholic and the protestant stood side by side on the battle field, and in the council, and pledged to their common country, with equal devotedness, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. Nor should it be forgotten, that in a conflict thus peculiarly

marked, a catholic king was our ally, when the most powerful of protestant governments was our enemy.

The intelligent reader will draw his own inferences from these facts. To our mind they bear incontestible evidence, that whatever catholicism may once have been, and whatever it now is in countries where it is the established religion, and stands connected with despotic governments, the American catholics have become imbued with the spirit of the atmosphere and the age in which they live, and being men of like passions with ourselves, are equally devoted to the land which cherishes and the laws which protect them.

Nor do we believe that the American catholic church exerts any systematic influence, either to keep its people in ignorance, or to instil into them opinions hostile to freedom. We are satisfied, as to the first branch of this proposition, by the zeal which they have shown in the establishment of seminaries of learning, upon the most sound and liberal foundation, for the education of their youth of both sexes, and by the high degree of refinement and erudition which prevail among the gentlemen of that denomination, both lay and clerical. And we state here, upon unquestionable authority, the corroborative fact, that the discussion between the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge and Mr. Hughes, relative to the fundamental tenets of the catholic creed, and which the former was acknowledged, even by his opponents, to have managed with great address and ability, was republished, *in extenso*, in the catholic papers in the United States, and the forcible arguments of Mr. Breckenridge against their form of belief, placed in the hands of the whole catholic community.

The other point is, we think, equally clear of difficulty; catholic gentlemen have served our country in various civil and military stations, and have not proved less faithful than others—they are found among our writers, and are not less pure in the tone of their moral sentiment, nor less orthodox in the character of their political faith, than their contemporaries. In the party contests which have involved dogmas more or less liberal, we have in no case seen the influence of that abused church concentrated upon one or the other side; nor have we the slightest evidence of any concerted action on the part of the priests, to arrange an organization for political action, or to keep up the details of party discipline. And none who are familiar with the workings of the human mind, and are acquainted with the multitudinous and perplexing difficulties which interfere with the regular action of a party—especially of a party thinly scattered over a country so wide as ours—can believe that a *cunning* priesthood would suffer

their people to become accustomed to a separate and independent action, and to habits of liberal thought, if they possessed the power, and had conceived the plan, of eventually arranging over them a regular scheme of party subordination. But above all, we can scarcely comprehend the amazing fatuity of that intellect, which can imagine that such a plan could be seriously attempted in the bosom of a country like ours, at the bidding of foreign potentates hostile to liberty; and that the indigent catholic foreigners, who have fled the lash of oppression, and come among us breathing hot and bitter curses against the despots of the old world, are destined to become the willing instruments in establishing the same pollutions in the new! We can imagine no motive which could induce the pope to employ his clergy in so hopeless a task, unless it were that which constrained the wizzard Michael Scott, to engage one of his subordinate spirits in the endless and fruitless work of making ropes of sea sand—the want of other employment.

But supposing the catholics to be anti-republican, anti-religious, anti-social, as they are represented—is there any real danger to be apprehended from their influence? Gentlemen, who are excited by partizan feelings, may not believe our statements, in opposition to their own exaggerated estimate of the power of the catholics; but they will hardly deny the results drawn from authentic statistical tables. In the American Almanac, a work published at Boston, under the direction of Dr. Worcester, a learned and excellent gentleman, who is neither a jesuit nor an emissary of Metternich,—in the volume for 1832, at page 163—is a table showing the comparative numerical strength of the religious denominations of the United States, in which sectarian influence is supposed to be divided as follows:

Those who are attached directly or indirectly to the various protestant sects, compose an aggregate of	- - -	11,646,453
Those under catholic influence,	- - - -	500,000
Jews and others not included above,	- - - -	50,000

12,196,453

The whole population in 1830 was - - - - 12,856,171

The catholics then in 1832 formed a minority of less than one twenty-fifth part of the population of the United States; and it is this little body, scattered over the whole territory of the union, and existing nowhere in any concentrated body capable of a vigorous action, that is held up as so formidable to the liberty of the nation! And this, too, while the great elements of power, physical and moral, such as the wealth, the literature, the education, the press, the government, of the

country, are almost exclusively in protestant hands. It is useless to accumulate arguments on such premises.

But there is another question which must be disposed of. The editor of a religious paper in this city, for whose talents and piety we entertain a sincere respect, but who has in this matter permitted his zeal to outstrip his judgment, has lately used the following language:

With due respect for literary and political editors, we would humbly inquire, whether it is their province to hold a supervision over the religious press of the country. Some literary and some political editors, have deemed it their duty to step in to rebuke the acerbities of religious papers. Most unfortunately, for the effect of their reproofs, they have been uttered in a spirit of supercilious dictation and bitter rebuke, for which scarce a parallel can be found in any political or religious discussion. Uttered with a spirit of kindness, and with that *modesty which becomes all men interfering with the appropriate business of others*, these reproofs might avail much to soothe down the waves of religious controversy. But when these reproofs develop the very spirit rebuked, they will only excite a smile at the inconsistency of gentlemen, who while they write bitterly upon politics, are so *furious for peace*, in the religious world, that they give their admonitions to religious editors in the language of sweeping denunciation.

Does this tend to promote peace?

As every religious sect, in this country, is furnished with channels for communicating with the public, and can rebuke wrongs when they exist, would it not best promote the peace of society, to leave religious matters to the keeping of *professedly religious men*, while politicians attend to their own appropriate and important duties? These duties they have studied practically. They can perform them without outraging the religious sensibilities of any portion of their patrons, and without bringing any suspicion upon the integrity of their motives. For us to attempt to correct every supposed evil in the political press, would savor of arrogance. And when we see a political editor rushing into religious discussions, which must bring him into direct and hostile collision with his political friends, we think he has mistaken the proper sphere of his duty. Are we wrong?

From other paragraphs in the same paper, as well as from the language quoted, we assume that we are included in the 'some literary' editors, whose misdeeds have drawn forth this reproof, and that our chief offence consists in having reviewed in our last number, a geographical, statistical, political, anti-catholic sermon. Now let us argue this matter coolly. We have never urged as an objection against the learned divine who wrote that sermon, that he discussed topics not strictly theological; on the contrary, we should rejoice to see his vigor of intellect and great stores of attainment, poured out copiously, upon any useful train of thought in which he might choose to engage. But when he comes within our jurisdiction, shall he not be held responsible to the laws of criticism? When Metternich, and the catholics, senator Benton, and the 'Great West,' are the subjects of discussion, and the main point of the whole argument is to prove a vast political conspiracy, shall the political heresy of the writer be cloaked under his theological garb, and the shield of his clerical char-

acter be interposed between himself and the critic? This position is not tenable.

Again: if the religious papers unite in a crusade against a sect of christians, directed not against their religious tenets, but their moral character, and their supposed political bias, are the literary and political presses to be muzzled, and shall it not be lawful for us to say 'we believe these men to be peaceable and patriotic citizens?' Are not Theresa Reed, and the Cambridge mob, and the proprietor of the hat, fair subjects of criticism, or do their doings involve recondite questions in theology, which cannot be understood by laymen?

But we have rebuked 'the acerbities of religious papers.' Very well—if the editors of religious papers forget their sacred and peaceable vocation, and convert the sheets that should be messengers of good tidings, into vehicles of abuse and slander, shall they not be rebuked? We do not rebuke the editor of such a paper, when acting within his sphere; let him remain within the sacred precincts of his vocation, and he will not be molested—let him take sanctuary under the hallowed influence of the altar, and none will pursue him there. It is only when he steps out of his office, that we assail him. When he throws off his black coat and flourishes a cudgel, we treat him as we would a friend that we find engaged in a brawl in the street—we make him put on his coat, and go home.

But this has been done 'in a spirit of supercilious dictation, for which scarce a parallel can be found in any political or religious discussion.' This we imagine is not meant for us—we are not aware of any distinct selfapplication; but if we are called upon to reply to it, we shall ask the favor of the editor to lend us a file of his back papers.

As to all the rest of this paragraph, wherein literary and political editors are admonished not to interfere with the appropriate duties of others, lest the *integrity of their motives* should be suspected, &c. we advise the writer, when he returns from his present absence, 'with a mind invigorated by rest, and enriched by observation,' to take it under revision. The *infallibility of the church is not a protestant doctrine*; the popish hierarchy, in the plenitude of its power, never aspired at a higher exercise of authority, than that which forbade layman from meddling in the affairs of the church. Alas! for poor human nature! Little did Luther and Calvin, and other great lights of the Reformation imagine, that in the year 1835, a protestant minister would be standing up for the infallibility of the clergy, and rebuking laymen for looking too curiously into the affairs of the church!

But we are willing to do as our friend suggests, provided we be allowed to do it of our own free will; we will not be forced to turn volunteer in this matter. If we choose to write about religion, we shall do so, and if not, we shall let it alone. If the religious editors feel any vocation for reviewing literary works, we freely concede to them the privilege; we are not so selfish as to covet the monopoly of worrying delinquent authors, and would not consider it a pleasure to have the sole right of darting out, like a ravenous spider, upon an unhappy writer, and bearing him away to our solitary cell to be devoured in secret; nor do we think, that our clerical contemporaries should desire to enjoy the exclusive luxury, of revelling upon the agony of tortured catholics, or of reaping instruction from the delectable pages of the inimitable Rebecca Theresa Reed.

We apprehend, however, that the vexed subject of the catholics, may be compromised, upon principles to which none ought to object, and least of all, the editor whose language we have quoted, and who has indicated to us, the course which we shall recommend to him. Let the religious papers cease to treat the subject, except as a theological question, confining their strictures to the religious tenets of the catholics; and treating those points with the gravity and decorum proper to such a controversy. We have no doubt, that the catholic papers would conform to a conduct so obviously proper, and so calculated to restore harmony; and that the whole discussion might be either suffered to drop, or be carried on with a becoming spirit of courtesy. If the protestants consider it a duty to allure the catholics to a better faith, let them use the arts of persuasion, which they address to others; let them labor to surround those they would win, by good influences, moral, intellectual, and religious; and let them cease to use the poisoned weapons of abuse and sarcasm, which inflict incurable wounds, and produce mutual alienation. Let Metternich, and the emperor of Austria, be turned over to the politicians, and we will engage, that clever as they may be, they will find their match. As to the priests, if they attempt any extra flourishes, and endeavor to introduce the gentlemanly crime of treason into our sober country, we can have the *second section* amended for their particular benefit. Any literary peccadillos which may be committed under the auspices of the pope, will be punctually attended to, by some of the numerous journals which deal in such matters—we have a volume before us now, which, although it is without a title, we suspect to be of popish origin, and to which we shall show no mercy. We hardly know how to include the nuns, who are noncombattants, in any regular treaty, but we

recommend, when any convent, in future, shall be taken by assault, that the garrison, if consisting of not more than half a dozen females, shall be permitted to march out with the honors of war, with colors flying, and that they tarry not at such a place—assured as they may be, that neither laws nor ramparts will avail, in any land where female weakness is not its own best protection.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

JOURNAL OF FRANCES ANNE BUTLER. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

WE have several cogent reasons for grouping together two ladies, who, however unlike they may appear at first sight, have certain points of resemblance, and both of whom have recently pushed themselves into a notoriety, which some of our most redoubtable penmen might envy. They are both egotists, and have given to the world morsels of autobiography, in which certain points of private character and history have been elicited, which, but for these voluntary disclosures, would never have been suspected. Miss Theresa's literary abilities, for instance, would never have been dreamed of by an indiscriminating world, had she been content to remain a 'mute inglorious Milton,' nor would Fanny's knowledge of wines, or her propensity for lying on the floor—originating, probably, in her love of the *boards*—have been known, had she not made her appearance in the new character of a journalist. The romantic Theresa abandoned the interesting occupation of a housemaid, to which nature and a hard fortune had devoted her, to enjoy the calm pleasures of celibacy within the gloomy walls of a convent; while Fanny retired from the stage of which she was an ornament, yielding without a sigh the plaudits of the playgoing world, for the sober delights of matrimonial felicity. Happy Fanny! Unambitious Theresa! What enduring happiness had been theirs, had not conspiring priests, plotting against the life and liberty of the one, and editorial bugs, disturbing the domestic repose of the other, driven both to girdle on the panoply of authorship, and rush upon the thick bosses of the critic's wrath!

These adventurous young ladies are novices in the thorny path of authorship—children of Parnassus, unhacknied in the wiles and perils of that new world into which they have unwittingly thrust their 'sweet, unsophisticated faces,' and tenderly shall we dandle them on the parental knee of criticism, without suffering our temper to be ruffled by certain little juvenile errors and rudenesses of which both have been guilty. Miss Rebecca Theresa, for example, is given to doing things *stily*,—slides into a convent without the consent of her father, creeps out without the permission of the superior, does every

thing by stealth, and invents little white fibs to cover every thing she does, which is very naughty in a young lady who has advanced so far in religion as to have been under the care of several different churches: and Mrs. Frances Anne talks a great deal more about her toilet, her legs, and her interesting papa, than is at all consistent with the refinement which she professes to understand so well. Of the two, Rebecca is the best bred, for she never uses bad words, nor suggests vulgar ideas; and while Fanny, with a hoyden boldness, shocking to 'ears polite,' introduces 'the devil,' on all occasions, under that very gross, though popular name, Theresa, with a maiden coyness which cannot be too highly commended, minces the coarse appellative into the less offensive term, 'old scratch.' On the other hand, though less proper and feminine, the English lady is the more moral and honest, of the graceful pair, and does not, on any occasion, so far as we see, attempt to carry her points by intrigue or deception. And here we might make a reflection on the influence of education, refering to the puritan girl reared up at the headquarters of good principles, in the temperate zone of the moral world, and to the actress who has been nourished from infancy to maturity under a torrid glow of excitement and artificial glare—yet the latter seems to be quite as honest as the nature of the case will admit, and certainly the most ingenuous of the two; while the former is much the most civil spoken and pretty behaved. On this point, however, there will doubtless be a reform—for having become an American matron, it behoves Fanny to forget her English breeding, and adopt the manners of a modest woman.

They are both poets, too. Mrs. Frances Anne Butler is not a bad hand at stringing jewelled phrases together, and to show that Miss Rebecca Theresa Reed emulates her fair rival in this particular, and is well qualified by her talents and education for the task of writing down the catholic church, we subjoin the following exquisite lines, written by her to the superior of the Ursulines, at Charlestown, while a member of the family:

‘TO OUR REVERRENT MOTHER.

My dear ma mare you shall allways find
In me a child affectionate and kind.
So with cheerful heart, I come to say,
That I wish you a very happy day.
And so I do to all the rest
I must not love one sister best.
They are all as one to me,
And I wish I could with them allways be.
Therefore I have one request to make
fearing lest any rash step I take,
that I may in your prayers shaire
The holey habbit for to wear.’

And both have antipathies which haunt them day and night, and notions which are ever uppermost in their queer craniums. Fanny hates the Americans because they would not fall in love with her pa—Theresa is out of patience with the priests for not taking a fancy to her pretty self; the one is tortured by democratic familiarity, the other by the threatened horrors of

prison and abduction: Theresa detests a catholic, Fanny abhors a bug; the one lady is hunted through Charlestown by bloodhounds, the other is pestered in New York by puppies; Madam Frances Anne waddles when she walks, and hates walking accordingly; Miss R. T. is a bad climber, and is thereby deprived of the eclat of making her escape from the convent, by scaling the garden fence, and forced into the unromantic process of walking out by the common gate—which she hated prodigiously. To end a parallel, which has, perhaps, been carried quite as far as is necessary—Major Noah declares Fanny to be a ‘*schreamer*,’ and the editor of the Churchman denominates Theresa a ‘spiritual cherubina.’ Shaken in a bag, it is hard to tell which would come out first, but melted down in the bookseller’s crucible, they both yield gold; and it is hard to tell which is the most profitable bubble, the whip-syllabub literary confection of the late playactress, or the lacrymose fanaticism of the lady of Bunker’s Hill, and her anonymous publishing committee. Upon the whole, however, Fanny’s book is much the best, for there is some good sense and good writing in it, and it is what it professes to be; while Theresa’s little volume is trash and cheaterly from beginning to end. We suppose that Mrs. Butler pockets—if she wears pockets—the proceeds of her own labor; and would be glad to know who devised the ‘Six Months’ speculation, and fingers the thousands, out of which the public have been gulled by that singularly artful and well dissembled plot for raising the wind.

PAIGE’S CHANCERY REPORTS.

WE do not profess, in our critical notices, to review law proceedings or chancery reports, but when in our reading, a case presents itself, as bearing upon any particular taste or passion, for which any or all of our readers, may have an inclination or propensity, we are but discharging our supervisory authority, in laying before them, information, which may at some time or conjuncture be beneficial. The following decision may so be a ‘*stare decisis*’ for our friends of ‘The Musical Fund Society,’ or those rivals for Apollo’s wreath, Messrs. Nash and Nixon, to say nothing of the quartetto, made up by Messrs. Beach and Mason.

DE RIVAFINOLI, vs. ANSETTI. Decided in 1833, in the Court of Chancery of New York, by Chancellor Walworth.

‘The bill which was filed in Sept. 1833, stated, that the defendant, in the March preceding, had agreed with the complainant, as manager of the Italian theatre in the city of New York, to *sing, gesticulate, and recite*, in the capacity of *primo basso*, in all the operas, *serious, semi-serious, and comic, farces, oratorios, concerts, cantatos, and benefits*, which should be ordered by the complainant, or his authorized agents, in *any city of the United States*, where the complainant should think proper. That he should be present at rehearsals, contribute to the good conduct of the enterprise, submit to complainant’s regulations, and to the fines thereby imposed, for eight months, from Nov. 1833. For which singing, gesticulating, reciting, behaving well, &c., com-

plainant was to pay defendant the sum of \$1192, *and one benefit*, defendant paying half the expenses of said benefit—and defendant was not to use his talents in any other theatre or public hall without complainant's or his agent's permission.' The bill further charged that defendant had contracted subsequently to go to the Havana as an opera singer, and to be *there* on the same day, he had contracted to sing in New York. 'The bill prayed for a *specific performance* of the contract, and that the defendant might be *decreed to sing, gesticulate, and recite*, in his capacity as *primo basso*, and that he might be restrained from leaving the state, and the writ of *ne exeat*, &c. The injunction master granted the writ, and the defendant being unable to find bail, was *committed to prison*. Upon a motion to discharge, the Chancellor said:— 'Upon the merits of the case, I suppose that the complainant is entitled to a specific performance of this contract; as the law appears to have been long since settled, *that a bird that can sing, and will not sing, must be made to sing*— (old adage.) In this case it is stated in the bill, not only that the defendant can sing, but also that he has expressly agreed to sing, and to accompany that singing with such *appropriate gestures*, as may be necessary and proper to give an interest to his performance—and from the facts disclosed, I think it is very evident also that he does not intend, to gratify the citizens of New York, who may resort to the Italian opera, either by his singing, or gesticulating—although the authority before cited, (old adage,) shows the law to be in favor of the complainant, so far, at least, as to entitle him to a decree for the singing. I am not aware, that any officer of this court, has that perfect knowledge of the Italian language, or possesses that exquisite sensibility in the auricular nerve, which is necessary, to understand, and to enjoy with a proper zest, the peculiar beauties of the Italian opera, so fascinating to the fashionable world. There might be some difficulty, therefore, even if the defendant was compelled to sing under the *direction*, and in the *presence* of a master in chancery, in ascertaining whether he performed his engagement according to its spirit and intent. It would also be difficult for the master to determine what effect *coercion* might produce upon the defendant's singing, especially in the livelier airs; although the fear of imprisonment would unquestionably deepen his seriousness in the graver parts of the drama. But one thing at least is certain; his songs will be neither *comic*, or even *semi-serious*, while he remains in that dismal cage, the debtor's prison of New York. I will therefore proceed to inquire, whether the complainant has any legal right thus to change the character of defendant's *native warblings*, by such a confinement, before the appointed season for the dramatic singing had commenced.' The Chancellor determined that the writ of 'ne exeat' had been prematurely granted, and Senor Ansetti has been discharged from prison.

THE NOVEL WITHOUT A TITLE. Being a peep at the west, through the grate of a confessional. By the author of the Quarteroon. Cincinnati. 1835.

It is to be regretted that this work has come into the world without a title, for we fear it will never gain one by its own merits. We acknowledge, however, that we have not read it: much as we enjoy a peep at the west, and

willing as we are to gratify so laudable a curiosity, we have no particular vocation for peeping through the grate of a confessional—or indeed through grates of any kind whatever—even in the company of so respectable a gentleman as the author of the ‘Quarteroon.’ We should have perused it, if we could have met with any one who had preceded us in the adventurous task, and who could have given the slightest assurance of the practicability of the undertaking. We have found no such inquisitive pioneer; and, for any thing we know to the contrary, the book without a title is a sort of *terra incognita*, whose virgin soil remains to be explored by some literary Daniel Boone, who may take a fancy to such an adventure, and not be daunted by its perils.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI TO ITASCA LAKE, the actual source of this river; embracing an exploratory trip through the St. Croix and Burntwood rivers, in 1832. Under the direction of Henry R. Schoolcraft. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1834.

It is to be regretted that this work had not been published in a form which would have rendered it more accessible to the great mass of readers. Containing a short narrative, embracing a few valuable facts, it might without difficulty have been compressed into a small volume, which would have been popular and useful. As it is, the volume is too large and expensive, and too much encumbered with extrinsic matter. It is, however, a valuable addition to our stock of national literature and scientific knowledge. The question as to the source of the Mississippi is very satisfactorily settled, and some other items of intelligence added to the common stock. The region traversed by Mr. Schoolcraft is one of great interest, and we feel obliged to him for the new light which he has thrown over it.

NARRATIVE OF THE RECENT VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN ROSS TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS, in the years 1829, '30, '31, 32, 33, &c. New York: Wiley & Long. 1835.

THE return of Captain Ross to England, from a long absence, and after much uncertainty had prevailed as to his fate, was an event of great rejoicing to the friends of science; and we are happy to learn that an authentic account of his voyage, prepared under his own direction, is now in the course of publication. The little work before us is a mere compilation of such rumors as have reached the public, relative to this interesting voyage. We say interesting, not because we have any sympathy with the fruitless and unreasonable mania, which has so long raged in Great Britain, for the discovery of a north-west passage—which, if discovered, could be of no possible benefit to commerce, as the fact has long since been established, that such a communication does not exist, unless in regions so far north as to be covered with almost eternal ice and snow.

Some important results however have attended the prosecution of these

voyages, and among others is the discovery of the magnetic pole, the position of which was suggested by Captain Parry, and has been perhaps decided by Captain Ross, who reached a spot where the horizontal compass had no power of traversing to any particular point. The longitude where this curious phenomenon was observed, has not been ascertained with the precision which its importance to purposes both of science and commerce would require, but is stated to be, as nearly as could be made out, about 96 deg. 47 min. west longitude. Captain Ross states, that it was within about thirty leagues of the spot which Captain Parry supposed probable. When the compass was placed on the spot where the *locale* of the magnetic pole is situated, the power of attraction was at right angles with the needle, and of course its power of turning in either direction horizontally, was lost.

One of the most curious observations made by him at this spot, was, that when the sun went round, they saw the magnetic needle following it, while the light of a candle had also an effect in a very limited degree upon the magnet. These and other facts establish the connection heretofore suggested, and recently much insisted upon by a few, between light and heat and magnetism.

Captain Ross passed round the spot where the magnetic pole exists, and found that the needle continued to revolve so as always to point towards it. He asserts that he has reduced its situation to within an area of one mile, that being the space within which the needle dipped more than at any other.

We shall look with much interest for the larger work of Captain Ross.

CONFESSIONS OF A POET. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

THIS is another of those English abominations, which disgrace the shelves of our bookstores. The title is altogether *ad captandum*. There is no evidence that the author is a poet; and the adventures are such as do not necessarily suppose the hero to have been a person of more than ordinary intellect, but are just such as might befall any voluptuary who was wholly without principle, or whose heart was, as Blackstone hath it, 'totally devoid of social duty and fatally bent on mischief.' It is not written with much talent.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.

WE have been favored with a pamphlet copy of a letter addressed by Dr. Leiber, editor of the *Encyclopedia Americana*, to the Right Rev. Bishop White. The subject of the letter is the relation between education and crime. Bishop White, it should be remembered, is President of the Philadelphia Society for relieving the miseries of public prisons, and hence the propriety of addressing this letter

to him. He is, moreover, one of the best and purest men alive, and although at an advanced age, is far more active and zealous in works of philanthropy, than hundreds of the younger and more ostentatious. We have read Mr. Leiber's letter with pleasure—it deserves to be attentively perused by all who take an interest in the moral welfare of the human race, and is especially calculated to interest and instruct philanthropists and legislators. The subject is an important one, and

it is treated in a grave, comprehensive and enlightened manner.

It was some time since affirmed in the British House of Lords, by lord Wharncliffe, if we remember aright, that education is far from causing a *decrease* of crime, and the United States were pointed to in confirmation of this pretended fact. New York and Connecticut were particularly adverted to, to sustain the position—a position, that, if true, would disappoint the friends of education in an expectation cherished with the fondest enthusiasm. Dr. Leiber attempts, and successfully, we think, to refute this position. He defines the terms instruction, knowledge, education, and civilization—admits that an increased number of crimes will generally be connected with a state of increased civilization, simply because civilization multiplies with every advancing step, the opportunities for the application of man's activity, and therefore the opportunities for its abuse. It multiplies the desires and wants of man, which is in fact one of the most desirable results of civilization; but along with them it multiplies disappointment, and will always, with some individuals, create the desire of gratifying these wants by any means, whether honest or dishonest.

It is well observed in the letter, that when men live upon the meanest food that nature offers, without the assistance of human activity, and dress in a style of corresponding simplicity, very few wants, and consequently few disappointments—few desires, and consequently few wicked desires can exist. The crimes which an Esquimaux can possibly commit, can be but few in number. On the other hand, what would have become of mankind, without the art of writing? Each generation would have remained in insulated barbarity, and a gradual development of morals could hardly have taken place. Where would we be without the system of credit? Nations never could have become united by commercial intercourse, commerce would have remained in its slow and confined incipient stage; knowledge would not have extended far beyond the limited theatre of human activity, as we find it in antiquity. Yet, without the art of writing, and without the modern system of commercial credit, mankind

would have been spared two of the most numerous classes of crime—fraud and forgery. We all know that private property forms one of the surest foundations and most indispensable elements of civilization: yet without private property we should be freed from a very great number of crimes now committed. No weed grows on a barren rock indeed, but no grain either.

Dr. Leiber then goes on to show that civilization without knowledge is the greatest bane. He says, and most truly—

‘There are no individuals more exposed to crime, than the ignorant, in a civilized community; or, in other words, those individuals who are touched by the wants and desires of civilization, or by the effects of general refinement, without being actually within the bosom of civilization.

‘It is on this latter point, that I greatly rest my opinion of the necessity of universal education with the European race. Civilization exists with us; we cannot stop it, even were we desirous of doing so; and the outward effects of civilization without knowledge, is the greatest bane that can befall any class or individual.—Ignorance without civilization is no peculiar source of crime; ignorance with civilization, is an abounding source of crime; both, because it lessens the means of subsistence, and lowers the individual in the general and his own esteem—it severs him from the instructed and the educated. Instances are afforded to us in the lowest, most ignorant, and destitute classes in all large cities, or in some frontier tribes, who receive certain views and notions of civilization, and yet live without education and instruction.’

The writer then proceeds to speak of the moralizing and harmonizing effect of knowledge—offers some excellent remarks on intemperance and the use of opium, and concludes by showing that all statistical information obtained by him respecting the tenants of many of the largest prisons, proves that convicts are highly deficient in school education. He then adverts to letters received from various wardens of the penitentiaries throughout the union, which go to prove that, deficient education, early loss of pa-

rents, and consequent neglect—are some of the most fruitful sources of crime—that few convicts have ever learned a regular trade, and, if they were bound to any apprenticeship, they have abandoned it before the time had lawfully expired—that school education is, with most convicts, very deficient, or entirely wanting—that intemperance very often the consequence of loose education, is a most appalling source of crime—that by preventing intemperance, and by promoting education, we are authorized to believe that we shall prevent crime, in a considerable degree. Appended to this letter are some interesting facts, by Dr. Julien, of Hamburg, who is now in this country—which go far to confirm the arguments of Dr. Leiber. The whole affair is interesting and important, and entitled to attention. We regret we have not space for extracts.—*Philadelphia Philanthropist.*

ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS—RAIL ROADS AND CANALS, WITH STEAMERS.

THE following conveys information so valuable, that we give it at length. We think it highly probable, that the track here mentioned, from New Orleans to St. Augustine, will be the great thoroughfare from the north. It is not so direct as it might be, but it is on the same flat, hard, pine bottom that characterizes all our sea coast for the space of one hundred miles nearly in width, from the Texas to New Jersey; admirably adapted, therefore, for rail ways. Besides the great advantage of deep and numerous water courses, it possesses bayous, rivers, inlets, &c. From St. Augustine to Augusta, by a rail way, will be less direct than by steamers, inland and coastwise, to Savannah and Charleston. However there soon will certainly be a great rail route direct from Augusta, Georgia, to New Orleans, with branches, laterally, to St. Augustine, Talahassee, Mobile, and Pensacola. Another great route, in connexion with this, from Charleston, South Carolina, along the coast to Georgetown, in the same state, and thence to Norfolk, Va. direct: from whence, by the Chesapeake bay steamers, and Delaware and Ches-

apeake rail road, and that of Amboy and Camden, and Providence and Boston, we are, in a day or two, well on towards the St. Lawrence. But we will not picture out these dreams, which are being realized while we are writing:

Route to New Orleans.—At a public meeting held in Pensacola, on the 24th ult., a committee appointed to consider the subject, made the following report:

That the following notes of the roads and water courses between New Orleans and Augusta, will exhibit the great advantages which the Pensacola route possesses over any other between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

From New Orleans to Mobile, in steamboats, through an easy and safe inland navigation, one hundred and sixty miles, twenty-four hours.

From Mobile to Blakely, steamboat ferry, fifteen miles, two hours.

From Blakely to Pensacola, over a road requiring very few repairs, and passing through a pine wood country, fifty miles, ten hours.

From Pensacola to Cedar Bluff, in steamboats, passing through a very safe inland navigation, one hundred and ten miles, fifteen hours.

From Cedar Bluff to Mount Vernon, on the Chatahochie river, passing over a good road, thirty miles, fifteen hours.

From Mount Vernon to Hawkinsville, in Georgia, over an excellent road, one hundred and twenty-three miles, twenty-two hours.

From Hawkinsville to Augusta, over a good road, one hundred and twenty-five miles, twenty-four hours.

In all, 674—107 hours.

That by the above schedule of times and distances, shows, that at an average rate of only six miles per hour, the mail may be carried from New Orleans to Augusta in one hundred and eight hours, or four and one half days.

That, by this route, it is possible to reach New York in eight and a half days from New Orleans, by the Charleston rail road. Say four days from New Orleans to Augusta, one half day from Augusta to Charleston, three days from Charleston to New York, by steamships, one half day for detention—eight and a half days.

That the New Orleans mail, arriving at Augusta in four and a half days from New Orleans, can reach Washington in five and a half more by the present route through the Carolinas—making ten days from New Orleans to Washington.

By the completion of the Pennsylvania canal to Pittsburgh, a new era has opened upon the western country. Heretofore the western and south-western farmers, planters, and merchants have suffered greatly in the value of their productions, by having but one market accessible to them, and that market in a great degree closed to them during the sickly season of the year. The consequence was, that New Orleans exhibited at times a glut, and at times a scarcity; at times high prices, and at times low prices; which gave an insecurity to business by no means favorable to the steady march of agricultural industry. The case is now however altered. That immense region of country has now two markets, one of which will be available at a period when New Orleans is deserted, and the effect will be that the necessity of forced sales in an over-stocked market will be avoided.

But this is not all. When produce is shipped by the Pennsylvania canal to the northern Atlantic cities, the owner who may visit those cities for the purchase of goods, will have an opportunity of overseeing the sales himself, and by the quicker conversion of his capital into money, will enjoy increased advantages. The following statement of the expenses of shipping cotton from Nashville to Philadelphia, via Pittsburgh, speaks volumes on this subject:

From the Commercial List.

‘Cost of transporting cotton from Nashville, Tennessee, to Philadelphia, by the Ohio river and Pennsylvania canals and rail roads, computing a bale at 400 lbs.

Freight from Nashville to Pittsburgh, - - - - -	\$1 75
Draying at Pittsburgh to canal basin, - - - - -	08
Commission, - - - - -	20
Freight to Philadelphia, 62½ per 100 lbs., - - - - -	2 50
Drayage at Philadelphia, -	12

Total, \$4 65

being a fraction over 1½ cent per lb.

The time required would be seven days, allowing one day each at Nashville and Pittsburgh; for receipt and shipment from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, twelve days—making in all thirty-one days.—*Phil. Gaz.*

RIVER DISTANCES AND FARE.

UNDER the above caption, we find a useful article in the Wheeling Gazette of Monday last, giving the established rates of fare in steam boats, between Pittsburgh and Louisville. The Gazette very properly remarks, however, that some boats charge less, the prices depending, in some degree, upon the number of boats in port, and the abundance or scarcity of passengers. We extract from the table, the distance from Pittsburgh to some of the principal points, with the price of cabin passage charged:

Pittsburg to Wheeling, 96 miles	\$3 00
“ Marietta, 178 “	5 50
“ Portsmouth, 358 “	10 00
“ Maysville, 403 “	11 00
“ Cincinnati, 451 “	13 00
“ Louisville, 583 “	15 00
“ Smithland, } 911 “	20 00
m'th Cumberl'd, }	
“ Vicksburg, 1594 “	30 00
“ Natchez, 1704 “	30 00
“ New Orleans, 2004 “	35 00

The above prices include boarding. The prices of deck passage are about one fourth of these, the passengers finding themselves. Thus, to Louisville, the deck passage is \$3, cabin \$12; to New Orleans, deck 8, cabin 35. The deck is covered, and contains berths, but it is a very undesirable way of traveling. The passage to Louisville is generally performed in 2½ days, and to New Orleans in from 8 to 10; returning, nearly double this time. The ordinary speed of the boats is 12 miles an hour down the river, and 6 up.

The editor of the Gazette also remarks, that a family emigrating to the west, consisting of 15 persons, (9 adult and 6 children,) with three horses, a wagon, and a wagon load of baggage, effected a passage to St. Louis, from Wheeling, for 160 dollars, embracing six cabin passengers, (with servant,) and eight deck do., the deck passengers and horses being found by the emigrants.—*Pennsylvania Advocate.*

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of APRIL, 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date, APRIL, 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer, mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM--PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.						
1	41.0	78.0	59.7	29.290	NE-NE	lt.bre.	spr.	vari.	spr. at 11½ A. M.
2	52.0	69.0	59.0	29.183	NW-NW	str.wd.	spr.	vari.	" 10½ A. M.
3	36.0	65.0	48.7	29.077	NE-SW	hg. wd.	spr.	vari.	" 3 P. M.
4	37.0	49.0	41.7	29.007	W-NW	hg. wd.	.22	cloudy.	driz. rain 12 M.
5	37.0	43.0	39.3	28.967	NW-NW	str. wd.	.37	cloudy.	wet day.
6	38.0	46.0	41.7	29.107	W-W	str. wd.	spr.	cloudy.	clear 11 P. M.
7	31.0	62.0	45.0	29.210	W-W	lt. wd.		clear.	
8	32.0	72.0	52.0	29.250	W-SW	lt. wd.		clear.	
9	38.5	79.5	57.3	29.260	NW-W	lt. bre.		clear.	smoky morn.
10	44.0	78.0	58.7	29.227	E-E	lt. bre.		vari.	very smoky.
11	43.0	79.0	62.7	29.253	SE-SE	str. bre.		vari.	" "
12	54.0	72.0	62.3	29.217	SE-SW	lt. wd.	.42	cloudy.	thun. storm eve.
13	36.0	56.0	44.3	29.400	NW-NW	str. wd.		clear.	
14	30.0	49.0	35.7	29.493	NW-NW	str. wd.		clear.	
15	30.1	55.0	41.3	29.260	E-SW	lt. wd.	.04	cloudy.	slight rai. 7 P. M.
16	29.0	42.0	33.3	29.207	W-NW	hg. wd.		vari.	
17	21.0	51.0	36.0	29.500	W-W	str. wd.		clear.	ice ½ inch thick.
18	33.0	70.0	54.3	29.480	E-E	lt. wd.	.19	fair.	rain at night.
19	53.0	78.0	64.7	29.077	SW-SW	hg. wd.	spr.	cloudy.	spr. at daylight.
20	41.0	59.0	48.0	29.133	W-W	hg. wd.	.18	vari.	
21	39.0	74.0	57.7	29.237	W-W	hg. wd.		vari.	light frost.
22	40.0	55.0	47.7	29.380	W-NW	hg. wd.		vari.	
23	30.0	62.0	46.0	29.483	NW-W	str. wd.		fair.	frost.
24	41.0	48.0	44.3	29.386	E-SE	str. wd.	.68	cloudy.	rain 10 A. M.
25	39.0	67.0	51.7	29.127	W-NW	lt. wd.		cloudy.	
26	43.7	70.0	53.0	29.377	NW-NW	lt. bre.	.32	vari.	rain at night.
27	44.0	49.0	45.7	29.167	NW-NW	lt. wd.	.64	cloudy.	wet day.
28	34.0	69.0	53.7	29.240	W-SW	lt. wd.		fair.	light frost.
29	51.7	83.3	67.7	29.283	NW-SW	str. bre.		vari.	
30	59.0	71.0	63.0	29.287	NE-NE	str. bre.	.31	cloudy.	rain com. 5 P. M.

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 50° 54

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 83° 3

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 21° 0

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 62° 3

Warmest day, April 29th.

Coldest day, April 16th.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - 29.2488

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.58

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 28.91

Range of barometer, - - - - - .67

Perpendicular depth of rain (English inches) - - - - 3.37

Direction of Wind: NE. 2½ days—E. 3 days—SE. 2 days—SW. 4 days—W. 9 days—NW. 9½ days.

Weather: Clear and fair 9 days—variable 11 days—cloudy 10 days.

This month has been unusually cold, the mean temperature being nearly 7° lower than that of the same month in 1834. The progress of vegetation has been unusually backward.

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